

THE  
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

DECEMBER, 1868.

REV. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, M. A.

YORKSHIRE, which has produced, in almost every department in which Englishmen can attain to eminence, more great and celebrated men than any other county of Great Britain, has long been regarded as the peculiar home of Methodism. It was in Yorkshire that some of the most remarkable successes of the Wesleys were achieved. More than a century ago the founder of the Methodist societies had already drawn from Yorkshire some of his greatest preachers in the persons of John Nelson and others; and from that time to the present the great northern county has been a soil where his doctrines have been received and made fruitful in the salvation of souls beyond most other parts of the United Kingdom. The able orator and preacher, William Morley Punshon, whose portrait adorns our present issue, is a native of Doncaster, where he was born in the year 1824. His father was a draper in that town, engaged in a large and prosperous business, and at the same time a prominent and active supporter of the Wesleyan cause. He received his second name after his uncle, Sir Isaac Morley, a gentleman well known for many years in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and who lived to witness the eminence to which his nephew and namesake attained.

His education was commenced in his native town; but when about eleven years of age he was placed under the care of a gentleman, the son of a Congregational minister, at Heanor, in Derbyshire, where he discovered a singular aptitude for learning. At this time he was a stiff, chubby lad, with fresh, curly hair, a full proportion of the love of sport, and, above all, a most extraordinary memory. He would commit to memory, for the mere pleasure of the effort, long passages from the "Speaker," and recite them to his school-fellows; and it is said that

he could repeat the names of all the British constituencies, with the names of all the members representing them, without a mistake. Notwithstanding these and other indications of remarkable ability, he was not designed by his father for public or professional life, nor does it appear that at this period his mind was drawn out to the vast concerns of the future.

At fifteen years of age he was placed at Hull as a clerk in the shipping business, from which port he subsequently removed to Sunderland. When about twenty years of age, in the order of Providence, he was removed to Woolwich, and his residence was with his uncle, the Rev. Benjamin Clough. Here he was brought into a congenial atmosphere. Mr. Clough was a man of rare, though not showy endowments. A distinguished Oriental scholar, he had compiled a dictionary of the Cingalese, one of the Eastern languages, which, after forty years, still remains the basis of all similar works in that language. He was also a zealous and self-denying missionary, having been one of the first company of young men sent out by the Wesleys to the East under the superintendence of Dr. Coke, who died on the voyage, and was buried in the ocean. Mr. Punshon has composed a suitable and beautiful memoir of this excellent man, to whom he owed so much. It was under his advice that he made his early attempts at preaching, and in May, 1843, he presented himself for examination in London, as a candidate for the Wesleyan ministry.

At the Conference of 1843 he received his first appointment, which was to Whitehaven, where he spent two years, followed by two years in Carlisle, and three years in Newcastle. This residence of seven years won for him an extraordinary popularity in the far north, his faithful devotion to every department of his work being not less remarkable than his eloquence. Previous to his entrance into the ministry he had

published a small volume of poems; and when at Carlisle he made his first literary effort of a religious kind, entitled "Tabor, or the Class Meeting." This little publication was an indication of that ardent attachment to the peculiar views and discipline of Methodism which has all along been characteristic of Mr. Punshon, though in combination with such a breadth of view and catholicity of spirit that he has been claimed again and again by other Churches as almost their own.

Soon after coming to reside in Newcastle Mr. Punshon married the daughter of Mr. Vickers, of Gateshead. This lady died in 1858, leaving several children. After leaving Newcastle, the next six years of the subject of this sketch were spent in Yorkshire, three years in Sheffield, and three in Leeds. While in Leeds his popularity was approaching its height. It was in January, 1854, that Mr. Punshon made his first appearance in Exeter Hall as a lecturer in connection with the Young Men's Christian Association. The subject was "The Prophet of Horeb," and the lecture, although inferior to several which he afterward prepared, was yet highly characteristic, and produced a marked impression. He did not appear again in this capacity till the beginning of 1857, when he delivered what was probably, for rhetorical effect, his master-piece—his lecture on John Bunyan. This oration was delivered with electrical effect in various places. In 1858 Mr. Punshon received an appointment to Bayswater, where the task was assigned to him of endeavoring to raise a new Wesleyan church and congregation. This, by the blessing of God, which rested upon his labors, he accomplished beyond expectation; and in 1861 he was removed to Islington. During this period several other lectures were delivered by him, which excited remarkable interest, large sums of money being frequently offered and refused for tickets, after as many as could possibly be issued had been sold. One of these, "The Huguenots," was published at a shilling, and from the proceeds of its delivery Mr. Punshon gave a donation of a thousand pounds toward the Wesleyan chapel in Spitalfields.

Large sums were also raised for various local charities by means of his lectures. In the mean time he was growing in the esteem and love of the brethren of his own Church, was honored with many tokens of their regard, and, had it not been for the failure of his health, would probably have reached by this time the highest dignity at their disposal—that of President of the Wesleyan Conference. It is impossible to speak too warmly of Mr. Punshon's unselfishness and generosity. In 1862, seeing the poor

accommodation provided by Wesleyans in several popular watering-places, he undertook to raise within five years, by lecturing and personal solicitation, the sum of ten thousand pounds in aid of a fund for the erection of chapels in those places. Every thing seemed against the project. The cotton famine and the financial panic occurred; his own health failed; and, besides this, nearly £200,000 were raised in the period for the Missionary Jubilee. Yet the promise was fulfilled; and when the term of five years was completed, Mr. Punshon had the gratification to announce that the pledge had been accomplished! Such manifold labors, however, nearly broke down his health, and for the last three years Mr. Punshon, to a considerable extent, retired from public life beyond the sphere of his own circuit labors.

A year ago he was appointed to visit the United States and Canada, as a representative of the Wesleyans of Great Britain to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and to preside at the Conferences in the important and rapidly increasing province of Canada. It is the purpose of Mr. Punshon to remain several years in Canada, assisting in several important enterprises in connection with the Canadian Wesleyan Church. For this purpose he has taken up his residence in Toronto, and since his arrival has remarried, selecting as his consort the sister of his previous wife.

His advent in this country met with a befitting welcome, and his *debut* before the General Conference equaled and surpassed all expectations. *Zion's Herald* thus daguerreotypes his first appearance before the Conference: "The hall was crowded to Charles Lamb's well-known fullness. The speaker sat nervously on the platform wriggling his well-gaitered foot and his ungloved hand, while the dullest preliminary of the reading of the address was going forward. When this was through, and he stood before the body, the blood that had been agitating his extremities began to move in swift and even pulses through his stalwart form. A large-framed man even for an Englishman, his avoirdupois does not overbalance the equipoise by its bulk. His face is large and brown and full, eyes bright but hidden, a sort of clear obscure face, not entirely submitted to the razor, nor shaved after the British shoulder of mutton fashion, but with a thinnish fuzziness of beard running under and around the chin, and a nose that, were he a drinker, would tend to the blossoming condition. His manners are easy and self-controlled, his voice pleasant and manageable, though of no especial unction and soulfulness. His words are well and aptly chosen. *The Times* is his

model. More than any great English preacher he copies the ornate semi-epigrammatic style of the Thunderer of Printing-House Square. We are surprised that no pulpit orator has caught its trick before. Every journal of London and the provincial British cities essays to imitate it. It is as distinct from French and American journalism as if it were in another language. Yet not Cumming, nor Spurgeon, nor Stanley, nor Robertson, nor Guthrie, nor Arthur emulates the most popular of English styles of composition. Only Melville approximates it. Parliament is full of its imitators. From Disraeli down, its mode of putting things is the most current and the most popular. Punshon alone of pulpit orators has learned well its elaborate touch. His mode of flanking a foe by a quiet stroke of back-handed satire, cool and complete, is purely Disraelish and *Timesish*. His stateliness of statement is after the same school. His finished periods drop from his lips one by one, hot, rapid, rounded, full. He adds to this hard finish of style that good British ministerial quality, aptness of Scriptural language. Never have we heard the best lines of God more perfectly wrought into the best lines of man. They were apples of gold in pictures of silver."

His first sermon before the General Conference won for him, with universal consent, the crown of a prince among pulpit orators. As a specimen of his style we give the first division of this sermon. His text was 2 Timothy i, 7: "For God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind."

"It is said that the unfailing affection of the Savior, for those whom he had chosen out of the world, and made partakers of his inner love, that having loved his own he loved them to the end, was an affection which was not interrupted either by their personal unworthiness, or sin or sorrow. And there was a like constancy of regard, in imitation of his living example, which seems to have been exhibited by the apostles, and the Churches which they founded, toward men whom they designated as children in the faith. With an affection, fatherly in its solicitude, for their welfare, and undimmed by the lapse of years, Paul watched over the Churches, and by his instruction fortified the young evangelist whom he had inducted into his holy toil. Supremely anxious for the glory of Christ, he suffers neither sickness nor favors to hinder his usefulness, and writes this epistle as an ambassador in bonds. Already had he been before the bar of Nero, and although forsaken by recalcitrant men, brethren, the Lord stood by him and delivered him out of the mouth of the lion;

but he is assured that all danger is not over, and distinctly honored him with the foreshadowing of martyrdom. But this occasions no pang. It will be his introduction home. It will be the fiery chariot in which he will, with singing, cleave the sky.

"How sublime his attitude as he stands, Paul the aged, the young blasphemer grown into the veteran saint, and gazing down the vista of the future, the apostolic hero stood in the gates of death, and listening we seem to hear him say, 'I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand.' Departure! for what is death but moving from one room into another, for 'henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give unto me.' Words from such lips, at such a time as this, must have been especially valuable. There was nothing from the coloring of fancy that might tempt to an unripe judgment; the purpose had been formed from observation and reflection, his earlier Jewish prejudices have been corrected, the false lights have waned, the mind has clearer insight and a stronger vision, because the death-hour projects the light of the invisible.

"We are bound, therefore, reverently to ponder on the words which we have read as the text, because they are the expression of the apostle's mature judgment as to the value and sacred importance of Christianity, for none was so well qualified to give its interpretation. Its reasonable service had cured his intemperate zeal; through his trials he proved its transforming power, and now he had special revelations of its grandeur, that had proven it to be lofty and divine. Through all circumstances of a long life he had not varied from his allegiance to it, and now it is his soul's strong refuge, when the blasts of trouble are beating like a storm against the wall. He gives us his impressions of the Christianity he had loved so well.

"God has not given us the spirit of fear but of power. The great wants of the world are the same, and in the proportion as the Church has spiritual force is she sufficient to win it to Christ. The same disposition must be expressed that Christ presents to us, not mere illusions nor morbid manifestation, but in the most lovely and comely forms to the sight of men.

"I propose to prove, or, rather, to trace, 'what is necessary in order to have the energetic expression of Christianity,' and I think for ministry and people, and all together, its consideration will not be without its present profit. The expression of Christianity, as it is brought

before us in the words of the text, is proof of its preciousness, its gentleness, and intelligence. Just take these three things and you shall find a whole Gospel in them. The apostle's negative for and his first affirmative one, are really the same. For we have not the spirit of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind. The main design of my sermon is to give force to the exhortation with which the apostle applies it: 'Be not thou, therefore, ashamed of the testimony of the Lord, nor of me his prisoner, but be thou partaker of the afflictions of the Gospel.' The remembrance of his appearance before the tribunal of Nero, or before confessors, or rods of lictors, or ax of the executioner, these did not deter him, but with a calm reliance that draws from danger its own support, he went forward. The world's old idea of power, both in classical and pagan times, was indicated with physical death, or brute force. Thus in the days of chivalry men were the slaves of their own vices and passions, and possessed of the courage which could be purchased for a shilling a day. There is a significant and humbling lesson of mournful feebleness in the fable of Hercules, in the narrative of Samson on the lap of Delilah. I know that mighty things can be wielded by mighty minds; I know that the resolute will always find the object to crush beneath their mighty will. But I know that Christianity is abroad among the nations, molding them and will continue to mold, till the material energy and the material will find their place as the world grows older in the knowledge of God. Men will forget the flatteries of the high, when they will turn in disgust from the cruel power of the oppressor, when pride shall be overthrown on its pedestal, and the libertine, with his chants and songs, will be prostrate, and with all their kindred wrongs, will take their place in the dust. Then shall the declaration of Scripture be more fully realized, the 'righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance.' Worldly eminence is not, therefore, power. True power is not in physical strength, or mental strength apart from moral excellence. It is found only in connection with a heart that has virtuous courage as the first of its graces. The preacher who does not preach smooth things because the people desire it, who is undaunted by the threats, who makes a bold stand against the pride of the great; the struggling tradesman who scorns the adulterations and the little falsehoods, and who, at the risk of losing some of his best customers, closes his shop on the Lord's day; they have felt and do manifest the spirit of true power.

"God does not give us the spirit of fear, but

of power, and by the grace of God there are gathered in this house to-day men enough who, if clothed with power from on high, as they might and should be, could turn the world upside down. Where is our courage? O, for the race of the old Hebrew prophets, strong men who feared God, and had no room for any other fear; those who are manifestly baptized from on high, and who give every power to the service of the Master!

"But my ideal of apostolic character is not perfect yet. There is a word, which, for the want of a better word to express what should be still added to this character, I will use. It is *unction*, the spirit of power of Him who is the source of all power, dwelling in each individual, making him such a power that he goes forth to conquer. What a mysterious power is this! It is not talent, for the untalented often possess it. It is not science, for they who are guiltless of all science, save the science of saving souls, often wield it. It belongs exclusively to no class or condition, but it is God's secret which he whispers to the ears of those he loves; it is the length and breadth of God's gift of love to man. It is the spirit of power which God gave to Christians in the early ages, for the promulgation of his truth against barbaric power, and against imperial power, and to overmatch the statuesque eloquence of Greece and to overthrow the rights of paganism, and that against the power of evil in all its forms his truth might cleave its onward way.

"This was the power that kindled the smoldering embers of truth in the middle ages, and broke forth in the flame of the Reformation. This power God confers yet, and he delights to confer it upon all who ask it. Error pales before it, and the feeblest of the Gospel heralds rises into the strength of a David, and David clothed with it, stands like an angel in the light of the sun. God waits now to bestow it, for his power is everlasting, and giving doth not impoverish him. All our power comes from God. Every thing good we do is by his strength, and clothed with this Divine power we may do all things. Why not, then, seek it now? Is it not strange that we permit this treasure of power to lie idle in God's hands? What! is the spirit of power waiting in God's treasury for me—power to win souls to Christ, power to relax the death-grasp of the destroyer, power to enthrone the conscience of the world again, as the viceroy of the Lord? Is all this waiting for me, conditional upon my earnest prayer of faith? Shall we not, then, enter into an earnest beseeching, such as we have never known before? O, for the descent of this power upon us, that we and



the world may realize the fullness of the glory and love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord!"

From the pen of Rev. T. C. Gardner we append the following very just and appreciative analysis of Mr. Punshon's pulpit oratory:

What is the secret of his power? What are the qualities of his speaking that give him such a hold upon the attention, the admiration, the enthusiasm of his hearers? It were perhaps difficult to enumerate all his excellencies, and to give to each its appropriate place and settings. One of the most obvious of his characteristics is what belongs to all good speakers—naturalness. He is not a *fine orator* in the sense of having been trained for public performances according to the rules of art. He is a natural, unaffected man to begin with, and he is a natural, unaffected speaker. He is in his speech just what he seems to be. He puts on no airs, he affects no display, he assumes no dignity, he predicates by his manner no greatness.

There is no sham, no make-believe in any tone, or look, or word, or gesture. He is especially free from the mannerism that seems to be an imperceptible inheritance of the English Methodist pulpit. He gives no traces of mere scholastic finish. He is a law to himself as is every man who rises to any power in oratory. As a preacher, his style and manner recede from the English and approach the American model. Easy, self-possessed, even self-forgetful, he appears quite careless as to the attitudes and proprieties of oratorical address, and seems only bent on doing his work. Exclude now whatever is awkward or painful, except a frequent and insignificant moving of the feet, and which makes you feel a little nervous, and includes only an ordinary amount of gesticulation, really graceful and appropriate, and you have all that is worthy of mention as to his manner of speaking.

Another general quality in Mr. Punshon's preaching is, what may be called heartiness. He is a man of deep personal convictions. He has more than ordinary soul-power. His sensibilities, his emotions are under strict control, and you feel as you hear him, that if he would pour them out more freely he would add much to his power; but while you put this down as one of his defects, you never think for a moment that there is not real genuine feeling in his discourse. Your conviction is, now, here is a realization of the truth of the old saying, that what comes from the heart reaches the heart. There may be nothing great in what this man is saying; evidently he is not dealing strongly with the great principles that are at the foundation of his subject, yet he is uttering what is as

clear as an intuition to his own mind, and what is a power in his own heart. The utterance of inspiration is here illustrated. *I believed*, therefore have I *spoken*. His teaching is not an opinion, it is not a dogma, it is a reality, it is a life within his own personality.

Then as to the matter of his discourse. It is neither too high for the multitude, nor too low for the intellectual and educated class of mind. His discourse sweeps over just the right level of thought, and reaches out into just the right plane of vision, to endow it with all the attributes that can make it popular. Should he go up into any higher heaven of investigation, he would not take the people with him; should he come down nearer the earth, he would no longer hold the attention of his thinking hearers. And this is true of all popular discourse. It must be reflective, it must be investigating, it must deal with solid thoughts and principles, but it must not be abstract, it must not be transcendental, it must not be profound. Mr. Punshon's preaching is full of well-related thoughts, it abounds in well-stated principles, it is especially rich in Scripture exposition, it is thoroughly evangelical, it fairly sparkles with the crystallization of imaginative power. His quotations from poetry and Scripture are exceedingly apt and impressive. Now and then his fancy plays as if under the influence of inspiration, so that some poetic conception streams like a sunbeam through the heaven of your soul.

At rare intervals he indulges his fancy in a beautiful reverie as if for the purpose of drawing your mind out into the world of supernal visions whence you may descry the fleeting nature of all time-measured forms of existence, as in the following quotation: "The tired sun may pause upon his march, and the light may droop upon the wing that is weary, and there may come a shadow upon the youth of the ocean, and a tremor of age upon the everlasting hills." But in an instant you are recovered into the rush of impassioned argument and eloquence that holds your attention true to the practical purpose and end of the discourse. A main feature in his preaching is a marvelous and happy blending of the various elements and qualities of instructive speech, a proper combination of the useful and the beautiful, of the reflective and the fanciful, of the logical and the persuasive, of the national and the hortatory, of the deductive and intuitive, of material imagery and spiritual truth. As you carefully survey with a philosophic eye the discourse to which you have listened, you perceive that no one quality of good preaching stands out distinctively in bold relief from all the rest, be it

exposition, or argument, or imagery, and you rest in the conclusion that it was the fine balance of all the powers of effective teaching that secured your attention and enlisted your feelings, and sustained your interest, and fairly charmed your soul to the end. And this discloses the perfection of religious teaching and pulpit discourse, and solves the problem why so few comparatively attain to popular eminence in the pulpit. It is as difficult in the world of thought and speech as it is in the world of political ideas to maintain the balance of power. Were we to state critically the defects in Mr. Punshon's preaching we should venture the opinion that sometimes the thought is hardly equal to the language, that the foundations of argument are a little too weak for the superstructure reposing upon them, that the exuberance of sentiment at times nearly overflows the reflective elements, and that the second portion of the discourse does not equal the first in strength, that the cumulative power does not widen and deepen the channel to the close, and that the peroration is scarcely a fitting crown to the whole effort. Should this criticism be unsupported by the popular verdict, we are quite sure it will command the assent of the philosophical hearer.

The greatest of all excellencies in preaching belongs to Mr. Punshon; namely, the divine element of a sublimated religious life and experience. The very sweetest spirit of religion lives, and moves, and reigns, and rejoices in his discourse. No biting sarcasm can live in the atmosphere of his pulpit teachings, no bitterness of expression escapes his lips, no dogmatic utterances find any place in the whole sphere of his exhibitions of revealed truth, the controversial element is quite eliminated, and denominational prejudices never mar the harmonies of his strains of solemn spiritual thought. There is fervent charity, there is tender sentiment, there is pious affection, but above all there is a heavenly *spirit* in his preaching. Granting the doctrine of supernatural influence, and you must confess that he preaches "with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven." This divine element in his preaching is not very demonstrative, it does not flow into a wave of excitement sweeping in amazing power over the whole audience, it is of the calmer and gentler type, still it is there to give tone and direction and effect to his discourse. It seems to lie back of his powers and resources, and to move them out to effort, rather than to lead them, as in the instance of many effective preachers, with the field of exciting action and demonstrative performance. There is a *goodness* in his preaching, a real spirituality, that may be *felt*, just as

the love of God may be felt in the heart, though no language may fully express its sublime reality. You must make a distinction in your judgment of preaching between spiritual power on the one hand, and all other types and exercises of power on the other. Put the power of intellect, of calm thought, of real argument, of rational investigation, of truth-lighted reason, of oratorical expression, of the bewitcheries of fancy and all beautiful imagery into one side of the scale, and then what may appropriately be called divine spiritual power into the other, and so far as real Gospel ministrations are concerned it outweighs the whole. Deem it mystical if you please, but it is this that rests upon the soul of the preacher as the burden of the Lord, that gives calmest outflow to his deep convictions of truth, that melts his feelings and affections into the flow of speech, that heaves the breast with purest emotion, that illumines the eye and glows in the countenance, that palpitates in the utterance, that trembles upon the lips of eloquence, that inspires the whole man, and intensifies his message of love and mercy to his fellow-men. Without it you may think, and reflect, and muse, and moralize, and lecture, but without its warning and sanctifying agency, in the best sense of the word, you can not preach.

Mr. Punshon has this prime element of power in his preaching, and yet not in its fullest degree. Ask you, why? Doubtless for the reason that his sermons are carefully written and committed to memory. An observing hearer can not be mistaken in this, for there are many things that make it obvious. There is now and then a hesitation as to the word or expression he shall use next, giving the unpleasant *ah* tone to his voice, and this comes in so paragraphically that you can but ascribe it to the *recollecting* action of the mind. The peculiar gesture of passing the hand over the eye and forehead suggests the same idea. The restlessness of the feet, that seem quite unwilling to remain firmly placed in proper postures of support to the whole body, to be changed in position only by the self-acting laws of nature, indicate also to a detective eye a mechanical action of the mind. But, beyond all this, the regular and clock-working action of the feelings and emotions, and the restrained movement of the sensibilities of the man, demonstrates his memoriter preaching beyond doubt. Speaking with such rapidity, along with so little effort, as if by the ever-operative agency of steam, his voice, the meanwhile, so unvaried in tone and circumscribed in range, you can not help wondering why his powerful sensibilities do not rush out and sweep

his climaxes as with wings of majesty, and you become even impatient to see Jordan overflow his banks. You feel sure that the divine influence and unction would thus manifest their presence, and might were there not some invisible hinderance, were they not held in abeyance by some mechanical force. The continuous action of memory in the delivery of the sermon explains the phenomenon.

Now, here is loss of real spiritual power. There may be a real advantage in the method. You are fortified against surprise and failure. There may be great mechanical excellence. At times you may ride pleasantly, even grandly in your chariot of thought, paying no attention to the whole panorama of scene and circumstance, but you are frequently conscious of self-imposed restraint that really impairs the energy of the soul and the influence of your message. You may have abundance of nervous excitement, which may in time threaten your very life, and you may also at times greatly excel yourself in the earnest ministries of truth, but you are always in danger of repressing the energies of the blessed Spirit within you.

We trust a wider and even grander mission of usefulness awaits Mr. Punshon on this side of the Atlantic.

#### ENGLISH BOYS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

DOUBTLESS it came of the Saxon stock of customs that the training of boys in early England took the general form of apprenticeship; the main feature of which was, that lads grew up away from home, and, as far as possible, in families of somewhat better standing than their own. Boys of humble birth often remained at home learning the handicraft of their fathers; and it can not be denied that in well-born families the sons were often educated at home. But still the notion entertained about education was that of sending the lad into some family where he might learn to serve and acquire such accomplishments as befitted his calling or rank. To place him in a family of better birth than his own was to open the way to his advancement through the superior training he would receive, and the acquaintances he would form.

Several other ideas entered into this system. The boy was more easily disciplined away from home; the restraint of authority, freed from the control of affection, was likely to be a better check on wild blood than home influence; and a good deal of trouble was saved in the same way, as parents even now get rid of their wild,

human colts. The author of the Italian "Relation of England" mentions that boys put out for rearing were fed on coarse fare, whereas if they had been kept at home they must needs have eaten such food as their parents. Probably the coarse fare was best for the boys, whatever motive led to this part of the system.

The subjects upon which a boy was expected to study and practice were, in very early times, such as are now left out altogether, or treated as extras. These were merely exercises, manners, and courtesy, music and singing, knowledge of the order of precedence of ranks and ability to carve. These things were best learned in a household where a discipline more military than domestic prevailed. Reading, writing, grammar, were subordinate matters to which those who studied accomplishments gave for a long time but little attention.

Mr. Furnivall, the charming editor of the "Babus Boke," etc., expresses the opinion that education in England traveled up from the middle and lower ranks rather than down from the higher. The classes who studied the graces of society did not betake themselves to solid learning till the sons of the poor educated by priests jostled them on the steps of the throne. The poor man's course of study became in time that of the rich man; when geometry got into the course there ceased to be a royal road to learning. But unfortunately this was hardly come about, till the rich began that pillaging of poor boy's rights which has now shut those for whom they were given out of the munificent endowments of the schools of England.

The founder of these endowments provided for the education and boone of a certain number of poor lads. But the election fell into the hands of the rich, of those who desired the favor of the rich, and these gave the places to wealthy lads. The complaint of the poor could not be heard; perhaps it was not often made, for in a land of privilege the poor are kept in ignorance of the blessings of education. This is one of the wrongs which democratic England ought to make haste to set right.

The sons of the English nobility were chiefly educated during the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries, in the houses of other nobles, especially in those of the chancellors of the kings. Becket brought up numbers of these young nobles, and the king's son was also intrusted to his care. Longchamps, the Bishop of Ely, Chancellor to Richard Lionheart, kept these noble lads in good discipline. Roger de Hoveden says:

"All the sons of the nobles acted as his servants, with downcast looks, nor dare they to

look upward toward the heaven unless it so happened that they were addressing him; and if they attended to any thing else they were pricked with a goad, which their lord held in his hand, fully mindful of his grandfather of pious memory, who being of servile condition in the district of Beauvais, had for his occupation to guide the plow and whip up the oxen; and who at length, to gain his liberty, fled to the Norman territory."

Robert Grostead, Bishop of Lincoln—who died 1253—kept the sons of nobles at his palace, where they served him as his pages, receiving a very excellent training for the times.

Sir Thomas More grew up in the house of Cardinal Morton, serving as a sort of waiting-man to his master. Wolsey had "wards who paid for their board and education," and these wards were of the highest nobility.

In the household of the Earl of Northumberland were "young gentlemen of their fryndes fynding," kept there to learn manners.

Mr. Furnivall gives other instances. Roger Ascham was similarly brought up. That the tradespeople imitated the nobility in this custom is well-established.

The amount of education, outside of accomplishments which these boys received, varied with the age. Probably it did not at first include the ability to read, but in time it came to embrace what we should call a common school education, with a spice of Latin. Prof. Brewer says the reason why the whole government of the country in Henry the Eighth's time was in the hands of the clergy was, the general ignorance of the upper classes. It is disputed whether a gentleman was expected to be able to write in the fourteenth century. Mr. Furnivall thinks that by the end of the fifteenth century gentlemen could read and write freely.

Sir Thomas Boleyn is said to have been the only noble in Henry the Eighth's court able to speak French well enough to be sent abroad on an embassy. The learning of the country was still in the hands of the ecclesiastics who had been educated in the monasteries or priests' houses.

The system of education in the households of priests was not greatly different in theory from that of the lordly mansion. The culture was of a more brainy sort; Latin took precedence of manners, though the latter was not neglected. Noblemen placed their sons with priests when they desired for them a thorough mental discipline—with a nobleman's family when they chiefly desired outside polish.

The heads of monasteries took into their houses the sons of the neighboring gentry.

Richard Pace tells us that he grew up in the house of Thomas Langston, Bishop of Winchester, among other boys, and that the prelate "was vastly delighted to hear the scholars repeat to him at night the lessons given them by the teachers during the day." Pace adds: "In this competition he who had borne himself notably went away with a present of something suitable to his character, and with commendation expressed in the most refined language; for that excellent governor had ever in his mouth the maxim that merit grows with praise"—a maxim too much neglected by us modern teachers.

The abuses of Green's words in Elizabeth's time provoked from Sir Nicholas Bacon—father of the great Bacon—this sharp statement, proving that the son came honestly by his mastery over English: "The chiefe thinge and most of price, in wordeship, is the wordes mynde; the next to that, his bodie; the last and meaneste, his lande. Nowe hitherto the chiefe care of governaunce hath bin to the lande, being the meaneste; and to the bodie, being the better, very small; but to the mynde, being the best, none at all, which methinkes is playnely to sett the carte before the horse."

In the instructions drawn up by Bacon for the education of wards, he prescribes two hours' daily study of music. It is curious that this science has fallen clean out of the college curriculum, where it once held so prominent a place. One might add that it is more strange that pounding pianos has come to be synonymous with studying music, and that boys are not even taught so much as the first rudiments of music in our schools. In the time of which we write music seems to have ranked after Latin—still the language of literature—in the best schools.

The Universities of Cambridge and Oxford were mostly frequented by the sons of the poor up to the Reformation. The cost of supporting boys at college was small, and wealthy men took pride in helping the promising lads. Many of these scholars must have been very poor, and they often begged from door to door. Sir Thomas More speaks of this as though it were proverbial: "Then may wee yet, like poore scholars of Oxford, go a begging with our baggs and wallets, and sing *Salve regina* at rich men's dores."

In 1214 the town of Oxford agreed to pay "fifty-two shillings yearly for the use of poor scholars, and to give one hundred of them a meal of bread, ale, and pottage, with one large dish of flesh or fish every St. Nicholas day." Mr. Furnivall attempts to estimate the cost of keeping a boy at Oxford, in 1468, from a passage



in the Paston letters. The attempt is not altogether successful, but leaves the impression that Oxford was even then more expensive than our American colleges. Young Paston's bills are footed up to what would be equivalent to six hundred dollars of our money.

Doubtless a great many students were subsisted and taught for a much smaller sum. The tutor system always made education expensive for those who paid their way. Roger Bacon, who died in 1248, speaks of a young fellow who came to him aged fifteen, not having wherewithal to live, or finding proper masters, "because he was obliged to serve those, who gave him necessaries, during two years found no one to teach him a word of the things he learned." This must have been something like our system of working for board. The social expenses which so readily grew rank on college soil had very early become oppressive, and in time helped to crowd out the poor boys. In the Paston letters we find mention of a custom that a man made a bachelor should give a feast. There is a striking mingling of disappointment and piety in this allusion: "I was promised venison against my feast by my Lady Harcourt, and of another person too, but I was deceived of both; but my guests held them pleased of such meat as they had, blessed be God!" This was in 1478. This lad seems to have had as much trouble to keep in money as boys do in these days. He borrowed of his fellow-pupils, and wrote urgently for money, as boys still do, at school or elsewhere.

It seems that royalty was a burden even to its schoolmates; for young Paston wrote for money to spend on the degree of the Queen's brother. In fact, when royalty went into the universities, the sons of yeomen went out of them. By Queen Elizabeth's time the change in the quality of the blood was pretty well completed. Gentlemen's sons, or those who affected to be such, became the possessors of the privileges of Oxford and Cambridge.

There is at least one bright spot in this picture. The noble families felt bound to educate their sons, and English wealth makes obeisance to culture. There is some danger that American wealth may rather imitate the early English system and content itself with manners and expensive tastes.

It rarely happened in the early times that the son of a nobleman distinguished himself. We need not hesitate to accept the evidence, for no opportunity to praise a well-born boy was ever lost. Scholarship involves so much hard work, that a man seldom excels in it without the whip and spur of the strongest motives.

John Awdelay, the blind poet of Hogleman Monastery, in the fourteenth century, sings of the abuse of endowments meant for the poor:

"Now if a poor mon set his son to Oxford to scoll,  
Bothe the fader and the moder hyndryd they schall be;  
And if these falle a benefyse, it schall begif a fole;  
To a clerke of kechyn, one into the chancere,  
Clerkys that have cunying  
Thai mai get no vaunsyryg  
Without symony."

The following passage from Whitgift—1589—gives a good deal of insight into the process of "scrowging poor people out of the endowments."

"At this present of one sort and other there are about three thousand students nourished in them both [universities] as by a late service it manifestly appeared. They [the colleges at the universities] were created by their founders at the first, onelie for pore men's sons, whose parents were not able to bring them up unto learning; but now they have the least benefit of them, by reason the rich do so incroch on them. And so farre hath this inconvenience spread itself that it is in my time a hard matter for a pore man's child to come by a fellowship, though he be never so good a scholer and worthie of that nome. Such packing also is used at elections that not he which best deserveth, but he that hath most friends, though he be the worst scholar, is alwaies surest to speed; which will turn in the end to the overthrow of learning. That some gentlemen also, whose friends have been in past times benefactors to certain of these houses [colleges] do intrude into the disposition of their estates, without all respect of order or statutes devised by the founders, onelie thereby to place whome they think good—and not without some hope of gaine—the case is too evident, and their attempt would soon take place, if their superiors did not provide to bridle their endeavors.

"In some grammar schools likewise which send scholars to these universities, it is lamentable to see what briberie is used; for yer the scholer can be preferred such briberie is made, that pore men's children are commonly shut out, and the richer sort received—who in times past thought it dishonor to live, as it were, upon almes—and yet being placed, most of them studie little other than histories, tables, dice, and trifles, as men that make not their living by their studie the end of their purposes, which is a lamentable bearing. Besides their being for the most part either gentlemen, or rich men's sons, they oft bring the universities into much slander. For standing upon their reputation and libertie, they ruffle and roist it out, exceeding in apparell and hanting riotous companie—

which draweth them from their books into another trade. And for excuse, when they are charged with breach of all good order, thinke it sufficient to saie that they be gentlemen which grieveth manie not a little."

The monastic schools must not be confounded with the system of instruction of wealthy men's sons of the governors of the monasteries. The monastic school of early times was a simple expansion of choir practice. Every church, abbey, priory, or monastery had its public worship and its need of lads to assist in the service as singers, etc. From time immemorial these lads were taught to sing by some member of the fraternity, and very naturally other things—at first grammar—were added to the music. The monasteries recruited their members from poor people's sons of their neighborhoods, and with these lads destined for the Church were associated their young companions in a sort of day school. This school was an excellent recruiting ground, and was fostered with interested care.

The famous cathedral schools of the Middle Ages, some of them presided over by the most learned ecclesiastics of the times, taught only those things which qualified men for the priesthood.

The monastic schools expanded into two distinct branches—the common school for the poor of the parish, and the divinity school. It may be doubted whether the college grew out of that system; it is historically related to the "boarding-out" system mentioned in the first part of this article. The parish school retains to this day its connection with the Church. Indeed, it may be said that all our magnificent system of common schools took its rise in the singing lessons of the old English Churches.

The monastic schools educated in the rudiments many who afterward distinguished themselves, usually, if not always, the sons of poor persons. The poet Lydgate may be mentioned. He gives in his "Testament" an account of his school life, which makes him out a good-for-nothing pupil. He came to school late, chattered, lied, made faces at his masters, stole apples and grapes, shammed illness, played tricks on honest people, and got about as much flogging as he deserved for all these ill-behavings. The school must have been a common school, attended by the poor boys of the parish; the rich boys probably being in the houses of prelates or noblemen under a much stricter discipline.

Unfriendly legislation helped to keep the farmers' boys in their places. In 1388 it was enacted that "he or she which used to labor at the plow and cart, or other labor or service of

husbandry, *till they be of the age of twelve years, that from thenceforth they shall abide at the same labor, without being put to any mystery or handicraft.*" Any bond of apprenticeship in violation of this statute was declared void. Another statute made in 1405 repeats the above and adds some reasons, chief of which is that the practice of binding out farmers' children to trades has created a great scarcity of laborers, "*so that the gentlemen and other people of the realm be greatly impoverished.*" Therefore it was enacted further that no farm laborer should put his son or daughter out to learn any craft unless he have "home or rent of the value of twenty shillings by the year at least."

Mr. Furnivall unearthed this precious legislation in his search for matter to preface his "Babies Book," etc., and comments in a characteristic way:

"They [these statutes] made me wonder less at the energy with which some people are now striving to erect 'barriers against democracy,' to prevent the return match for the old game coming off. However improving, and however justly retributive, future legislation for the rich by the poor in the spirit of past legislation for the poor by the rich might be, it could hardly be considered pleasant and is surely worth putting up the true barrier against, one of education in each poor man's mind. He who Americanizes us thus far will be the greatest benefactor England has had for some ages. These statutes also made me think how the old spirit still lingers in England, how a friend of my own was curate in a Surrey village where the kind-hearted squire would allow none of the R's but Reading to be taught in his school; how another clergyman lately reported his Farmers' meeting on the school question: Reading and writing might be taught, but arithmetic not; the boys would be getting to know too much about wages, and that would be troublesome; how, lastly, our gangs of children working on our eastern counties farms, and our bird-keeping boys of the whole South can almost match the children of the agricultural laborer of 1388."

The amount of time daily spent over school-work in early England would astonish our modern school boys. Brinsley's account of matters in 1612 sets forth that school began at 6, A. M., with exercises prepared over night, and continue till half-past 5, P. M.—ten hours and a half—with three intermissions of "a quarter of an hour or more." Not much more we infer from the rest of the statement. This, together with "the present correction used for terror," must have made a stiff day of it. But it is hard to satisfy every body, and there were croakers in those

days who "reproached the schools, thinking that they do nothing but play!" And this work was kept up six days in the week except "one part of an afternoon for recreation."

The directions for the manners of lads were very minute; those for personal cleanliness not less so. The poems edited by Mr. Furnivall leave the impression that the boys were dirty, ill-mannered gawks, who were civilized and Christianized by water. It must have been a dirty, ill-mannered nation, and only bath-tubs and a strict discipline which their vigorous flesh could endure, brought them out. The Englishman of to-day who lashes his bath-tub atop of his trunk when he crosses the channel, carries with him one of the emblems of his civilization; the other is the mighty rod by which mighty schoolmasters have whaled the brute out of him.

In Henry the Eighth's kitchen scullions lay about naked, and tattered, and filthy, and the fair inference is, that matters were infinitely worse in humbler houses. Erasmus ascribes the plague to the filthiness of the streets and the sluttishness within doors. "The floors," says he, "are commonly of clay, strewn with rushes, under which lies a collection of beer, grease, etc., every thing that is nasty."

There is much more on this head in Mr. Furnivall's collection; but the subject is not convenient. But his characteristic comment is worth quoting:

"But it is not for one of a nation that has not yet taken generally to tubbing and baths, or left off shaving, to reproach his forefathers with want of cleanliness or adherence to customs that involve contradiction of the teachings of physiologists, and the evident intent of nature or the Creator. Moreover, reflections on the good deeds done and the high thoughts thought by men of old dirtier than some now, may prevent us concluding that because other people now *talk through their noses*, and have manners different from our own, they and their institutions must be wholly abominable; because others smell when heated, they ought to be slaves; or eating peas with a knife renders men unworthy of the franchise. The temptation to value manners above morals, and pleasantness above honesty, is one that we all have to guard against."

And yet there were croakers who sighed over an older time of purity and strength. Good old Harrison thus lamented:

"When our houses were builded of willow, then we had oken men; but now that our houses are come to be made of oke, our men are not onlie become willow, but a great manie, through

Persian delicacie crept in among us, altogether of straw, which is a sore alteration. Now have we monie chimnies, and yet our tenderlings complain of rheumes, catarhs, and poses. Then had we none but reredoses, but our heads did never ake. For as the smoke in those days was supposed to be a sufficient hardening for the timber of the house; so it was reputed [that is, the smoke] a far better medicine to keepe the Goodman and his familie from the quack or pose, wherewith as then verie few were oft acquainted."

And yet the boys came out of the "oken" houses who have sent England's morning drum-beat ringing round the world.

#### THE FAVORITE POISON OF AMERICA.

"A NATIONAL poison? Do you mean slavery, socialism, abolition, Mormonism?" Nothing of the sort. "Then, perhaps, tobacco, patent medicines, or coffee?" Worse than these. It is a foe more insidious than these; for, at least, one very well knows what one is about when he takes copious draughts of such things. Whatever his own convictions may be, he knows that some of his fellow-creatures consider them deleterious.

But the national poison is not thought dangerous. Far from it. On the contrary, it is almost synonymous with the domestic comfort. Old and young, rich and poor, drink it with avidity, and without shame. The most tender and delicate women and children are fondest of it, and become so accustomed to it, that they gradually abandon the delights of bright sunshine and the pure air of heaven, to take it in large draughts. What matter if their cheeks become as pale as the ghosts of Ossian; if their spirits forsake them, and they become listless and languid! Are they not well housed and comfortable? Are not their lives virtuous, and their affairs prosperous? Alas, yes! But they are not the less guilty of poisoning themselves daily, though perhaps unconscious of it all the time.

The national poison that we allude to is nothing less than the vitiated air of *close stoves*, and the unventilated apartments which accompany them!

"Stoves"—exclaim a thousand readers in the same breath—"stoves poisonous? Nonsense! They are perfectly healthy, as well as the most economical, convenient, labor-saving, useful, and indispensable things in the world. Besides, are they not real Yankee inventions? In what country but this is there such an endless variety

of stoves—cooking stoves, hall stoves, parlor stoves, air-tight stoves, cylinders, salamanders, etc.? Why, it is absolutely the national invention—this stove—the most useful result of universal Yankee ingenuity.”

We grant it all, good friends and readers, but must all have our opinion—our calmly considered and carefully matured opinion—which is nothing more nor less than this, that stoves—as now used—are the national curse, the secret poisoners of that blessed air, bestowed by kind Providence as an elixir of life—giving us new vigor and fresh energy at every inspiration; and we, ungrateful beings, as if the pure breath of heaven were not fit for us, reject it, and breathe instead—what?—the air which passes over a surface of hot iron, and becomes loaded with all the vapor of arsenic and sulphur, which that metal, highly heated, constantly gives off.

If in the heart of large cities—where there is a large population crowded together, with scanty means of subsistence—one saw a few persons driven by necessity into warming their small apartment by little close stoves of iron, liable to be heated red-hot, and thereby absolutely to destroy the purity of the air, one would not be so difficult to preserve the poorest class from suffering, in some way or other, in great cities. But it is by no means only in the houses of those who have slender means of subsistence that this is the case. It is safe to say that nine-tenths of all the houses in the Northern States, whether belonging to rich or poor, are entirely unventilated, and heated at the present moment by close stoves.

It is absolutely a matter of *preference* on the part of thousands, with whom the trifling difference between one mode of heating and another is of no account. Even in the midst of the country, where there is still wood in abundance, the farmer will sell that wood and buy coal, so that he may have a little *demon*—alias a black, cheerless, close stove—in the place of that genuine, hospitable, wholesome *friend* and comforter, an open fireplace.

And in order not to leave one unconverted soul in the wilderness, the stove inventors have lately brought out “a new article,” for forest countries, where coal is not to be had either for love or barter—an “air-tight stove for burning wood.” The seductive, convenient, monstrous thing! “It consumes one-fifth of the fuel which was needed by the open chimney; is so neat and clean, makes no dust, and gives no trouble.” All quite true, dear considerate housewife—all quite true; but that very stove causes your husband to pay twice its savings to the family doctor before two Winters are past, and gives you

thrice as much trouble in nursing the sick in your family as you formerly spent in taking care of the fire in your chimney corner—besides depriving you of the most delightful of all household occupations.

Our countrymen generally have a vast deal of national pride, and national sensitiveness, and we honor them for it. It is the warp and woof out of which the stuff of national improvement is woven. When a nation becomes quite indifferent as to what it has done, or can do, then there is nothing left but for its prophets to utter lamentations over it.

Now there is a curious but indisputable fact—somebody must say it—touching our present condition and appearance as a nation of men, women, and children, in which we Americans compare most unfavorably with the people of Europe, and especially with those of Northern Europe—England and France, for example. It is neither in religion nor morality, law or liberty. In these great essentials every American feels that his country is the birthplace of a larger number of robust and healthy souls than any other. But in the bodily condition the *signs of physical health*, and all that constitutes the outward aspect of the men and women of the United States, our countrymen, and especially countrywomen, compare most unfavorably with all but the absolutely starving classes on the other side of the Atlantic. So completely is this the fact that, though we are unconscious of it at home, the first thing, especially of late years, which strikes an American returning from abroad, is the pale and sickly countenance of friends, acquaintances, and almost every one he meets in the streets of large towns—every other man looking as if he had lately recovered from a fit of illness. The men look so pale, and the women so delicate, that his eye, accustomed to the higher hues of health, and the more vigorous physical condition of transatlantic men and women, scarcely credits the assertion of old acquaintances, when they assure him that they were “never better in their lives.”

With this sort of impression weighing disagreeably on our mind, on returning from Europe lately, we fancied it worth our while to plunge two hundred or three hundred miles into the interior of the State of New York. It would be pleasant, we thought, to see not only the rich forest scenery opened by the new railroad to Lake Erie, but also—for we felt confident they were there—some good, hearty, fresh-looking lads and lasses among the farmers’ sons and daughters.

We were for the most part disappointed. Certainly the men, especially the young men,



who live mostly in the open air, are healthy and robust. But the daughters of the farmers—they are as delicate and pale as lilies of the valley, or fine ladies of the Fifth Avenue. If one catches a glimpse of a rose in their cheeks, it is the pale rose of the hot-house, and not the fresh glow of the garden damask. Alas! we soon discovered the reason. They, too, live for seven months of the year in unventilated rooms, heated by close stoves. The fireplaces are closed up, and ruddy complexions have vanished with them. Occasionally, indeed, one meets with exception; some bright-eyed, young, rustic Hebe, whose rosy cheeks and round elastic figure would make you believe that the world has not all grown "delicate," and if you inquire you will learn probably that she is one of those whose natural spirits force them out continually in the open air, so that she has as yet in that way escaped any considerable doses of the national poison.

Now that we are fairly afloat on this dangerous sea, we must unburden our heart sufficiently to say that neither in England nor France does one meet with so much beauty—certainly not, so far as charming eyes, and expressive faces go toward constituting beauty—as in America. But alas, on the other hand, as compared with the elastic figures and healthful frames abroad, American beauty is as evanescent as a dissolving view, contrasted with a real and living landscape. What is with us a sweet dream, from sixteen to twenty-five, is there a permanent reality till forty-five or fifty.

We should think it might be a matter of *climate*, were it not that we saw, as the most common thing, even finer complexions in France—yes, in the heart of Paris, and especially among the peasantry, who are almost wholly in the open air—than in England.

And what, then, is the mystery of fine physical health, which is so much better understood in the old world than the new?

The first transatlantic secret of health is a much longer time passed daily in the open air by all classes of people; the second the better modes of heating and ventilating the rooms in which they live.

Regular daily exercise in the open air, both as a duty and a pleasure, is something looked upon in a very different light on the two different sides of the Atlantic. On this side of the water, if a person—say a professional man, or a merchant—is seen regularly devoting a certain portion of the day to exercise, and the preservation of his bodily powers, he is looked upon as a valetudinarian—an invalid, who is obliged to take care of himself, poor soul! and his friends daily meet him with sympathizing looks, hoping he

"feels better," etc. As for ladies, unless there is some object in taking a walk, they look upon it as the most stupid and unmeaning thing in the world.

On the other side of the water a person who should neglect the pleasure of breathing the free air for a couple of hours daily, or should shun the duty of exercise, is suspected of slight lunacy; and ladies who should prefer continually to devote their leisure to the solace of luxurious cushions, rather than an exhilarating ride or walk, are thought a little *tite montee*. What, in short, is looked upon as a virtue there, is only regarded as a matter of fancy here. Hence, an American generally shivers in an air that is grateful and bracing to an Englishman, and looks blue, in Paris, in weather when the Parisians sit with the casement windows of their saloons wide open. Yet it is, undoubtedly, all a matter of habit; and we Yankees—we mean those of us not forced to "rough it"—with the toughest natural constitution in the world, nurse ourselves, as a people, into the least robust and most susceptible *physiques* in existence.

So much for the habit of exercise in the open air. Now let us look at our mode of warming and ventilating our dwellings, for it is here that the national poison is engendered, and here that the ghostly expression is begotten.

However healthy a person may be, he can neither look healthy, nor remain in sound health long, if he is in the habit of breathing impure air. As sound health depends upon *pure blood*, and there can be no pure blood in one's veins if it is not repurified continually by the action of fresh air upon it, through the agency of the lungs—the whole purpose of breathing being to purify and vitalize the blood—it follows that if a nation of people will, from choice, live in badly ventilated rooms, full of impure air, they must become pale and sallow in complexions. It may not largely affect the health of the men, who are more or less called into the open air by their avocations, but the health of women—*ergo* the constitutions of children—and all those who are confined to rooms of offices heated in this way, must gradually give way under the influence of the poison. Hence, the delicacy of thousands and tens of thousands of the sex in America.

"And how can you satisfy me," asks some blind lover of stoves, "that the air of a room heated by a close stove is deleterious?" Very easily, indeed, if you listen to a few words of reason.

It is well established that a healthy man must have about a pint of air at a breath; that he breathes above a thousand times an hour; and

that, as a matter beyond dispute, he requires about *fifty-seven hogsheads* of air in twenty-four hours.

Besides this, it is equally well settled, that as common air consists of a mixture of two gases, one healthy—oxygen—and the other unhealthy—nitrogen—the air we have once breathed, having, by passing through the lungs, been deprived of most of the healthful gas, is little less than unmixed poison—nitrogen.

Now, a room, warmed by an open fireplace or grate, is necessarily more or less ventilated, by the very process of combustion going on; because, as a good deal of the air of the room goes up the chimney, besides the smoke and vapor of the fire, a corresponding amount of fresh air comes in at the windows and door crevices to supply its place. The room, in other words, is tolerably well supplied with fresh air for breathing.

But let us take the case of a room heated by a close stove. The chimney is stopped up, to begin with. The room is shut up. The windows are made pretty tight to keep out the cold; and as there is very little air carried out of the room by the stove-pipe—the stove is perhaps on the air-tight principle, as it requires the minimum amount of air—there is little fresh air coming in through the crevices to supply any vacuum. Suppose the room holds three hundred hogsheads of air. If a single person requires fifty-seven hogsheads of fresh air per day, it would last four persons but about twenty-four hours, and the stove would require half as much more. But, as a man renders noxious as much again air as he expires from his lungs, it actually happens that in four or five hours all the air in this room has been either breathed over, or is so mixed with the impure air which has been breathed over, that it is all thoroughly poisoned, and unfit for *healthful* respiration. A person with his senses unblunted has only to go into an ordinary unventilated room, heated by a stove, to perceive at once, by the effect on the lungs, how dead, stifled, and destitute of all elasticity the air is.

And this is the air which four-fifths of our countrymen and countrywomen breathe in their homes—not from necessity, but from choice!

This is the air which those who travel by hundreds of thousands in our railroad cars, closed up in Winter, and heated with close stoves, breathe for hours—or often entire days.

This is the air which fills the cabins of closely packed steamboats, always heated by large stoves, and only half ventilated; the air breathed by countless numbers—both waking or sleeping.

This is the air—no, this is even salubrious

compared with the air—that is breathed by hundreds and thousands in almost all our crowded lecture-rooms, concert-rooms, public halls, and private assemblies, all over the country. They are nearly all heated by stoves or furnaces, with very imperfect ventilation, or no ventilation at all.

Is it too much to call it the national poison, this continual atmosphere of close stoves, which, whether traveling or at home, we Americans are content to breathe, as if it were the air of paradise?

We very well know that we have a great many readers who abominate stoves, and whose houses are warmed and ventilated in an excellent manner. But they constitute no appreciable fraction of the vast portion of our countrymen who love stoves—fill their houses with them—are ignorant of their evils, and think ventilation and fresh air physiological chimeras, which may be left to the speculations of doctors and learned men.

And so every other face that one meets in America, has a ghostly paleness about it, that would make a European stare.

What is to be done? "Americans will have stoves." They suit the country, especially the new country: they are cheap, labor-saving, clean. If the more enlightened and better informed throw them aside, the great bulk of the people will not. Stoves are, we are told, in short, essentially democratic and national.

We answer, let us *ventilate our rooms*, and learn to live more in the open air. If our countrymen will take poison in, with every breath which they include in their houses and all their public gatherings, let them *dilute* it largely, and they may escape from a part at least of the evils of taking it in such strong doses.

We have not space here to show in detail the best modes of ventilating now in use. But they may be found described in several works, especially devoted to the subject, published lately. In our volume on "Country Houses," we have briefly shown, not only the principles of warming rooms, but the most simple and complete modes of ventilation—from Arnot's chimney-valve, which may for a small cost be easily placed in the chimney flue of any room, to Emerson's more complete apparatus, by which the largest apartments, of every room in the largest house, may be warmed and ventilated at the same time, in the most complete and satisfactory manner.

We assure our readers that we are the more in earnest upon this subject, because they are so apathetic. As they would shake a man about falling into that state of delighted numbness

which precedes freezing to death, all the more vigorously in proportion to his own indifference and unconsciousness to his sad state, so we are the more emphatic in what we have said, because we see the national poison begins to work, and the nation is insensible.

Pale countrymen and countrywomen, rouse yourselves. Consider that God has given us an atmosphere of pure, salubrious, health-giving air, forty-five miles high, and—*ventilate your houses.*

### A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

#### A MOTHER'S MANNERS MOLD THE CHILD.

THERE is no disputing this fact—it shines in the face of every little child. The coarse, brawling, scolding woman will have coarse, vicious, bawling, fighting children.

She who cries on every occasion, "I'll box your ears—I'll slap your jaws—I'll break your neck," is known through her children as if her unwomanly manners were openly displayed in the public streets.

These remarks were suggested by a conversation in a street car—that great institution for the students of men and manners—between a friend and a schoolmaster. Our teacher was caustic, mirthful, and sharp. His wit flashed like the polished edge of a diamond and kept the car in a roar.

The entire community of insiders—and whoever is intimate with one of those conveyances can form a pretty good idea of our number, inclusive of the "one more" so well known to the fraternity—turned their heads, eyes, and ears one way, and finally our teacher said, "I can always tell the mother by the boy. The urchin who draws back with doubled fist and at his playmate, has a very questionable mother. She may feed him, and clothe him, cram him with sweetmeats, coax him with promises, but if she gets mad she fights.

"She will pull him by the jacket; she will give him a knock in the back; she will drag him by the hair; she will call him all sorts of wicked names, while passion plays over her red face in lambent flames that curl and writhe out at the corners of her eyes.

"And we never see the courteous little fellow with smooth looks and gentle manners—in whom delicacy does not detract from courage or manliness, but we say that boy's mother is a true lady. Her words and ways are soft, loving, and quiet. If she reproves, her language is 'my son'—not 'you little wretch—you plague of my life—you torment—you scamp.'

"She hovers before him as a pillar of light before the wandering Israelites, and her beams are reflected in his face. To him the word mother is synonymous with every thing pure, sweet, and beautiful. Is he an artist? In after life, that which, with holy radiance, shines on his canvass will be the mother's face. Whoever flits across his path with sunny smiles and soft, low voice, will bring 'mother's image' freshly to his heart. 'She is like my mother,' will be the highest meed of his praise. Not even when the hair turns silver, and the eye grows dim, will the majesty of that life and presence desert him.

"But the ruffian mother—alas, that there are such—will form the ruffian character of the man. He in turn will become a merciless tyrant, with a tongue sharper than a two-edged sword, and remembering the brawling and cuffing, seek some meek, gentle victim for the sacrifice, and make her his wife, with the condition that he shall be master. And master he is for a few sad years, when he wears a widower's weeds till he finds victim number two.

"We wonder not that there are so many awkward, ungainly men in society; they have all been trained by women who knew not nor care for the holy nature of their trust. They had been made bitter to the heart's core, and that bitterness will find vent and lodgment somewhere. Strike the infant in anger, and he will, if he can not reach you, vent his passion by beating the door, the chair, or any inanimate thing within reach. Strike him repeatedly, and by the time he wears shoes he will have become a bully, with hands that double for fight as naturally as if especial pains had been taken to teach him the art of boxing.

"Mothers, remember that your manners mold the child. Who will not say that mothers ought to be thoroughly educated, whether their sons are or not?"

"WHERESOEVER the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together." Who would venture to say that he had exhausted the meaning of this wonderful saying? For is it not properly inexhaustible? All history is a comment on these words. Wherever there is a church or a people abandoned by the spirit of life, and so a carcass tainting the atmosphere of God's moral world, around it assemble the ministers and messengers of divine justice "the eagles"—or vultures more strictly, for the true eagle does not feed on aught but what itself has slain—the scavengers of God's moral world, scenting out as by a mysterious instinct the prey from afar, and charged to remove presently the offense out of the way.

## ROSE LEAVES.

THESE rose leaves from his grave you folded in  
 With your last note to me, who sit afar,  
 Too far, alas! for my own hands to win  
 The sweet, wild things that spring up, unaware  
 How even their careless beauty seems a sin,  
 Since, blooming thus, they hide a face so fair.

Dry rose leaves! Faded like the Summer day,  
 Wherein we two went wandering—he and I—  
 The shattered sunlight all about us lay,  
 Fallen through rifted branches cool and high;  
 Hand clasped in hand, we climbed the sloping way,  
 And paused within the graveyard with a sigh.

Upon the stone a dear-loved name we read,  
 A name he prattled once with good-night kiss;  
 "He walked with God, and he was not," it said,  
 "God took him." Toward the pearly gates of  
 bliss,  
 My darling raised his eyes and reverent head—  
 My boy looks up sometimes with eyes like his.

Decked for a holiday the valley spread,  
 Her brodered meadows green beneath our feet,  
 Shot over by the Nashua's silver thread,  
 A thrill with winged perfumes soft and fleet;  
 The very woods were dumb, as loth to shed  
 A needless darkness over day so sweet.

The far, free hills stood sentinels enrolled  
 To guard the valley with their azure lives;  
 Wachuset, farthest, rose up clear and bold,  
 And heard the breath of God among his pines;  
 My darling did not look at vale or wold,  
 Or stay his vision on the hill's confines.

I think that God has let his sky for some  
 Grow crystal-clear to show them what they would:  
 For something from the upper glory seemed to come  
 And touch his brow with radiance where he stood,  
 As one whose soul had sense of rest and home,  
 And sighed for tabernacles. "It is good."

Ah well! I may not linger. Summer passed,  
 And Autumn with its harvest wealth and song.  
 I watched beside him when the snows fell fast,  
 And ice-locked streams bewailed their dungeon  
 strong.

"Will not the grass grow green," he said, "at last?  
 The Spring is long in coming, O, how long!"

It came at last. The first arbutus brought  
 Sweet spices for his burial—that was all.  
 The young buds nestled close, as if they sought  
 To lend some life-flush to the bier and pall;  
 I knew that day how blind had been my thought,  
 That soul like his could wear an earthly thrall.

I hold my leaves, and stretch my hands, and cry  
 That God will take me where my heart has gone;  
 A still voice whispers, "Weep not! It is I.  
 I bade thy blossoms wither, one by one,  
 But set their roots where, in my meadows high,  
 No heat shall light on them, nor scorching sun!"

## ENDYMION.

YOUTH of celestial beauty, on Caria's mountain sleep-  
 ing,  
 What form is bending, weeping o'er thy eternal rest?  
 What love is wildly pouring, while wondering and  
 adoring,  
 The wealth of all her passion on thy unconscious  
 breast?

Lo, o'er Mount Latmus slowly the Ægean mists are  
 sailing,  
 The winds are weirdly wailing 'mong Grecian isles  
 afar—  
 While shining soft above thee, so fair to those who  
 love thee,  
 Is yon young moon, Selene, and her companion-  
 star.

They watch the wan clouds fading far o'er the placid  
 ocean,  
 The low winds set in motion the oft complaining  
 pine;  
 Selene turns and kisses her star to silver blisses.  
 And sends her to the bosom of the blue and mur-  
 muring brine.

O'er Mediterranean billows a calm light lieth whitely,  
 The dim sea sendeth lightly its shoreward wavelets  
 now;  
 A murmur of low pleasure floats thro' the isles of  
 azure—  
 Endymion dreams of kisses upon his marble brow.

He wakes not—o'er his slumber hangs, deep the spell  
 unbroken,  
 It is the mystic token of love's all-conquering  
 power;  
 The maiden moon adoring hangs over him, imploring  
 The sky and sea for silence in that enchanted hour.

Those dark eyes never open—on Caria's lonely  
 mountain  
 Whose feet bathe in the fountain of the ever mur-  
 muring sea—  
 Endymion sleeps—in gladness that the moonlight's  
 silver sadness  
 Enchains his mortal beauty to immortality.

## THE CHILD ANGEL.

LITTLE tongues that chatter, chatter—  
 Little feet that patter, patter  
 With a ceaseless motion all the day—  
 Little eyes that softly lighten—  
 Little cheeks that flush and brighten—  
 Little voices singing at their play.

In my memory awaken  
 Thoughts of one who has been taken—  
 Of a little heart that beats no more—  
 Of a little voice that's ringing,  
 'Mid the angels sweetly singing  
 Songs of gladness on a distant shore!



## THE SCHOOLMASTER AND HIS SON.

A STORY OF THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

## CHAPTER XIX.

WE rode that whole night without stopping. It had become very cold after the storm. As I had passed nearly the whole day in the water, and had nothing on but my wet under garments, which soon were frozen to my body, I suffered more than tongue can tell. Now my teeth would chatter and my whole frame tremble; now a burning heat would rush through all my veins.

The Croat who had saved my life had at last pity upon me. He brought me a little water, and said that as the soldiers who had stripped me of my clothes were behind us, he would ask them to give back some of them. He soon returned, bringing nothing but a ball wrapped in paper. The men sent me word that they had found this ball among my effects, and would advise me to shoot myself through the head with it, and thus be freed from all my sufferings. It was the ball which Olufsohn had found under my cuirass at Nordlingen. Consumed by fever as I was, I was sent with the other prisoners taken in the late battle to Breisach.

Dear parents, the misery I there endured no pen could describe. Often in that time of horror was I reminded of the sufferings of the Jews at the destruction of Jerusalem, which always formed the subject of our Scriptural lesson in the Church at Sommerhausen on the tenth Sunday after Trinity. All those horrors were repeated at Breisach, and I myself have experienced them.

There were fifty of us who were placed in the prison of the fortress. I, with twelve others, were thrown into a damp cellar, where was only a small crevice for the admission of light and air. There we sat in the darkness, starving and freezing. Day and night were alike to us. I had a little heap of straw for a bed, and as I was very sick and weak, my companions took from me my small share of the coarse bread daily distributed among us, so that for six days I had scarce a crumb. I did not then care, for I expected to die soon; but when my fever left me I was consumed by hunger. As the Swedes had cut off all supplies, and the fortress was almost destitute of provisions, our need was terrible, and the distress became greater every day.

The fortress was soon besieged by Duke Bernhard in person, and we had nothing to eat but a little horse or dog flesh. Our keeper said this was too good for us, as the Emperor's soldiers had nothing better. December came and the siege still continued. As our keeper no

more appeared, we supposed that it was the design to starve us to death, and some of our men raised a great tumult. The keeper then came to us, and said that he had been very ill—that he could give us no food, because there was none. Every morning they found several of their own men upon the street, starved to death. We must submit to our fate, for he could not help us.

We were mad with hunger and despair. Some wept and sobbed; some cursed; others repeated the prayers they had learned in childhood; some would burst out into peals of idiotic laughter; others fell like wild animals upon their comrades, and strangled them. The dead lay unburied, the living cursed God, and longed to die. Still the commandant would not give up the fortress. How we lived, by what loathsome food we nourished the faint spark of life yet remaining within us, I will not tell.

A week before Christmas our keeper opened the doors and called upon all the prisoners yet alive to come forth, as terms of capitulation had been agreed upon, and the castle would be given up. The six of us yet surviving rose feebly, and tottered down into the court, where the Duke had provided an abundance of food for us. Then we saw that the keeper had not deceived us when he had said that their own soldiers were starving, for they looked like shadows. Food was offered alike to friend and foe, and many, in their ravenous hunger, gorged themselves to death. But our men ate sparingly, and then passed out to join their comrades. The capitulation was celebrated with flying banners, beating drums, sounding trumpets, and blazing bonfires; but still the sight was pitiable. The imperial soldiers could scarcely stand, and the commandant, Count von Reinach, was conducted to the Duke, supported on the arms of two officers. When the Duke heard that thirty of his men had starved to death in the dungeons of the fortress he was beside himself with rage, and cried out to Count von Reinach that he should answer for this treatment of Christian prisoners. But the commandant fell down and kissed the Duke's feet, saying that he had treated his Swedish prisoners no worse than his own men, and the haughty Chancellor, Herr Vollmar, who on our arrival had called us Swedish sea-hounds, now clad in a long, black robe and bearing a staff, fell prostrate before the Duke, and begged for mercy. At length, by the advice of his higher officers, the Duke was persuaded to stand to the first terms of agreement.

The soldiers of the garrison, with the exception of a few who enlisted in the Swedish service, were sent over the Rhine, and I started for the little village where our regiment lay. There

I hoped to regain my health, and to receive the promotion which General Taupadel had promised me. In my pitiable condition I consoled myself by thinking how delighted my comrades would be to see me again, and to welcome me as one risen from the dead. I soon met a band of dragoons, some of whom I recognized as my former comrades. I approached them and extended my hand. They did not know me, but this occasioned me no surprise, for I was wasted almost to a shadow by illness and hardship, my hair and beard had grown to an unusual length, and my only clothing was a few filthy rags. "Who are you, and what do you want?" they said roughly. I told them my name. Then they began to laugh, and said, "What, *you* the finely dressed secretary, the St. George of the proud and stately bearing, the gallant tower-officer at Wittenweyer? How came you in this plight?"

I replied that I had been a prisoner at Breisach, and had endured unspeakable sufferings. I then entreated them to help me to a few clothes and a little money, but they laughed derisively, and said, "Go into the hospital. You do not look as if you could ever mount a horse again. We can not help you. Money has become rather scarce with us since we have been lying around this rat's nest."

I knew that they regarded me as a dying man, otherwise they would not have dared to treat me so. I said nothing more, but turning away, bent my steps to the hospital, their peals of laughter at my forlorn and wretched condition still ringing in my ear. They had envied and hated me, and were glad to be revenged. And yet I had done these men many a favor in my better days. They had a thousand times called me brother, and now in my misery I had become an object for their scorn and derision. Thinking of all this, I wept bitterly.

I was not admitted into the hospital, but placed in a pig-stye till the authorities should find time to have me washed, shaved, and decently clothed. I fell down helplessly upon the straw, and suddenly the blood welled in a stream from my mouth. Whether this arose from the long walk I had taken in my weak condition, or from the hardships I had before endured, I know not. I sighed, and groaned, and called feebly for help, but none either heard or cared to hear me, and so I swam in my blood. I felt my senses failing, and thought that all was over with me.

Then a voice cried out, but I could not recognize it, for hearing was failing me, "What, you hounds, have you laid him here?" The door now opened, and Olufsohn entered. As he saw me

lying in my blood, he bent over me, kissed me, and wept like a child. "Brother, dear brother," he said, "I had hoped to find you still alive, because we have sought in vain for some trace of you! But alas! I did not think to find you thus."

I took his hand and said, "God bless you, Olufsohn! Now, that I have one good friend in the world, I can die content." "That may not be God's will. With him all things are possible," he replied.

He said that he had never dreamed of my being among the prisoners till this very day, when at a banquet given by the Duke in honor of the surrender, he had seen my name on the list. Since then he had been seeking me on all sides.

Then I implored him to have me bathed, clothed, and taken into the hospital, where I might die in peace. But he said, "Why do you ask this, my brother? What is mine is yours, and where I am, there you shall also be." Then he hastened to the superintendent, and told him to have me taken immediately to his own quarters, and to send me a barber. He washed and dressed me with his own hand.

He brought me clean linen and laid me in his own bed. Then he sat the whole night by my side, reached me my drink hourly, held my hand in his, and spoke to me the most loving, comforting words. For six days and nights he thus watched and cared for me. Then I appeared to be much better.

Yes, dearest parents, this man who bore the sword even as Gideon—this man who was like a young lion in battle, was to me a good Samaritan, and cared for me tenderly as a mother cares for her darling child. Ah, I knew not before how a true Christian is brave as a lion, and yet harmless as a dove!

O, Savior, who will say at the judgment, "I was a hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me," forget not what thy servant, Olufsohn, did for thee in the person of a poor, suffering man! Reward him with the crown of honor, and let him stand at thy right hand!

As I said, I appeared daily to grow better under Olufsohn's care. I was hoping soon to recover my health, and to enter again into service. I learned from Olufsohn that General Taupadel had been captured in the battle at Wittenweyer, but my friend said that as many had heard the promise he made me, it would surely be fulfilled. He had heard Colonel Gordon say

that he himself would not hesitate to give me what I had so nobly earned.

One beautiful day I thought I would like to mount my horse, which Olufsohn, during my absence, had seen cared for, and ride out a little distance with his company. The horse knew me. He turned his head as I approached and neighed for joy. But a weakness seized me. I could not mount, and was obliged to go back to my quarters.

That evening I heard Olufsohn ask the regimental surgeon how it was with me, and how long it would probably be before I fully regained my health.

"It is all over with him," replied the surgeon. "Those inhuman hardships have ruined his constitution, and he can never recover. Perhaps if he leaves the army and seeks repose he may live a couple of years yet. But he has a hectic fever, and his case is hopeless. Break this to him gently. He seems to have no thought of it."

I had, indeed, no thought of death. I had hoped in a few weeks to be entirely well. "Is this the end!" I cried in bitter anguish. "Must I so soon bid farewell to the steed and the sword, to fame and honor? An evil star dawned upon my birth; its baleful influence has shadowed my whole life."

Olufsohn returned late, bringing word that the whole army would move to-morrow noon, and that he had made arrangements for me to follow my regiment in a baggage wagon.

"I shall not go with you, Olufsohn," I said.

"Not go with us!" he replied in astonishment. "What will you do?"

"I will go home," I said. "Home to my old parents, from whom I ran away in disgrace. I will bear home my misery and let people point the finger of scorn at me, saying that I left a villain and have returned a beggar."

"Speak not so, my brother," returned Olufsohn. "Contend not with God. Who hath known his will? Who hath been his counselor? He who seeth the end from the beginning surely knows what is best for his creatures. Submit to his decrees and trust in him, believing that 'whom he loveth he chasteneth.' A voice says to me that you will yet thank him for his dealings with you."

I shook my head, but ventured no reply. Then I asked him to see the Colonel about my discharge.

"Are you really in earnest?" he said, when I made known my desire.

"Yes, in earnest," I replied. "I heard all the surgeon said to you. To-morrow we must part."

The next morning Olufsohn asked Colonel Gordon for my discharge. I went for it, and the Colonel, as he gave it to me, grasped my hand and said that it grieved him to lose so good a soldier. He then paid me the same amount as if I had served to the time of my discharge, and, as he bade me farewell, invoked God's blessing upon my journey.

When I returned to Olufsohn's quarters, that true friend urged me to sell him my horse, a fine, stately animal, which he said he would like to keep in remembrance of me. I knew that he only wanted an excuse to give me some money for my journey. He had presented the horse to me after mine was killed at Nordlingen, and I had intended to return the gift to its former owner; still, not wishing to destroy the pleasure he felt in this benevolent intention, I consented to sell the horse. He reached me a large purse of money, but I declared that I would accept only a few thalers, as I should need no more. He then handed me a smaller purse, which I accepted without examining its contents. Then I took up my staff and little bundle and walked all around the camp, Olufsohn accompanying me.

The regiments were ready for departure, some of them being already drawn up into line. As I passed the dragoons, I saw that they all had green twigs in their hats. They saluted me cordially, and all united in bidding me a kind good-by. Olufsohn's groom was holding my horse by the bridle. I could not bear the sight, and with tearful eyes turned quickly away. Before the door of our tent I bade Olufsohn adieu. He gave me as a token of remembrance the little Bible in which he had so often read. I thanked him for the love which had never wavered, though often sorely tried, for the truth and kindness he had shown me to the last. He said, "If we meet no more in this world, brother, we will meet in heaven." Then he kissed me and walked hastily away.

Without looking around I slowly climbed the hill over which my path led. But when I reached the top I could not resist a longing desire to glance backward. Every soldier had sprung to his place, and the army was already upon the march. Drums beat, bugles rang, and trumpets sounded through the valley. Flags waved, and helmets and breastplates glittered in the sun. With loud halloos and ringing shouts the regiments closed into line, and when all were at last in motion the welkin rang with one long, exulting cheer! "What matters it?" said I. "My path leads the farthest, and in it they must soon follow." Then I turned and passed on my way.

## CHAPTER XX.

## THE LETTER CONCLUDED.

After walking about an hour through the forest, I was seized with great weakness. I felt a severe pain in my chest, and could scarcely breathe. As the sun's heat was also very oppressive, I lay down in the shadow of a beech-tree. After a while I drew out the little purse Olufsohn had given me to see if it contained money enough for my journey, and found that instead of the few thalers I had asked for my horse, there were several large gold pieces, far more than the animal was worth. Moved by this act of true friendship, I now took the Bible from my breast pocket, and, after the manner of superstitious people, resolved to receive the first text to which I should open as applicable to my own case. It was the thirteenth verse of the seventh chapter of Joshua: "There is a curse upon thee, O Israel; thou canst not stand before thine enemies, till ye take away the curse from you."

I could but be impressed by these words. I had for the last five years thought that a curse must rest upon me; that wherever I went a baleful star had followed me. Had I shrunk from any hardship or danger? Had I not fought bravely like a man, and cheerfully periled life and limb to win martial fame and honor? Had not fortune, when within my very grasp, always fled from me?

I thought of Olufsohn—how all his efforts had succeeded! What had he, a poor peasant boy, been more than I, when we entered the regiment together at Nurnburg? He had fought no more bravely, he had done no more than I; but now, fresh and happy, he had gone forth to achieve a glorious future, while I, after so many hardships and dangers, must go home not only a vagabond and a beggar as I had come, but weak and ill, with nothing but an early, inglorious death before my eyes. Why had a blessing accompanied *him*, and a curse followed *me*?

Then suddenly a light dawned in my soul; there fell, as it were, scales from my eyes. There was, I saw, a difference, a great difference between me and him. He had gone forth with his father's blessing and his mother's prayers. He had followed that holy commandment which I had trodden under my feet, "Thou shalt honor thy father and thy mother." And God, the judge between me and him, had in his case verified the promise, "that it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long upon the earth," while he had allowed me to be followed by misfortune, and would soon cut short my life. "Thou art an unfaithful son. Upon thee

no parents' blessing rests." This was the voice of my now awakened conscience.

It was to me as if in my remembrance a chamber was now opened which had hitherto been closed. I saw you, dearest parents, as I had seen you seven years before, only that your hair, dear father, had become white from sorrow over your first-born, who had been your joy; only that your noble face, sweet mother, was changed by grief, and your form bowed under its heavy burden. I saw you in the little chamber at Sommerhausen, and heard you in low, sad tones speak to your other children of their long-lost brother. My war-life lay behind me as a dream. The spell under which I had been for seven long years vanished. Here I stood again, with my little bundle, just as I stood, my little brother John, when I told you trembling that I must fly from you all.

"Alas!" I cried, "the curse is on me because I have not listened to the instruction of my father, and have forsaken the law of my mother. Just God, have pity upon me. Let me live to see my parents once more and implore their forgiveness. Spare me till, like the prodigal, I have returned to my father and said, 'Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.'"

Then rousing myself I traveled day and night, as long as my feet would carry me. In fourteen days I came in sight of our own loved river Main. I hoped soon to reach the goal, but God had ordained otherwise.

As I came to a little village just below Wertheim, Bestenheid by name, my strength forsook me. I fell by the road-side, and a hot stream of blood welled from my mouth, as before at Breisach. It was already night, and how long I lay there in the darkness I know not. A peasant passing by heard my groans, took me upon his cart and drove on with me. I then fell into a heavy swoon, and when I awoke found myself lying in bed in a large, empty chamber.

I could not rise. At length a little girl, some ten years of age, entered the room. She looked at me, and seeing that my eyes were open, walked up to the bedside and wished me good morning. I asked her where I was. "In the alms-house at Wertheim," she replied. "Last night a peasant brought you. The pestilence has raged in the town, and all in this house are dead. I alone remain."

"Who, then, are you, my good child?" I asked.

"An orphan. My father was a peasant upon the count's estate, but one day the soldiers came, burnt our house, and shot my father. My



mother has died of the pestilence, and so they have brought me here."

"Ah, you also have a story to relate," I said. "War brings much calamity into people's houses."

"No," replied the child, "I can relate no story, but I can repeat the hymns and prayers my mother taught me—so I sing and pray all the day long. Shall I sing now?"

"Yes, my child," I said, and the little girl, folding her hands, sang our metrical version of the 23d Psalm.

"The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want,  
He makes me down to lie  
In pastures green, he leadeth me  
The quiet waters by."

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, thou, O Lord, hast ordained praise. I had learned this hymn in my childhood, and it cheered my heart like the words of an old, familiar friend. When we came to this stanza,

"Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale,  
My feet shall fear no ill;  
For thou art with me, and thy rod  
And staff me comfort still,"

I joined in, and as we ended, I said, "Dear child, God be thanked for those words. If the Lord is our guide and shepherd, little do we need the help of man."

"Do you know of any pious clergyman who would be willing to pray with and instruct a poor, sick soldier?" I asked.

"O yes," answered the child. Our old pastor has already been here. But you were sleeping, and he would not waken you. This evening he will come again."

He came. He has come daily to see me ever since, and has truly been to me a messenger of peace. When I had told him my story, he said kindly and yet solemnly,

"My son, your guilt is even deeper than you dream. To have sinned against your parents is a light thing in comparison with your sin against your God. Pray to him, for Christ's sake, to forgive you. Slight no longer his offers of pardon, for he sent his only Son into the world to save sinners. It is right and praiseworthy, my son, that you should long for the forgiveness of your earthly parents, but first, I implore you, seek that of your Heavenly Father."

Thus spoke this man of God to me, and God opened my heart to receive his counsels. I feel that he who died, the just for the unjust, has redeemed my soul from death. Even at the eleventh hour he has pardoned my sins, and adopted me into the family of his dear children. In my darkest hour, when my soul was weighed down by remorse and sorrow, when doubt and

despair encompassed me, I heard my Savior's voice saying: "Fear not, I have redeemed thee. I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine!"

Dear parents, no words can tell how I long to see you once more, and to hear from your own lips that you forgive me; but I am failing daily, and it now seems that God will not grant this my dearest earthly wish. Let me yield without a murmur to his will. He has done great things for me, and shall I repine that he denies me this lesser boon?

Now farewell, beloved parents! What a joy it will be to you upon the great day of the Lord, to find the little flock over which he made you the earthly shepherds all safe within the heavenly fold! And I—even I, the prodigal, shall be there, brought back from my wanderings by the Good Shepherd of us all!

Ten days I have been writing this letter, which is blotted with many tears. To-day I must close it, for my sight grows dim, my hand trembles, and my reason fails. Implore the quarter-master's forgiveness for all the evil I brought upon him. He was a good, kind master, and I would not willingly have injured him.

On the Sunday after you receive this letter, let the pastor from the pulpit of our church in Sommerhausen, tell the people that Valentine Gast died in the Lord; and, though I have been a great sinner, let him not then hesitate to say of me as of other Christian people: "He sleeps in hope of a joyful resurrection."

The Savior is gently leading me through the dark valley. His rod and his staff they comfort me. May the same loving hand guide you, dear parents, brother and sisters, and we at last meet in the heavenly Jerusalem to go no more out forever! Till then farewell.

Your loving son, VALENTINE.

June 3, 1639.—P. S. Since writing the above I have become somewhat better, and should I continue so I shall make another effort to reach home before I die. I shall take this letter with me, and should my last hour meet me on the way, shall give it into the hands of some Christian person who will send it to you. Should I die here, the good pastor will forward it at once, the road being now free from hostile soldiers. Shall I see you in this world once more, dear parents? God only knows. His will be done. Amen. Amen.

#### CHAPTER XXI.

##### VALENTINE'S DEATH.

Far into the night I read the record of my son's life during these years of absence, and though my tears had fallen thick and fast at the recital of his sufferings, yet I could at the last

thank the goodness and mercy that had watched over him through all his wanderings, and were now bringing him safely home to his Heavenly Father's house. I knew that these earthly afflictions and disappointments had been sanctified to his eternal good, and my soul rejoiced in God my Savior. I thought of my wife and children waiting on the heavenly hills to welcome home this stray lamb from our little fold. I thought of the bliss and peace of heaven, of the cares and sorrows of earth, and I, too, longed to depart and be forever with the Lord. But God's thoughts are not our thoughts. It was his will that the old withered trunk, shorn of its crown and branches, should still remain in storm and tempest.

For three days and nights I watched by my son's bedside. I told him of his mother, of his brother and sisters, of his young companions, most of whom were in their graves. I prayed with him, comforted him with holy hymns and passages from God's Word, and in his hours of deepest suffering I bade him look to the dear Lord Jesus.

On the evening of the third day I saw that the last hour had come. He was in a good frame of mind. As is often the case with the dying, since his return home, his thoughts, in their lofty flight, had soared above this world, and his words had seemed almost prophetic. The soul of man is as a harp; the more finely its cords are strung, the sooner will they be broken.

My son lay in his bed. He did not speak, for he was very weary from having talked much the day before. For a long time he lay silent, yet he did not sleep. At length, as the clock struck eleven, Hans Ebeling, the watchman, came down the street, and cried out the hour under our window.

Then my son opened his eyes, and spoke of the sermon of our sainted pastor, Theodoric, upon his confirmation day. He said:

"The eleven who went with me to the holy sacrament proved faithful, and have already entered into their Master's joy. I was the Judas. But the gracious Savior has seen my penitential tears, and has forgiven my sins. Soon, with my eleven brethren who have gone before, I shall partake of the great supper of the Lamb, and drink the new wine in the kingdom of God. God bless thee, Olufsohn!"

I thought of the prayer I had offered up for the twelve, and thanked the Lord that he had heard it.

Then Valentine was silent, but his hands were folded, and his lips moved as if in prayer. Toward midnight his breathing became difficult,

and he could not speak, but every now and then he would press my hand and glance upward. By his glowing eye and smiling face I knew that death had for him no sting, and the grave no victory.

At last the clock struck one. Then he held his breath, and listened as if he heard footsteps coming down the street. They were those of Hans Ebeling, the watchman, who, with a trembling voice, for he was thinking of my Valentine, cried, "One o'clock and all is well!"

"All is well!" cried my son; then giving me one loving, smiling glance, he sank back upon his pillow. "Amen!" I said, as I bent above him, and found that his heart had ceased to beat.

I stood for a long time by his bed, gazing upon the face, beautiful in life, but far more beautiful in death—the face, which was a copy of his sainted mother's—and I prayed. Upon the street below were heard the voices of men and the tramping of horses. Soldiers had for several days been gathering around Wurzburg, where the Swedes were expecting soon to strike a blow, and a troop of horsemen were even now passing down the street of our little town. Again the trumpets and bugles rang out over the green before the church, and again pealed forth the same martial song which had brought tears to my son's eyes, as when a boy he had stood by the window of this very chamber and heard its words, extolling death upon the battle-field as the sweetest and most honorable of all.

My heart overflowed with emotion as I listened, and I cried, weeping bitterly, "Poor, poor Valentine! Is this the end of the glowing dreams and lofty plans of thy youth! The death so often dared upon the battle-field, has come to thee among the green meadows of thy childhood's home. After all thy wanderings it has met thee at last, in this poor little chamber. And yet, God be praised, thy haughty spirit was at last broken, and, through all thy devious paths, God has led thee safely home. 'The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord!'"

While I thus spoke Hans Ebeling entered the chamber, and when he saw that all was over with Valentine, he sat down by my side and wept with me. Till dawn he remained with me, cheering my heart with many loving and comforting words.

#### CHAPTER XXII.

##### RETRIBUTION.

About dawn our pastor sent word to me to take the communion service, and go with him to the neighboring village of Eibelstadt to admin-

ister the holy sacrament to a soldier who had been fatally injured by a fall from his horse, while passing with his regiment through the lower gate of Sommerhausen.

We soon arrived at the house where the soldier lay. I brought forth the sacred vessels, and, leaving the pastor alone with the dying man, walked out to the public square in front of the town hall. In the midst of the square a flag had been raised, and many soldiers were gathered around it. Yet, oppressed by my own mournful thoughts, I took little heed of them.

The captain, a tall, stately man, with the blonde hair and beard of a Swede, approached me, saluted me kindly, and asked if the pastor was with the wounded man. I replied that he had been there for a quarter of an hour.

He said that the regimental chaplain being absent, he had thought it his duty to send for a clergyman, adding, that he had only incidentally learned that the little village through which they had just passed adhered to the evangelical belief. He had supposed that they were in a Catholic region. "What is the name of the village?" he asked.

"Sommerhausen," I replied.

"Sommerhausen!" repeated the captain in surprise. "A soldier of our regiment, who some three months since received his discharge, was from Sommerhausen."

"Yes," I replied, "many from among us have served in the army." Then, gazing at the soldiers who were lying near, I saw that they were Swedish dragoons—a fact which I had not before remarked. "Did he do his duty as a soldier?" I asked with a beating heart.

"Yes, he was a brave man, and never shrank from duty. For seven long years he was my good comrade, but fortune seemed against him. Do you see that flag? He and I together rescued it from the enemy at Nordlingen, when we thought all was lost, and I, whom you see here, might to-day have been lying under the sod of that bloody field, if his hand had not turned aside the blow that was aimed at my life. I am now a captain of dragoons, but he, poor fellow, has received his discharge, and is probably not now alive."

"May I ask your name, Herr Captain?" I said, with a choked voice, and eyes swimming with tears.

"Olufsohn—Owen Olufsohn," he replied. "I have been for three months a captain in the Gordon regiment of dragoons, and my poor comrade of whom I have spoken was named Gast—Valentine was his first name. Do you know the name?"

"Do I know it? Yes, I know it well. It was

the name of my darling son. And you, dear, good young man, I also know. You have done more for my poor boy than he could ever have done for you. You have, under God, saved him from eternal death."

"How!" cried the captain, seizing both my hands, "he still lives and has come home?"

"Yes," I answered, "he came three days ago to his living father and his earthly home, and at one o'clock this morning, just as you with resounding trumpets rode through our little town, he passed to his Heavenly Father, and his heavenly home. But with almost his last words he blessed you."

Then I told him all—of Valentine's journey home, and what had befallen him on the way, and from my full heart I thanked him for all he had done for my son. He also talked to me long of Valentine in words which it did my fatherly heart good to hear. At length, he said he must see Valentine once more, and would come to me if, as he doubted not, the regiment remained in its present quarters till to-morrow.

While we were yet speaking, the pastor, with pallid face, came to us and said that he could not administer the holy sacrament to that wicked man, whose ravings and oaths are terrible. The captain said that this man had joined the Swedish army at the surrender of the fortress at Breisach. He had first been an officer, but for bad conduct had been degraded to the ranks; that while the regiment was that morning entering Sommerhausen through the lower gate, which was painted white, his horse had taken fright and thrown him, his head having struck against a post. The wound was no doubt mortal. "Let us go in with the pastor," he said.

We three entered the chamber together. A horrible sight awaited us. The wounded man, with rolling eyes and terror-stricken visage, sat upright in bed, yet it required the strength of two men to hold him there. He seemed haunted by the ghost of some murdered gray-haired victim, if we might judge from his incoherent ravings.

I listened to them for a few moments, and said, "This is Nicholas Paradeiser, who, seven years ago, before my very eyes, murdered old Guy Geissendorf, the warder of the lower gate at Sommerhausen. The judgment of God has followed him."

"Yes, this is God's judgment," said one of the soldiers who held him, while he trembled from fear, and large drops of perspiration stood upon his forehead. I was then Captain Paradeiser's servant. I will take my oath that the old man he murdered stood at the lower gate as we rode through this morning, and that he

raised his arm threateningly toward his murderer. We both saw him at the same time, and I think Paradeiser's horse must have seen him, too, for he immediately took flight."

"These are idle words," said I. "In the dim light you took the door, which has just been painted white, for a spirit. Old Guy died in the Lord and rests in peace. Such foolish fears arise from a guilty conscience."

"There he stands—there!" cried the dying man. "I see his aged face and his blood-stained hair! He has risen from the grave to accuse me as his murderer. Don't you see him there in his shroud, pointing his skeleton finger at me? Forward, comrades! He pursues us! Put spurs to your horses; don't let him overtake us!" and with the strength of a giant, the wretched man burst from the arms which vainly sought to restrain him, sprang from the bed, and fell heavily upon the floor. Captain Olufsohn ran to lift him up, but he was dead.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

##### CONCLUSION.

Upon the morning of the following day our village assembled to pay the last tribute of respect to my Valentine. Hans Ebeling and I had kept the graves of old Guy and my own loved ones free from weeds, and adorned them with choice flowers, and roses of many kinds. Valentine was to rest between his mother and brother John, as he had wished. The appointed hour was near, but still Captain Olufsohn did not come, and we concluded that the regiment had suddenly been ordered to move. But just as the clock struck nine, we heard the sound of heavy steps upon the street, and the loud command, "*Halt!*" The Swedish regiment of dragoons had come from Eibelstadt to attend the funeral of their late comrade. Soon the Captain with ten men, one bearing a helmet, sword, and spurs, entered the house. The men came and looked at the face of their dead fellow-soldier, and then silently ranged themselves on each side of the coffin.

But the Captain bent over, kissed my son's cold forehead, pressed his hand, and said, with gushing tears, "I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan. Very pleasant hast thou been unto me; thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of woman."

When the coffin was closed, he laid upon it the helmet, sword, and spurs; then, four dragoons lifted the bier, and bore it down the street, where the soldiers of the regiment, drawn up in double files, were awaiting it. The pastor walked immediately before the coffin; before him went the Swedish fifers and trumpeters,

playing a martial dirge; behind, next to the coffin, I walked, led by Hans Ebeling. Captain Olufsohn and his dragoons closed up the rear. As we entered the church-yard, the choir of youthful singers I myself had taught, joined in singing,

"Jerusalem, my heavenly home."

Then the pastor read our beautiful burial service, and spoke briefly but most eloquently from this text:

"Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not." As he ended, there were tears even in the eyes of the roughest soldier. Then another hymn was sung, the coffin was lowered, and Captain Olufsohn ordered his dragoons to fire three times over the grave. This done, we all went home, leaving the dead to his last repose.

So my Valentine had a stately funeral procession, and an honorable burial. A large stone cross stands above his grave, and there is a space by his side, where I shall one day be laid. There we shall all rest together till the glorious resurrection.

With many thanks and tears, I bade adieu to Captain Olufsohn; but not forever, we shall meet again in a better world than this.

—  
Thou askest, dear reader, how it is with me, now that the last tie which bound me to earth has been severed. Before my Valentine's return, whenever I felt a longing to depart and be with Christ, the thought that I must await his coming reconciled me to a longer sojourn in this vale of sorrow. But now I hear my Margaretha's voice say, "Come!" and my children echo, "Come! come! Thou hast nothing more to bind thee to earth, and thy place by us is vacant." Ever, as I hear their voices, I cry, "Watchman, is the night nearly past?" and to myself I repeat the words they sang at my Valentine's burial:

"Jerusalem, my heavenly home,  
Would God I were in thee!  
My prisoned heart such longing hath,  
It dwells no more with me!  
O, when, thou city of my God,  
Shall I thy gates behold?  
When shall I join thy ransomed throng,  
And walk thy streets of gold."

O, my Savior, with longing but yet with patience, I await the hour when thou also shalt say unto me, "Come!" and I, the forsaken and solitary one, shall enter into the joy of my Lord!

—  
As I write, the war has ended, and peace begins slowly to heal the ghastly wounds, which



for thirty years, the sword has made. But my soul longs a better peace to win. My earthly adieus are spoken, my ship stands ready at the shore, waiting only the command to launch out upon the unknown waters, and this command will not be long delayed.

Dangers may beset the voyage. The storm may rage, the tempest beat, the heavens grow dark, and my weak heart may fail me through fear. Yet still, like Peter, I will cry, "Lord, help me!" and the Savior will give me his hand and lead me safely through the troubled waters.

In all thy need, thy danger, and thy sorrow, canst thou, dear reader, look with confidence to this blessed Savior? Hast thou chosen him for thy guide through life, and thy comforter in death? Then join thy voice with mine, and let us together praise and magnify his holy name.

*Soli Deo gloria!*  
To God alone be glory!

Amen.

Written at Sommerhausen, in July, Anno Domini 1850.

ULRIC GAST,

for fifty years schoolmaster in this place.

#### SIMROCK, THE RHINE POET.

ON the banks of the beautiful Rhine, in the midst of its charming scenery, and surrounded by its romantic, legendary, and historic associations, lives, now in his sixty-sixth year, a poet who has fairly earned for himself a creditable reputation, throughout all Germany at least, by his devotion to the popular legends of his country. Having lived from childhood on the banks of the Rhine, he is thoroughly conversant with its beauties, and justly appreciates the noble river as nature's best legacy to the German father-land. Its mountains and valleys are all familiar to him, and the myths which have for centuries been gathering round them, he has with much felicity woven into German verse. Second only to the Grimm brothers in the field of old German and German mythology, he has given in popular dress to his countrymen a heritage which the masses always most fully appreciate, and which was fast being wasted away in coming down from mouth to mouth.

Karl Joseph Simrock was born August 28, 1802, in Bonn, where his father kept a music store, which is still standing, and is owned by his brother. In 1818 he entered the University of Bonn, where he was under the tuition of the celebrated August Wilhelm von Schlegel. The course of study commenced in Bonn was completed in the University of Berlin, where he more especially devoted himself to the study of jurisprudence. After a period of preparatory

practice, he became, in 1826, a lawyer in the service of the State, which position he was unwillingly forced to leave in 1830, on account of a poem entitled *The Three Colors*, which he wrote at the breaking out of the French Revolution, and which gave great offense to his own Government. From this time forward he devoted himself exclusively to literature, especially poetry, which had begun to occupy his leisure hours very early in life. In 1850 he was appointed to the professorship of German Literature and Modern Languages in the University of his native city, which position he still retains.

His first work was a translation of the celebrated Nibelungen lied into modern German. Subsequently at different periods he likewise translated the Amelunge lied, and many more of the old German heroic poems. Old German has been perhaps the favorite study of his life, and so diligent has he been in its pursuit that there is probably no higher living authority in this department. German critics esteem his translations faithful reproductions of the original poems. By a diligent study of the early literature of his country, as well as through an intense love of the pursuit, he has been enabled to enter into the spirit of the originals, and lose himself in the atmosphere of the olden times. Thus great success has attended his efforts at retaining both the spirit and the manner of the old authors. With scholars his reputation chiefly rests on these translations.

Simrock has also made quite extensive translations of Shakspeare into German, including all his minor poems, Macbeth, and many more of his dramas. In this direction he has hardly been successful, and by the side of the more complete translations of Schlegel and others, those of Simrock will hardly live. He reads English readily, but, strange to say, can scarcely speak a word. In 1831 Echtermayer, Henschel, and Simrock united their efforts in a collection of the tales used by Shakspeare, which they translated into German and published. Accompanying this collection were extensive critical observations on the plots of Shakspeare's plays, by Simrock himself, which have been translated into English under the auspices of the *Shakspeare Society*, and edited with notes by Halliwell. These remarks of Simrock were eagerly seized by this Society from among his works as being of great value. The Germans have access to a great variety of works bearing on the history of fiction, which are not easily obtained in England. These works Simrock has faithfully studied. His criticism is very laborious. The plots of Shakspeare's plays are traced to the source from which he obtained them, and

then, if it is at all possible, they are carried still further back till the original story is obtained. This involves a vast amount of research, and the results at last reached are often mere conjectures. The following, for the translation of which the Shakspeare Society holds itself responsible, will serve as an illustration of his criticism. After carrying the plot of Romeo and Juliet as far back in the track of Italian literature as he is able, he makes another bold leap: "In our opinion the same features may be recognized in the three most noted love-tales of all times: those of Hero and Leander, Pyramis and Thisbe, among the ancients; and that of Tristan and Isolde, among the moderns; and we consider them in all essential points identical with the story of Romeo and Juliet. The last-mentioned is only the most modern form, the last renaissance of the ancient myth, which represented the idea of love, and of its tragic fate, in the simplest and most consistent manner. The idea common to all these fictions appears to us to be the following. Love, in its concentration, knows no other law than its own, which compels it to fulfill itself. It conquers all obstacles, and breaks through every restraint of custom, to reach that object which alone is of any value in its eyes. But while striving after this, it so far renounces all the conditions of earthly existence, that the least accident seems sufficient to tear entirely loose the feeble bond that binds it to the world, and to avenge the external world, and the rules of custom, for the contempt it has endured. This change, however, can not affect the passion of love, so long as it remains external thereto; for then would love conquer and set it aside, as it does every thing else belonging to the external world. This obstacle must, therefore, disguise itself in the nature of love, and produce an error with regard to its object. When this has been accomplished for one, and he or she has voluntarily resigned the bond which connects him with the world, then the error has become for the other a melancholy truth. This latter party follows, then, the one which has gone before; and both take refuge from this troubled being in a higher and happier life, where all will be fulfilled which they strive in vain to realize here. Thus the lovers perish, not so much by means of the outward world, as by the accidents of love itself." After having thus appealed to philosophy to prove that the true ideal of love under difficulties must always manifest itself in the same way; in other words, that perfect love-stories must of necessity be identical, he goes on to show that it has been so, by a minute and lengthy analysis of the stories referred to. It

is probably no more than just that greater value is attached to the research than to the criticism of these remarks. The criticism verges too closely on a certain modern species, very erudite in appearance, which undertakes to find the original of every idea in the revered past, and which, when urged to its logical ultimatum, must make Adam the author of all ideas current among men.

Somewhat later in life Simrock turned his attention to the legends of his country, and in this direction he has earned his reputation among the masses as a poet. His researches in the department of old German admirably fitted him for this work of gathering together the legends which, in many instances, had an existence only in the memory of the people. His first effort in this direction was *The Picturesque and Romantic Rheinland*, a prose hand-book of the Rhine, partly historical and partly geographical, which will serve as an excellent guide-book for travelers. To this he added *German Legends*, and a large *Hand-Book of German Mythology*, both in prose. Still later he turned many popular prose tales into verse, such as *Bertha, the Spinner* *The Good Gerhard of Cologne*, etc. But the work upon which his popular reputation chiefly rests is his *Rhein Legends*, in verse. This volume contains a large collection of German legends, which Simrock himself had gathered, in great part from the people, and turned into verse, together with such legends as had already taken poetic form at the hands of other poets. Thus he has furnished a book which has found its way to nearly every cottage in Germany, and is destined to make its author's name as familiar as the legends he celebrates. It is a charming little volume, containing much good poetry, and some that will hardly stand the test, but it is destined to live in spite of all demerits. The following, which is one of his most popular legends, is a happy commingling of pathos and drollery, and doubtless had some foundation in fact. In the translation the measure of the original poem is retained, together with the number of stanzas:

#### AS MANY CHILDREN AS DAYS IN THE YEAR.

I tell it as I heard it, this tale of long ago,  
And those who doubt the story, the truth will never know.

To Hennenberg's young countess for alms in Jesu's name,  
A weary beggar-woman in rags and tatters came.

Her steps were slow and heavy, for strapped across her breast,  
With bands of dirty linen, two infant babes were pressed.  
O'er-rich in helpless children, but poor in gold and store,  
Her want had given boldness to seek a royal door.

She thought her crying infants would plead where'er she came—  
The Countess thought their presence but token of her shame.

"Away," she cried, "vile sinner, and hide thy shameless face;  
Beneath my roof the guilty may never ask for grace;

My chamber is too holy for thee, polluted dame;  
Bear hence thine injured children! God sends thee double shame."

The spotless beggar-mother in innocence and pride,  
Raising her eyes to heaven, with voice prophetic cried:

"That God may send thee, lady, a babe for every day  
Of this thy cruel bridal year, most earnestly I pray."

The prophecy was spoken, the prophet no one knew—  
But as the mournful years went by the lady found it true.

Three hundred five and sixty, the days of every year;  
Three hundred five and sixty the Countess' children were.

The girls were named Elizabeth, the boys were all called John;  
They still point out to strangers the old baptismal stone.

The children all were godly, and when their lives were past,  
Through faith in Christ the Savior were brought to heaven at last.

From Hague they all lie buried less than a mile away,  
And those who doubt may see their graves even at the present day.

The following is likewise very popular, although it brought upon Simrock, himself a Roman Catholic, the ill-will of the Catholic population. His answer to them was, that he should not be held responsible for a legend which had been in existence many hundred years. The foundation of the legend is the following: The inhabitants of Bonn gravely assert that, in front of the old Jesuits' church, in Boungasse of their city, the wind is constantly blowing, however quiet it may be elsewhere. The street is very narrow and short, and the buildings very high, thus fulfilling very nearly the conditions of a first-class smoke funnel, where there is supposed to be a constant wind. It is not strictly true, however, that there is always a wind before this church, although very generally, perhaps, a current of air may be felt. The translation was made by Pleimnis, and very nearly retains the original meter.

#### THE DEVIL AND THE WIND.

In Bonn before the Jesuits' church the wind unceasing blows.  
How comes it? in the city there's not a child but knows.  
The little one there playing will tell, if you 've a mind,  
How the devil went a walking one morning with the wind.  
When near the Jesuits' college, to halt he felt inclined,  
And so he stopped and spoke a word to his good friend the wind:  
"Now what it is these Jesuits in their college are about,  
Since they are all good friends of mine I'll try and find it out;  
So only wait a moment here, my friend and brother wind,  
And when I've asked them how they do, we can each other find."  
Before the Jesuits' church then the simple wind did wait,  
While the Jesuits let the devil in with pleasure at the gate.  
It pleased his honor greatly to see them all so kind;  
Their welcomes and their praises were suited to his mind.  
He swore his visits henceforth to them should be confined,  
So he staid there and kept waiting his good old friend the wind.  
The wind he waits, and waits, and waits, for centuries and more,  
And when he gets impatient most fiercely does he roar.  
And still before the Jesuits' church for the devil waits the wind,  
But when the Jesuits went they did not leave their friend behind.  
They never will return again, and we shall never mind,  
While it remains so wonderful the Bonner Jesuits' wind.

Of the following beautiful little myth it is only necessary to say that the original measure

is retained, except that two syllables are added to the sixth verse of each stanza.

#### THE IMAGE OF CHRIST IN VIENNA.

The legend have you never heard—  
So famous in all lands—  
About the image of our Lord,  
That in Vienna stands?  
They say it grows to be as tall  
As are the tallest who adore it—  
And yet it stoops to be as small  
As any child that stands before it.

I know not whether there be such  
An image—but believe  
That Christ himself appears to each  
What each can best receive.  
A child with children he has been,  
And so the children need not fear him;  
With men he was the Prince of men,  
And so the strongest gladly hear him.

In addition to the *Rhein Legends* Simrock has also published a choice collection of riddles in verse, for the amusement of the little ones. He has also published a small volume of original poems, ballads, lyrics, epigrams, etc., of considerable merit. His original poems are not equal to the legends, yet they contain many beauties. The same national spirit can everywhere be detected in them, and this alone will recommend them to the masses. The following little home scene is from this collection:

#### THE NEW ODYSSEY.

Wandering many years a stranger,  
Facing many a stormy blast,  
Treading fields of death and danger—  
To my home I come at last.  
Even now in tones of gladness,  
Well-known voices sound before;  
Courage youth! no place for sadness—  
Soon thou 'lt reach thy father's door.  
Yes, in distant moonlight swelling—  
Vine-crowned nurse of gurgling rills,  
Guarding round the father dwelling—  
Lo! I see my native hills.  
Now I've climbed them, and hope seizes  
Through the mists one glimpse of home;  
Lend me wings, ye idle breezes!  
Loved ones, stay! I come, I come!  
Down the mountain bounding proudly,  
Now my hope is turned to fear,  
For I knock, and knock more loudly,  
But no welcome greets my ear.  
Weary moments without number  
Pass in waiting, one by one,  
Till at length I sink in slumber  
On the kindly threshold stone.  
Was it angel hands that bore me,  
While with heavy sleep oppressed,  
From that threshold, through the doorway,  
To my childhood's place of rest?  
Angels? Yes, for when another  
Morning dawned, in very sooth  
Stood around me father, mother,  
And the bride of early youth.  
If I go to sleep in sadness,  
When the end of life is come,  
May I wake to joy and gladness  
In our Heavenly Father's home!

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NUMBER III.

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THE last I wrote you was from Mille. The next Sabbath afternoon we reached Eben. The Hawaiian missionary, surrounded by a crowd of natives, was there to welcome us. Such a warm welcome! It makes me happy to see how greatly beloved Edward is by this people for whom he is laboring. We went first to Ira's house—the Hawaiian—followed by a crowd of natives who filled the house, sitting all around us on their mats. Edward talked with them, but all that I could do was to answer back their smiles, and say my one word of greeting, "ry-okweyak." Pleasant, kindly faces they were, and I found myself loving them already. We had a little prayer meeting, and then we went to Edward's house, which was a few steps beyond. Mr. Snow had been living there till he went with his family to Honolulu, so their furniture was in the house, as well as some that Edward had left. We rummaged around and found some bedding, made up our beds for the night, and then, after taking supper at Ira's, we laid our weary selves down to rest, for we were woefully tired and sleepy.

I remember waking in the night oppressed with such a sense of loneliness as I think I never experienced before in my life. At last my journey seemed to be accomplished, and the thousands of miles stretched between me and my darlings. Could it be me that I found on this little lone island of the sea, in this strange old house, with only these dark faces and wild forms for neighbors and friends? The question was too much for me, but over and over again came these words to my heart: "Lo I am with you always, even unto the end of the world," and that was enough. Soon the tears were all cleared away; not even then did I regret for one moment that I had come to tell of Jesus to these perishing ones. It is a glorious work, and every day I am more and more thankful that I am permitted to have a share in it.

We did not sleep any more that night. A heavy rain came up, and we found that the rain made its way into the old house rather too freely for comfort. We had to move our beds, and then we lit a lamp and went exploring from room to room, moving furniture and sopping up water. Morning came at last, and found us in good health and spirits, and I, at least, was eager to begin operations, which means house-keeping. I wish I could give you an idea of this queer old house. I was surprised to find

it so large. Indeed it, with its out-house, seems like quite a little settlement. There is a wide, pleasant veranda in front, looking down through the trees upon the beautiful lagoon. The house is completely shaded by the wide-spreading bread-fruit-trees, and a cocoanut grove stretches from the back of the house to the water.

We took our breakfast on that particular Monday morning at Ira's again. Then Edward went off to the boat to see about our goods, and I was at liberty to operate. Was n't it pleasant to be in my own house, and was n't I ambitious to make it look pleasant and home-like? First there was a quantity of dirt to be expelled, and after the room was clean it must be tasteful. I gained an appetite for dinner, and was well repaid for my pains by the pleasure my husband and Eddie took in our pleasant parlor.

That night I was tired enough to sleep soundly, and the next morning, as I was cleaning up bedrooms and store-rooms, the cries of the natives informed me that the morning star was in sight. Of course we were glad, and very impatient to see our good brother and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Snow, with their little ones. So we hurried to get every thing in order; and shall I confess that I felt a little proud when I sat down in my orderly house to wait for my guests? You know it is a new thing for me to be a house-keeper. But all this is a secret, of course. It was almost night before the "Morning Star" came to anchor, and landed her passengers. Good father Emerson, one of the Sandwich Island pioneers, came with them to take a survey of the work on the various islands. We were rejoiced to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Snow. They are most cordial and warm-hearted, devoted heart and soul to their work.

The Morning Star was to stay but a day or two, and the great question was to be decided at once whether we should go on in her to Ponape, or stay at Eben. I say the great question, for it was so to us, and to the brother and sister that would be left alone here by our departure. •

Ponape is a difficult field, and in suffering need of more laborers. Mr. and Mrs. Sturges are in great need of associates. On account of the language being a more difficult one, the Hawaiian missionaries can not do as well there as at Eben. On the other hand, the Eben islanders are much more kindly and docile; there are already several Hawaiian missionaries to assist Mr. Snow, and more can be had when needed. Edward is very much attached to his work at Eben, and it would be hard to give it up. Still the conviction had been growing



stronger and stronger on my mind that it was our duty to go to Ponape, that there was the greatest need. So, after prayer and consultation, it was decided that we should go to the relief of poor Mr. and Mrs. Sturges. It required much unselfishness on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Snow to vote for a life of loneliness to themselves, but they bore the test bravely. I know well how the laborers at Ponape will rejoice at our coming, for they have quite given up any expectation of help, and are struggling on alone through many perils. But now the word was action, for there was a great deal of packing to be done, and but little time to do it in.

Wednesday it was decided. Friday we were all packed, and with our goods on board the Morning Star. Dear little missionary vessel! It rejoiced my heart to stand upon her deck. Friday night, about sunset, we got out of the lagoon at Eben, making a very narrow escape from running on to a reef in the passage. Saturday we made Namerick, where were two Hawaiian missionaries to be visited. We reached the island at low tide, so that the boat could only take us to the reef; and thus between us and the sandy beach was a long stretch of shallow water. The gentlemen pulled off their boots, rolled up their pants, and prepared to wade, while two brawny natives seized me in their arms and carried me safely to shore.

We spent a pleasant day listening to the report of the laborers, and the little school examination.

We had for dinner an "iron pot," as it is called, a stew of chicken and bread fruit. At five o'clock we returned to the beach. The vessel was lying on and off, not at anchor, and a squall came up before we could reach her. It was a grand sight, the waves almost inky black, except the white caps on their crests. Our little boat was tossed about like a nut-shell. As we made for the Morning Star the wind took her, and she came sailing down upon us. It seemed as if she must strike us. But we just escaped, and she ran past, leaving us far behind. We succeeded at last in catching the rope she threw us, and soon we stood on her deck well drenched.

*September 15th.*

My letter does not grow very fast, but it is very hard to write on shipboard. My thoughts are much with you these quiet days, when I have nothing to do but think; for we are becalmed down here on the broad Pacific, and have made but a few miles advance in a week. Pacific, indeed, is old ocean's glassy face, hardly a ripple to disturb the perfect calm.

Two weeks to-day since we came on board the Morning Star, and yet the distance between Eben and Ponape is only six hundred miles, which we could easily make in three or four days with a good breeze.

And yet the days have not been tedious. I have enjoyed these two weeks, and have been happier than any two weeks since I left my dear ones; and the trouble is I am growing happier and happier every day. The change that has come over my life and plans in the last few months is so sudden and entire that sometimes I have to stop and think if it is really I in this strange, new position. Thus, too, such a flood of strange experiences has been crowding upon me, that sometimes I have felt quite in a whirl. But with these quiet days of calm has come into my heart a peace as broad and undisturbed as that which broods over the face of the deep. Then, too, the conviction that I have done right in all this, been led by God's Spirit, and have his blessing in all my way, grows stronger and stronger, and that is enough to make me perfectly happy.

*PONAPE, September 20th.*

At last we are safely arrived at the end of our long journey, and I know how you will rejoice that all the perils of the sea are safely passed, and that, "kept by a Father's hand," we are brought to our desired haven in peace. Yesterday morning I had my first glimpse of Ponape, and a grand contrast it was to the low coral islands. A mass of mountains, piled one upon another, loomed up before us, and there, in the dim distance, was home!

But the wind failed us, and we could not tell how long we might have to lay there, twenty-five miles from the harbor. So the captain proposed to send us off in the boat, and we willingly consented. We were at least six hours in the boat before we caught sight of the mission station. Mr. Sturges met us at the landing, and you can imagine the welcome we received, when you remember how long that brave brother and sister have struggled on alone. Mrs. S. is a pale, frail-looking woman, with a soul stronger than her body. You can hardly imagine the joy our coming has brought to her heart. May God help me to be a good sister to her, and a faithful co-laborer!

I am very much pleased with my new home. No one could help being charmed with its natural beauties. We are to live with Mr. Sturges for the present, as it is safer in the present state of affairs here. The house stands on the side of a hill, overlooking a bay dotted with islands. It is almost buried in tropical trees, the air is sweet with the breath of flowers, and vocal with

the song of birds. You can not know how good it seems to be at the end of our journeyings. We are so tired of the sea. I think I am prepared to appreciate that country where "there is no more sea." I can not realize that I am so far away from you. Every thing is so strange to me yet. I can not find myself; but this we know, heaven, the good Father, our blessed Savior, the Comforter, are as near us here as at home. Do n't feel anxious about your Clara, she is well, is happy, is safe in the hands of the all-Father.

*November 13th.*

I am sitting on a log by the river side, at the foot of our long hill, just ready to embark for our trip around the island. We have locked up the house, with the feeling that we may return to find it in ashes, or broken open and robbed; but we do not give ourselves any uneasiness about it, for have we not committed ourselves and our all into his hands, asking only to be made holy and useful? At last we are safely off, to wind our way along the beautiful shores of Ponape. Just now comes the cry, "a water-spout," "a water-spout," and truly it was a wonderful sight. Apparently about three or four miles from us rises a great column of water directly into the clouds; now after a few minutes it fades away like smoke. Now we are coming to our first stopping-place, twelve miles from home. It is called "To-morrow." It is the first time I ever came to to-morrow while it was yet to-day. We did not stop long here on account of the tide, but the people gathered at the landing while we sang and prayed for them. After a few parting exhortations we pushed off again.

But first our dinner from the "big pail" was produced—some cold toast, with bread fruit and sugar-cane for dessert. Our canoes, eight in number, are having a very exciting race, trying who shall get into the channel first. O, how they laugh and shout! Now it rains hard, and I am under a sort of umbrella contrivance they pull over the canoe. I have to lie down, and can hardly find room to move my arm enough to write. Papa and Eddie pull on their thick coats, and think it nothing but fun to get wet. Eddie has a little paddle, hoists his flag, and enjoys it all greatly.

At our next station we climbed a long hill, through the mud and rain, to the chief's house at the top. How my appearance would have shocked my nice friends at home, after we reached our destination! But the chief had two rooms, so Mrs. Sturges and I soon changed our wet garments; and how comfortable it was to be once more clean and dry! This chief has

seven wives; one bright little thing among them quite won my heart. She could not have been more than fourteen years old, and had as sweet a face and winning smile as I have ever seen. The giving up of these superfluous wives is one of the hardest things to induce the chiefs to do. They are not only greatly attached to them, but they hardly know what to do with them if they put them away, as it is against the law for a chief's wife to marry any one else.

We found that many of the people here could read quite well, and they have been taught only by our native Christians, who go about from place to place teaching and scattering the good seed. Mrs. S. and I began teaching the women that gathered around us, and were delighted with the progress they had made, and with their eagerness to learn. In the evening we had a meeting, and then we spread our blankets on the floor, stretched our musketo nettings, and laid our weary selves to rest. I confess that I found the floor pretty hard before morning, but I slept better last night, and trust I shall soon get accustomed to soldier fare.

The next day we had a prayer meeting alone with the chief's wives. The hour we spent with them was to me one of the most precious I ever knew. We can not doubt that the Spirit of God was with us, and the softened, subdued expression on some faces was most touching. How can I be thankful enough for the privilege of laboring for them!

*Thursday.*—Mrs. S. and I had quite an experience last night trying to get a bath, as our custom is when any opportunity occurs. We donned our bathing dresses at "the great rock," and then, as it was low tide, had to wade out a long distance to find water deep enough for a bath. But we found the sharp coral bottom prick our feet like needles, so we were glad to find a smooth rock to stand on, while we were content to dip up water with our hands for a washing. We were amused at the idea of having the whole Pacific for a wash-bowl, and yet not be able to get water enough for a bath. But by the time we had got back to the great rock it began to rain and grew very dark, so we had great trouble to pick our way out again, and were really in some danger of broken limbs. I fell down a number of times, but at last we reached the little house of the good native where we were stopping, so tired out we could not sit up. We managed by torchlight to get a little bread, some cold game, and a bottle of pickles for our supper, and then stretched ourselves on our blankets before the meeting. The people crowded in all around us, and we led the singing from behind our curtains. We did not have a

very comfortable night. A baby in the house cried a good deal of the time, but we were tired enough to sleep almost any where. To-day there was a great feast given after the religious services. The great delicacy of this island is a roast dog. These appeared entire, with the hair on, and were passed around in the long baskets made of leaves. It is needless to say that we did not partake of this part of the feast. We took our portion in sugar-cane.

*Friday.*—Every day of our journeying the scenery grows more grand and beautiful, and the people more interesting. A company met us last night at the water side to escort us to our stopping-place, some three miles up the mountain side. It did our hearts good to see how eager they were to make us comfortable—such a contrast to their former disposition. The walking was very hard and slippery, and the gentlemen at last determined that I should walk no further. And how do you think they made me a carriage? I rode on the half of a leaf. There is a kind of leaf here some twelve feet long, out of which they make baskets for transporting food. In one of these baskets, fastened to four poles and carried on the shoulder of four natives, Mrs. Sturges and little Julia rode, and almost in less time than I have been telling it they had one made for me. I think I never had so delightful a ride.

A little incident one day quite touched me. A young girl from a neighboring tribe came a long way to ask us if her mother, who had recently died, had gone to heaven. It seems her mother had been one of the "praying ones," and, from what we could learn of the case, it seemed right to encourage her to hope that her mother was saved. For may we not hope that Jesus hears the feeblest prayers? She seemed to have perfect faith that we could tell her whether her mother had gone to heaven or not. The people have strong attachments among themselves, and it is often urged against the missionaries' entreaties that their friends have gone to hell, and that they would rather go there than to heaven without them.

We reached our home after an absence of twelve days. This morning we visited the chief of this tribe among whom we dwell, and the contrast between our reception by him, and by the Christian party, gave me an insight into the change the Gospel has wrought in the latter. We have seen much in our journey to make glad our hearts, and to fill them with praise to our Heavenly Master.

Now that the time is coming to look for our mail, we find it hard to wait. I have had but

three letters from my darlings since leaving home, and they were written ten months ago. We are all needing the rest and refreshment that letters and news from home will bring. God's time is best, we try to remember.

*April 14th.*

Yesterday was the anniversary of the wedding day, and we tried to celebrate a little. Had a canoe ride—in the rain as usual—and had a little wedding feast afterward. We have fine times swimming every day. I can swim quite across the river at high tide now, which I consider quite a feat for a novice.

*July 18th.*

Still looking and almost holding our breath for our mail. A little whaling vessel, which has been lying about some time, brought us news that the "Morning Star" had been sold, and that she and Pfiel have gone north to the whaling grounds. This makes it all uncertain how or when we shall hear from the world again. Whether they will charter some vessel from the Sandwich Isles to come down to us, whether some vessel will come from the United States, or whether we shall wait till the children build a new Morning Star, is all uncertain. But we rejoice that all will be ordered by Him with whom is infinite wisdom, and so we are content. We are getting reduced as to provisions by this long delay. The beef barrel is empty; we are using the last of the sugar, etc.; we are not out of flour, though what we have is very poor. Still we are in no danger of starving, for I suppose we shall always be able to get yams, which are a tolerable substitute for potatoes, and at some seasons we could live well on the products of the island. But now the season for bread-fruit, pigeons, and pine-apples is past, and pigs and fowls are very scarce. It is bad for us to be without meat and a good variety of food, for we need all possible help for the preservation of our health here. But I value this new experience, for the new proofs it brings of our Father's loving care. Sometimes a string of fish is brought in, or a basket of clams, or a chief sends us at just the right time a bit of turtle, which makes a good soup; or if we are quite out of every thing nourishing, the Lord sends a chicken into our trap, or one is brought to the door to sell. It is very sweet to be thus dependent on our Father's hand for daily bread. I have no fear that he will suffer us to want for any good thing. May this dependence incite us to more earnest, faithful labor.

*September 28, 1866.*

The Pfiel has come with our mail. Farewell to my journal.

THE TEMPTATION.

'NEATH the shadows of the trees,  
The moony shadows of the trees  
Waving in the moony breeze,  
All alone I sat and thought  
Of the things my life had brought.

Calm the landscape lay around,  
Calm and still it lay around,  
Save that the woods anon did sound  
With the night-bird's gushing song,  
Borne the starry air along.

And as I gazed and mused the while,  
Sadly gazed and mused the while,  
Two spirits sought me with their guile ;  
The one was fiery, dark, and grim,  
The other fair as seraphim.

Unto me the former spoke,  
Half whispers were the words he spoke,  
But they seemed my heart to choke ;  
Whispers dry as fiery rust,  
Choking all my heart to dust.

"Thy life has brought thee naught," he said,  
"But pain and sorrow, naught," he said ;  
"And thou art living with the dead,  
All is empty as the wind,  
Rise and cast thy life behind."

"Alas !" I answered, "truth is thine,  
I live with death, and truth is thine ;  
The moon upon a grave doth shine,  
My grave, my living grave, and I  
Had better quench my life and die."

"Ah ! quench thy life, for death is naught  
But silence," said he, "death is naught  
But dreamless rest from pain and thought,  
And life itself is but a dream,  
And nothing is as it doth seem."

"Nothing is, I know it well,  
As it doth seem, I know it well ;  
But is there neither heaven nor hell ?  
And will the grave my soul destroy,  
And let me rest from all annoy ?"

"There is no heaven nor hell," he said ;  
"No God, nor heaven, nor hell," he said ;  
The grave is but a dreamless bed,  
Where thou shalt rest for evermore,  
Senseless, soulless, evermore."

And these words, "for evermore,"  
These cold, dark words, "for evermore,"  
Dropped down upon my cold heart's core  
Like dark mold dropped on coffin'd clay,  
When "dust to dust" the priest doth say.

My heart went out and all was dark,  
And nothing saw I ; all was dark ;  
My soul was withered to a spark,  
Flickering in its pallid fire,  
Flickering, ready to expire.

And there I sat, the moon above,  
The starry night, and moon above ;  
The night bird singing to his love—  
Dark I sat, and well-nigh dead,  
Ready for that dreamless bed.

Dark and ready, vaulted round,  
With thick-ribbed darkness, vaulted round ;  
My limbs in icy irons bound,  
Whose icy fangs pierced to my blood,  
And froze it in its crimson flood.

And thro' the darkness as I sat,  
The vaulted darkness as I sat,  
Horrid wings of owl and bat,  
Flapped and fluttered—and I felt  
Their burning eyes the darkness melt.

Shrieking, screaming as they flew,  
Jibbering, screaming as they flew,  
They pierced my being through and through,  
Rattling in my veins, the blood  
Now frozen in its crimson flood.

And ever and anon there came,  
Wild voices, unto me there came  
Cloven tongues of fire and flame ;  
God, and heaven, and hell are not,  
The grave is all, and thou shalt rot.

The grave is all, and rest is there—  
Dreamless rest forever there !  
And mad hope, and a mad despair  
And madd'ning thought no more shall be  
Thy companioned misery.

I listened, powerless as a child,  
Powerless, listened as a child ;  
While these words my heart beguiled ;  
Listened, for I longed to die,  
Loathed the life I could not fly.

Then the dark and lurid form,  
The spirit's dark and lurid form,  
Stood before me like a storm,  
Thunder-laden, lightning-charged,  
Vastly looming, hate-surcharged !

And he poured into a cup,  
Poured into a golden cup,  
"Poison !" bade me drink it up,  
Drink it to the dregs, and die  
From out the life I could not fly—

Poured it with his burning hand,  
Held it with his burning hand :  
"Drink," he said ; "wilt thou withstand  
The draught that ends thy life and thee ?  
Drink, and die eternally !"

Like a corpse, galvanic stricken,  
A dead corpse galvanic stricken,  
Some mystic power my arm did quicken ;  
Up it shot and seized the bowl,  
Seized and I could not control—

Seized and gripped it with a grasp,  
Grim as death, that gripping grasp,



Seized that poison of the asp,  
Which the spirit dark did pour  
To quench my life for evermore!

"Drink and die," with louder voice,  
"Drink!" he cried with louder voice,  
Malice ringing its rejoice  
At the triumph he had gained  
O'er my spirit, sunk and stained.

And I raised that golden cup—  
To my lips that golden cup,  
And the poison bubbled up  
In globes of fire, like fiery eyes,  
Bubbling, gloating o'er their prize.

Another moment and the doom,  
Which I had sought, the fatal doom—  
Had wrapped me in its fatal gloom;  
But the dear God I had forsworn  
Took pity on my soul forlorn—

Took pity on my dying soul—  
My trembling, flickering, dying soul,  
'Gainst the dark and demon ghoul;  
Sent that other spirit fair  
To rouse me from my dark despair.

"Man!" it said, "undying man!  
Unmanly and undying man!  
Know you not the righteous plan  
Of the God that made us all,  
That on demon help you call?  
Demon help, that helps to death;  
Helps with lies and helps to death!  
Strangling out the mortal breath,  
Strangling with the snakes of hell,  
That with them thy work may dwell.

Spurn the demon's evil lie!  
Rouse thy soul and spurn the lie!  
Thou shalt never, never die!  
Rouse thy soul and be thou free  
From the lie of Destiny!

Unto heaven whose starry spheres  
Heavenward beck; those starry spheres  
Teaching how through blood and tears,  
Man, like Christ, his soul may save  
From the darkness of the grave.

Lift thine eyes and raise thy hope,  
Crush despair! and raise thy hope!  
And anew begin to cope  
With a life thou say'st has brought  
Sorrow, pain, and hopeless thought.

Cope anew, with might and main,  
For the good, with might and main;  
There is blessing in the rain,  
And the darkness, hail, and snow,  
Blessing wheresoe'er we go.

Hast thou eyes to see the dark?  
Owlet's eyes to see the dark,  
Stony staring, stiff and stark,  
And no under eyes to view  
The light beyond it streaming through?

VOL. XXVIII.—28\*

Unto all men it is given,  
All sons of men the chance is given,  
To sink below or rise to heaven!  
Wilt thou sink in coward mood?  
Sink and perish in thy blood?

Wilt thou sink or wilt thou soar?  
Take thy choice to sink or soar;  
The choice will never thine be more,  
Never, never, nevermore!  
The choice will thine be nevermore!"

And these words like swords of fire  
Smote my soul like swords of fire!  
Rising, cried I, "Demon! liar!  
Demon, lying tempter—go!  
Back to hell thy lies I throw!

Back to thee, and back to hell,  
All thy sorceries back to hell!  
For now I know thee, know thee well.  
Once more 'neath God's own heaven I stand,  
Saved by God's almighty hand!

Never more will I repine,  
O, never more to doubt incline,  
Tho' sorrow, pain, and woe be mine!  
Never more shall darkness sit,  
On my soul the lord of it!

These shall be my cross of Christ!  
These my thorny cross of Christ!  
And my soul shall keep its tryst  
With my Savior at this tree,  
On my hill of Calvary!

But this tryst shall be for praise,  
Love profound, and highest praise;  
That he hath redeemed my days,  
Snatched my soul from death, and given  
Me to dwell with him in heaven!"

#### ABIIT AD PLURES.

CALM are the holy dead  
When the passion of life is o'er,  
When the green turf-flowers o'er the resting head,  
And the turbulent dreams of the world have fled,  
And the wild heart throbs no more!

Blessed are the holy dead,  
Though dark were their lot before;  
For healed are the wounds that on earth have bled,  
And dried are the tears that on earth were shed  
For the sorrows that there they bore!

Wise are the noble dead—  
Ay, wise with a noble lore;  
For to their clear glances are open spread  
The scrolls where the secrets of God are read,  
In the heaven where the angels soar!

O! who will bemoan the dead  
As stricken with anguish sore?  
Though the sod or the marble be o'er his head,  
His beautiful soul with a song hath fled  
To the rest that it loved of yore!

## THE PERSON OF JESUS CHRIST.

## SECOND PAPER.

LET us turn to His Word. When the high council sent out its servants to lay hold of Jesus and bring him to judgment, they returned without accomplishing their purpose, with the explanation, Never man spake like this man. Thus we, yea, all times shall be obliged to say. Eighteen centuries have passed over the earth since Jesus taught, the world's way of thinking has entirely changed; but his word has preserved its old, eternally fresh strength and force over the minds of men.

No especial stage of culture, no learned interventions are needful to understand its meaning and experience its operation. It is for all without distinction alike perspicuous and powerful. Only we have become too accustomed to it: for this reason it does not always have the same original effect upon us; but when we, with opened hearts, yield ourselves to it, then it appears before our souls in all its triumphant powers, as if it fell immediately upon us from the mouth of Jesus.

Wherein lies this *peculiar power of his Word*? There are no single properties of his speech, in which the mystery of its effect lies. Jesus is no poet, no orator, no philosopher; it is not the poetical ornament of the language which charms us, not the ingenious turn which surprises us, not the rhetorical sweep which transports us, not the speculative thought which excites our admiration—nothing of all this. No one can speak more plainly than Jesus speaks—think of his Sermon on the Mount, or of his parables of the kingdom of God, or even of the so-called high-priestly prayer. Plainer words can not be spoken. Jesus utters the greatest, highest things in the simplest words, so that we might almost think, as Pascal once observed, that he himself could not be conscious of what truths he utters, did he not, at the same time, utter them with such clearness, certainty, and consciousness, that we see he knows well what he says, while he speaks the loftiest things in the plainest manner. We easily recognize the world of eternal truth to be his home, in it his thoughts constantly move.

He speaks of God and of his relation to him, of the supernatural world of spirits, of the world of the future and of the future life of man, of the kingdom of God upon earth, its nature and history, of the highest moral truths and of the highest problems of man; in short, of all the highest questions and themes of humanity so simply and plainly, without any excitation of his mind, without any prominence of his special

knowledge, or even that lingering detail with which one is accustomed to set forth something new, as if every thing were perfectly natural and self-evident. The highest truths are nature to him; he is not merely a teacher of truth, he is himself the fountain of truth.

He carries truth in himself as his being; he dares say, I am the truth. This is the feeling which we all have with his words; we hear the voice of truth itself. For this reason they have such power over the minds of men in all ages.

Not only are his words a manifestation of his wonderful person—Jesus makes even his *person the central point of all his words*. He is the substance of his doctrine. He speaks of the kingdom of God; but he is the bringer of this kingdom and faith in him the door of entrance. The possession of this kingdom is for each and forever united to his person.

Indeed, he is the teacher of the highest morality. His doctrine is the purest and most spiritual system of ethics. It was his great act to have turned religion and morality from an external conduct to an internal action of the soul and heart; he made them to consist in an inner relation and conduct of the heart toward himself. His doctrine is to believe in him, and, by virtue of such a faith, to love God. He places himself in the center of all his preaching. The largest portion of his words do this not indirectly, but directly. He grounds every thing upon his person. The cause he represents, the salvation he brings, the demands he makes, the future he announces—every thing lies in his person. "I am he"—this is his great word. "If ye believe not that I am he, ye shall die in your sins"—this is really a summing up of his whole doctrine. It is a remarkable word. There can be nothing more magnificent, more self-conscious. None of the great teachers of humanity have ever ventured thus to speak. We would allow no one to speak thus. Each one has only emphasized the matter he brought, and possibly only affirmed of this that it was the truth. The significance of the person arose only with the importance of the matter. Jesus builds every thing upon his person, and his matter consists in his person. Throughout he throws the weight of his person into the balance. If he wishes to asseverate any thing most emphatically and make it certain, he says, Verily, verily I say unto you. Not for the sake of the truth of the matter, but on account of the authority of his person we are obliged to believe his word. Because he says it, therefore is it true. The authority of the matter rests upon the authority of the person. Verily, verily I say unto you. No man speaks thus. Only God

thus speaks in the Old Testament. Jesus speaks as if divine authority belongs to him. And he was yet the humblest of all men! The more forcibly does the word sound in his mouth: I am he.

*What is he?*

He has comprehended what he has to say of himself in two self designations which are continually current with him. He calls himself the *Son of man* and the *Son of God*. What do these names signify? What does he mean by the name, Son of man? Upon the one side he classifies himself by means of this designation with other men—he is one of our race—but upon the other he elevates himself conspicuously above the rest of the human race as the real, ultimate son of humanity, as the true descendant of mankind, as the essential man, at whom the entire history of humanity aimed, in whom mankind has found its unity, in whom its history turns, as the conclusion of the old and the beginning of a new age. This is the meaning of the name Son of man. *He is the summing up of humanity, and the goal of its history.*

Jesus has something *universal* in his whole being; every one receives this impression. Throughout the history of nations there lives the inherent propensity to compress themselves into single, comprehensive personalities. Each nation honors those heroes of its history, who, in a higher sense than others, are the bearers and organs of its national spirit, and in which the nation beholds itself, as it were, embodied. But these have yet been only approximations to a perfect representation.

The greatest representatives of the human mind, even the most universal spirits of which we can think, how far do they remain behind the goal? Especially when the point is concerning an embodying of universal human nature and mind. Jesus is such a representative; he is unique; he is the incarnate ideal of humanity.

Not merely single characteristics of human nature have reached perfection in him, but human nature itself appears to us here in its original truth and purity, free from the dark spots and perversions which sin has introduced into it. We see our own truth realized in him. In this representativeness is at the same time founded the universal exemplariness of Christ.

No matter how dissimilar men may be according to individuality and nationality, each finds in Jesus, in like manner, his exemplar. Jesus was an individual and national phenomenon—he was the son of Mary and sprang from Israel; his outer life comprehended only a limited

circle of situations; yet this definite and special form of his historical appearance bears in itself throughout so fully the character of universality, that he is for all times and amidst all circumstances the highest, the most comprehensive, and inexhaustible archetype.

In respect to him every thought of national contrast, of remoteness of times, of diversity of natural cultivation disappears: the Greeks become his disciples, although he founds among them no schools of philosophy; the Brahmin honors him, although men from the lower caste of fishermen preach him; the red Indian worships him, although he belongs to white men, whom the former hates; every distinction of color, form, manner, and custom is abolished in him; in him all the sons of Adam find again their unity.

He is the one that should come.

All history before him is a prophecy of him. The progress and development of outer and inner history is diverted toward him; its result is to demand him without being able to produce him. In him history finds its fulfillment. The mysterious power of his operation, and the pledge of his victory rest in this, that he is the demand and goal of the whole natural development of humanity. He is the fulfilling of the prophecy of Israel and of the nations; for he is the manifestation of the Divine counsel of redemption.

He is, also, the fulfilling of the prophecy of our own heart. He is the mystery of our yearning. This is the secret bond which unites us all, unknown by nature, with him, and involuntarily draws us to him. He is the one whom we really think without knowing it. We are all designed for him, so that we only find rest for our souls in him, for he is the truth of our being. Thus he is the goal of us all.

His universal position to the world is established in this. He speaks of it in the strongest words. He designates himself as the Lord of the world. He unites the destiny of the whole world, and of every individual to his person—makes it depend on faith in him. When speaking of it his speech transcends every human bound. He is the Lord of the world only to be its Redeemer. He has come to seek and to save that which was lost. Redemption from sin, the true relation to God, peace, salvation, is what he will give to the world.

He is the Lord only to be the redeemer, the mediator, who will remove the barrier which sin has erected between man and God, and institute the atonement, which shall be the foundation of the New Covenant. Thus Jesus speaks of himself, of his vocation, and of his

significance. By this he places himself over against all the rest of mankind, and raises himself far above an equality with us, appears in front of the whole world with divine absolute power and authority, especially when he speaks of his future. In the most forcible words one can conceive he speaks of this.

When he was judged as a criminal, and saw before him the shameful death of the cross, he repeated to his judges the word which he had before spoken to his disciples; that he would be elevated to the right hand of the Divine Majesty, surrounded by the angels of God, ready to execute his commands; that he would call all the nations of the earth before his judgment-seat, and judge them according as they had conducted themselves toward him. Thus he spoke; it is a matter of fact, for it forms the basis of his judgment, and has been the universal belief, the firmest hope of first Christianity. It is an unprecedented word. In the mouth of any other man it would be madness. Even the insane pride of the Roman emperors, who claimed religious veneration for their statues, has not strayed to such an unheard-of thought.

Here the humblest among all men utters it with the greatest composure, not in a moment of agitation which, perhaps, made him irrational, but repeats it for the instruction of his disciples, for a warning to his enemies, in all quietness and moderation, in a moment when he, indeed, outwardly yielding to power, but inwardly trampling over his foes, elevates himself above the malice and meanness of men through the loftiness of his moral being, and celebrates the grandest moral triumph—then he designates himself as the ruler and judge of the world equal with God.

This word must be truth. There is here no medium ground between truth and madness. No rationalistic ideal of virtue avails us, no mere pattern and exemplar of mankind suffices; but we must leave the boundaries of humanity and seek the roots of his existence, and the home of his being and life in God himself in order to understand the possibility of this word. This word would be an unsolvable psychological enigma if Jesus were not more than a man. It would be an impossibility if he fell under the same laws of finite existence as we. His nature must be exempted from the domain of mere finite existence, and must belong to the province of the eternal and divine life. His absolute relation to the world, which he attributes to himself, demands an absolute relation to God. The latter forms the necessary presupposition for the former. Only from this stand-point can

his relation to the world be explained. Only because thus related to God is he related to us, as he says. He is the son of man, the Lord and judge of the world, only because he is the Son of God.

When he wishes to designate the highest, the most inner, the most concealed, the unique and eternal of his being, he calls himself the Son of God. This is not possibly a thought or invention of later times, it is the testimony of Jesus himself. Thus it lies before us. No one can deny it. The first Gospels contain this as well as the fourth. Even though the first three Gospels represent more his relation to the world, while the fourth penetrates more deeply, and unfolds more fully the concealed eternal grounds of the existence and being of Jesus, and emphasizes more his relation to God, which forms the hidden back-ground and presupposition of his relation to the world, yet the former contain the matter itself as well as the latter, and declare most unequivocally that his absolute world-relation is grounded in his absolute relation to God.

"All things are delivered unto me of my Father," says Matthew, "and no man knoweth the Son, but the Father; neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him." He stands in an incomparable relation to the Father. As the essence of the Father is concealed in the world, so also is that of the Son; but as the Son is known to the Father, so also is the Father to the Son. Between the two there is the most lively intimacy, while in respect to the world they stand in the darkness of the Divine mystery, which Christ first unveiled when he came forth from this concealment of God into the world of men.

Thus he separates himself from mankind, and comprehends himself with God, as one who belongs more intimately with him than with men, to whom he appears chiefly to belong. This forms the ever-recurring theme in the Gospel of John. He calls himself the Son of God in the absolute sense. Not as men are called sons of God by virtue of creation or of moral divine likeness; with Jesus it is a designation of a being and life relation. God is, indeed, his Father, but quite otherwise than as the Father of men. He recommends us to say, our Father; he himself never thus names God. His relation to God is unique. Napoleon once compared Jesus Christ with himself, and with the great men of antiquity, and showed how Jesus stood above them all, and closed with these words: "I think I understand something of men, and I tell you, all these were men, and



I am a man; but, no one compares to that one, Jesus Christ was more than a man." Thus it must be. If he is really the Lord of the world as he says, it is only because he belongs with God as he teaches.

The historical person of Jesus Christ and his word is a part. But this part remains an inexplicable mystery as long as we are not allowed to solve it by means of his self-evidence of his own divine sonship. If he is the Son of God in that sense, then all is clear, and every thing else is necessary. But what is the worth of all other knowledge which we obtain, all knowledge of the human mind and its history, of human nature and its destiny, if we are obliged to let the greatest part of the history of humanity—which affirms to be the solution of all mysteries, and the salvation of our entire life—stand as the most inexplicable of all? Even if we should allow it thus to stand, we could not by this get around it. Every-where it meets us. We must place ourselves in a relation to it. There is no other relation to him possible, without absolute contradiction with himself, unless we regard him as he is according to his own self-evidence, the eternal Son of God, who himself is of divine essence.

This is the involuntary impression which we all receive from his whole historical phenomenon. It is the confession of overpowering feeling, when Thomas, overwhelmed by the appearance of the risen One, exclaims, "My Lord and my God." We have two institutions of Jesus. He did not appear upon earth in order to make external regulations for the religious life. In the depth of the mind and heart, in the internal state of the soul-life, he purposed to lay the foundation of his kingdom which he established, and which shall endure when heaven and earth shall pass away.

He ordained and left only two institutions—these are the two rites of the Church which we call Sacraments, Baptism and the Lord's Supper. Their origin by Jesus himself stands without a question. Both have something mysterious in themselves, and both proclaim a mystery.

Baptism tells us who appeared in Jesus upon earth; the Lord's Supper, why he appeared. The mysteries of the Trinity and Atonement are actually announced to us, and taught by these two institutions of Jesus. These are the two central truths of Christianity.

Jesus Christ is the end of the revelation of God. In him God himself has become manifest. The contradictions of our existence are here solved. These inner contrarieties are the goad which will not let us rest.

Only in Jesus Christ these oppositions are

solved and we obtain rest. He is the unity of these contrasts, of God and man, of holiness and sin, of heaven and earth. He is the absolute reconciliation. If we survey all spaces, we find chiefly the God of power. If we survey all ages, we find chiefly the God of justice. We find the God of grace only in Jesus Christ. The God of grace alone is the reconciliation of the oppositions of the world and of our heart. Christians of all times have found their peace and joy in Jesus Christ. The whole life of the entire Church is a confession of him. All its actions, its whole religious service, its preaching, its prayers and songs, and its sacred festivals, are nothing but a testimony for Jesus and a glorification of his name. As long as gratitude shall be upon earth he will not be forgotten; so long his name will live in the hearts and dwell upon the lips of men. He who would take him from men would tear the foundation-stone out of the noblest structure of humanity. Let our hearts beat toward him, and our knees bow before him. And may the image of Jesus, as it meets us in the Gospels, continue to hold its mysterious power over the minds of men; and may the Spirit which proceeds from him be the bond which shall soon unite all hearts everywhere in faith and love to him, and thus become the living bond of union among the nations of the earth!

#### SPIRITUAL EFFLUENCE.

I BELIEVE in God, not in a Divinity who, high above all human interests, sits upon a great white throne merely to inhale quiescently the incense which His true subjects offer; or hurl in petulance his flaming thunderbolts at disobedient victims. But I believe in a God who is always Immanuel—God with us—a Heavenly Father really interested in all that any way affects his poor, weak children. I believe in the Bible, too, accepting it as God's written message to the world.

Yet from some inexplicable derangement in my physical or spiritual life, there sometimes comes to my heart a strange, uncomfortable skepticism in reference to religious truth. God sometimes seems to me as mythical as Jupiter and Juno. The Bible becomes a bundle of spurious poetry and exhortation, mixed up with plenty of mythological stories. From some such moments of doubt, I fear I might have gone into a settled infidelity, had it not been for the magnetic influence of some whose life, close "hid with Christ in God," has brought back to me my spiritual faith, and made all Bible truth seem real again.

I can not write thus without calling to mind a recent experience. I was more than usually dreamy one day. Even material existences had dim outlines for me, taunting me with foolish questions in reference to the proofs for their existence; and right and wrong seemed strangely mingled. In the evening there was a Church sociable at my father's house. I wandered through the rooms, and listened to laughter which seemed like mockery, and to solemn talk which sounded to me quite automatic. When the party was about to separate, our minister, according to the custom of our church meetings, read a chapter from the Bible, and offered prayer. There was something in his tone while reading which awoke me from my dream. He had selected the fourteenth chapter of St. John, and I thought to myself—the man reads as if he were *acquainted* with the One whose farewell words he gives us. And when he prayed, his prayer was such an earnest, loving *talk* with Heaven that God, so very real to *him*, became quite real to *me*. Just a little afterward, going out upon the portico, I found again our minister who was sitting alone upon the steps. "It's you, is it, my child," he said; "I have been sitting here, thinking over the words I have just read you, good-by words from the dear One who left us, yet is with us still."

Perhaps this good man's sentence holds for you no peculiar meaning. May be it sounds quite common-place. I can not tell. It was not the words themselves which so much affected me, but I caught from sympathy, or from some kind of spiritual effluence, the confidence of his trusting spirit. His words were full of *warm*, throbbing life, because spoken by one whose whole soul was so filled with the Holy Influence that whatever he said must have more than human power. The same words uttered by you or me might have been trite or cold, because we live so far from heaven, and have so little inspiration in our souls. But he, or God *in* him, brought back to me my faith in all things good.

Only a few words he said to me before we were called in—only a few, simple words—words spoken with little effort, and with no conscious influence. Yet they were so full of the Spirit to whose guidance he had given his life, that they were more to me than many sagest sermons, or volumes of profoundest erudition. The faith which was strong within his heart infused itself into my own. Religion was his hourly life, and sitting close beside him, I could but drink in the emanations of his Christly spirit. Heaven, and eternity, and God were verities to me again.

Indeed, it seems to me that it is always the testimony of the *life* which refutes infidelity more strongly than all the sagest reasoning. Arguments do not always, at least not always immediately, change our feeling. It often takes a long time for the plainest truth to settle down from the intellect into the heart, becoming thus a practical belief. A religious creed may be all evangelical, and yet be *dead* to us. The truth may not *seem* true, and we shall make others feel our skepticism—however much we try to claim sound orthodoxy.

Men are quite apt to doubt, to hold all glorious truths too loosely, not making them the central truths of their experience. The Christian's work is to make God and good seem real to the skeptical world he lives in, to let the loving, Christly life so lavishly outflow that men around *must* drink in good.

There are some who do this. I have come into contact with a few who always bring to me, wherever I may meet them, the startling consciousness of God's immediate presence; some who often open heaven for me, making all spiritual truth so fresh and certain that it has seemed as if it were all new to me—some who always bring the angels with them. I have heard trite common-places of class meeting talk from men whose souls were full of God, when it has seemed as if I had never heard the words before, so strangely, so gloriously significant they were. It was not the effect of their oratory, or my own partiality. But some men carry so much of Heaven within them that while near them you can not fail to feel its radiation. They have themselves so distinct a consciousness of God that they impress you with it. You lose the fret of life in their peace and patience. You lose your interest in your petty schemes for power and precedence sitting by those who deem the highest earthly rank below the title of God's simplest child. Indeed, your whole life of thought and feeling is changed by contact with strong and holy characters.

Alas! that all who dare call themselves believers, do not, like these, have faith enough within their own souls to infuse some Christian confidence into those who are about them. Sad, indeed, it is, that so many of our hearts are so full of the din of the world and the clamors of our own selfish passions, that we hardly hear ourselves "the still, small voice," still less, let any message from the God within reach the careless world outside.

O! that all men who call themselves God's children could prove their glorious parentage by the sensible influence of their presence—the fragrant emanation from their daily life!

## DINING WITH AN ANCIENT ROMAN.

IF any people ever knew how to cook, and by cooking to elevate the necessity of eating into the refined luxury of dining, it was the Romans under the early emperors. They had then acquired all the poetical and culinary art of Greece, and united it to the more solid learning of Rome.

Those Romans were good liver, huge eaters, and great spendthrifts. Vitellius never squandered less than ten thousand crowns at a meal, and at one celebrated dinner had on table two thousand fishes and seven thousand fat birds. As for that monster of extravagance, Heliogabalus—Gobbleus it ought to be—at one special party he gave each guest the gold cup from which he had drank, and sent each person home in a carriage presented to him for the purpose. Albanus, a Gaulish consul, is said to have devoured at one supper, one hundred peaches, ten melons, fifty large green figs, and three hundred oysters. There is a rumor, too, that the tyrant Maximus used to eat forty pounds of meat per day.

The Romans had their *jentaculum*, or breakfast, soon after they rose; and this early snack consisted of bread, raisins, olives, eggs, and cheese. Their beverage at this meal was milk, or *mulsum*—honeyed wine. The *prandium* was a sort of lunch about noon; but the real solid repast was the *cœna*, our dinner, at the ninth hour, about half-past two in Summer. It matters little whether we call it an early supper or a late dinner, since our own seven o'clock meal is open to the same doubts.

We all know the ordinary Roman house, thanks to the pretty revival at Sydenham. From the center hall, with its little garden and cool murmuring fountain, opened the dim bins which served for sleeping-rooms, each with its curtained doorway. The black walls of the rooms, opening from the hall, and all on one floor, were painted with little groups of sea nymphs, and Cupids, and triumphs of Bacchus. The floors were mosaic. In every thing the Italian climate was taken into consideration, and there were no stuffy carpets or dusty matting to retain the dirt and heat.

We will suppose the ninth hour near at hand, and the slaves busy in the kitchen preparing to dish up dinner. The busts of the ancestors in the hall have been dusted and rubbed, and the couches are ready ranged in the triclinium—or dining-room. The gold and silver cups are ranged on the buffets, and all is ready for the feast, even down to the garlands of roses which are to be given to the guests after the banquet.

The couches were so arranged that they formed three sides of a square, and in the midst stood the cedar and ivory, or tortoise-shell and bronze tables, on which each course was placed, arranged in trays. The guests lay down on the couches in an uncomfortable Oriental way, three to a couch: each guest, propped up with cushions, leaning on his left arm, the right being free to receive food and to hold his plate. Silk cushions marked the place of each guest. The host pointed out the special seats to favored guests, much as your host does now.

As soon as the guests had taken their places, slaves came and removed their sandals, and boys with their loins girded up offered water in bowls: in which it was the custom for all to dip their hands. At a nod of the host, the first course would appear—generally shell-fish, eggs, and vegetables—and with it a bill of fare to guide the appetite of each diner. Every rich man had his own slave at his back, to hand the dishes or to pass the wine.

We can, by help of a learned German professor—a distinguished friend of Dreikopf's—and Petronius, pretty correctly follow a preliminary "*gustatorium*," which more resembled the conclusion than the beginning of an English dinner. Let us place in the center of the first tray, which was inlaid with tortoise-shell, a bronze ass, in whose silver panniers were piled black and green olives. On the back of this ass rode a portly bronze Silenus, from whose hands ran down a sauce of oysters and fish-livers upon a sow's breast that floated in the dish below. There were also sausages on silver gridirons; the hot coals beneath, simulated by crimson pomegranate pips and Syrian plums; and there was *lacertus*—a common fish—served up with chopped eggs, mint, and rue. Snails and oysters were also handed round, garnished with asparagus, lettuces, and radish. The guests were all this time constantly supplied with goblets of white wine and honey—a sort of *Athol* brose. In fact, this opening of the Roman banquet did not differ very much from the opening of a modern Russian dinner, which commences with sardines, anchovies, and a small glass of brandy or liqueur.

The second course would probably be a surprise—one of those elaborate, practical jokes in which the Roman epicure delighted—perhaps a whole pig stuffed with fat thrushes, the yolks of eggs, and mince-meat. But we will follow Petronius at his banquet. A wooden hen with outspread wings, exquisitely carved, was there brought in in a basket full of chaff, brooding on eggs; which the slaves drew out and handed to the guests. These eggs were found, to every

body's delight, to be of baked crust, each one inclosing a highly seasoned beccafico. The signal to remove this gustatorium—or course—was given by musicians placed at one end of the atrium. An ingenious surprise of this kind was once tried on Nicomedes, King of Bithynia. The monarch was passionately fond of fresh herrings; and being far from the sea-coast, in a wild region where a wagonful of gold would not have purchased a fresh fish, the King's ingenious cook contrived to inclose meat in frames of the shape of the fish, and to season it so as exactly to resemble herring. At Petronius's supper, too, the cook served up geese and wild fowl, molded out of pork. But all these surprises, so artfully designed to reawaken the blunted appetite, were poor, compared with the clever thought of the French cook, who took some live crawfish and painted their shells with some sharp acid that turned them a brilliant scarlet. He then covered these pressed men under a pile of patient dead recruits in the same uniform, and, clapping a tight cover over them all, hurried the dish on to the royal table, where the astonishment and horror of the ladies at the coming to life of the supposed dead creatures caused infinite amusement and small talk.

On the removal of the second ingenious course, we may suppose black slaves wiping the tables and handing water again to the guests, whose hands would by this time require ablution. Boys wearing green garlands would then enter, carrying between them on sticks those large oval amphoræ that could not stand alone, but were kept imbedded in earth or sand. On the labels round the gypsumed necks, were written the names of the consuls in whose period of office the wine had been bottled.

The Romans had a detestable plan of putting sea-water into wine, and also of doctoring it with aloes, myrrh, aromatic bitters, and costly essential oils. They drank hot spiced wine in water, and they had bronze urns—of a tureen shape with a tap—in which it was sometimes served. It was not uncommon to serve the wine in a sort of huge punch-bowl, out of which it was ladled into the cups of the guests, either neat, or mixed with "allaying Tiber."

In the next course let us suppose that strange dish, the very refinement of luxury, which was served to Ulpian: "The Dish of Roses," which feasted the eyes, nose, and stomach, and at the same time appealed strongly to the imagination. It was thus made, and we confide it as a secret to the French cooks of the United Kingdom:

Take a wheelbarrow full of rose-leaves, and pound in a mortar; add to them the brains of two pigs, and a dozen thrushes, boiled and mixed

with chopped yolk of egg, oil, vinegar, pepper, and wine; mix and pour these ingredients together, then stew them slowly and steadily, till the perfect perfume is developed—we say stew, but it may be boil, for the obscure Greek writer from whence we quote, disdained to enter into minute practical details.

In the third course let us suppose another surprise. A tray is brought in, covered with natural turf on which are spread pieces of honeycomb, and heaps of parched chick-peas. When the guests have been startled and horrified enough at this, the slaves lift off a tray and disclose a rich and lavish dinner in full bloom beneath. In the midst of the tray we can place the stew of roses, or a fat hare fitted with artificial wings and called a Pegasus, by the master-cook. We surround this with dishes of pigeons, fowls, ducks, mullets, turbot, and flounders. The guests applaud the display as the carver advances trippingly and carves in strict accordance with time and rhythm.

The next of the twenty courses, not unfrequent at the table of a Roman epicure, would perhaps be a boar roasted whole—the Umbrian boars were preferred for their special flavor—with palm-twig baskets full of Syrian or Egyptian dates hung from its tusks. Around this savory monster were sometimes placed litters of sucking pigs molded in sweet paste. These were distributed as presents among the company. The scissor or carver sometimes came in dressed as a hunter, to operate on the wild boar, if it were served as the *pièce de resistance*.

After this, as a surprise in the nature of a pleasant practical joke, would be borne in, say a pig stuffed with live thrushes that flew out when the cook opened their prison with his knife.

Men like Apicius, of insane appetites, would construct new dishes of singing birds, or of the brains of ostriches and nightingales; but these were exceptional cases, to be matched only by the crazy prodigality of tyrannical voluptuaries like Heliogabalus, who would strew his floors with gold dust—ordinary people strewing their mosaic pavements merely with saffron, and colored and perfumed saw-dust.

It was not uncommon at the close of a Roman dinner, for the ceiling to open and presents to descend, fastened to a silver hoop. In this way silver and alabaster bottles of ointment, and silver garlands, were often given to the guests. When the dessert appeared, mastic toothpicks were handed round by the slaves. In the dessert tray a statue often occupied the center, a Flora of Vertumnus, laden with fruits, sometimes artificial and full of saffron-colored juices,



that spurted forth on those who first pressed them. Among the sweetmeats made by the Romans were fish and birds molded in pastry, and filled with almonds and raisins; they were also fond of melons cut into shapes, and of quinces stuck with almonds.

When rich people gave an entertainment, and wished to make up by displays of wealth for witty and amusing conversation, it was usual to have rope-dancers and posture-makers to exhibit between the courses; while more refined people would send for flute-players, or would have Spanish dancing girls from Cadiz to perform their semi-Oriental dances.

If the host wished to turn the *cœna* into a revel, the party would then take baths, or saunter along the colonnades, while a new room was fitted up for them. Roman furniture was more portable than ours, and the change would give the numerous slaves of a rich man but very little trouble. We must imagine the new room paneled with marble, the ceiling inlaid with gold and ivory; the chairs, tables, and couches, in the pure Greek taste, simple, and severely beautiful in shape. The lamps would be like the Pompeian lamps, hung by bronze and silver chains from the ceiling, or suspended from the cross boughs of bronze pillars. Greek taste had shaped every cup and molded even the simplest ornaments of the table. The goblets of all shapes were ranged on silver or marble sideboards. The slaves prepared the vessels full of snow, and the urns for the mulled wine. The chairman or king of the feast was then chosen by throw of dice, after the rose and ivy wreaths, and perfumes and ointments had been distributed. He who threw Venus, or the six, became king. The lowest cast was called the dog. The leader of the feast decided what quantity of water should be mixed with the wine, as only avowed drunkards took pure wine. The chairman also fixed what number of cyathi, or ladlefuls, each person should have poured into his glass at a time. When a guest proposed a toast, he mentioned the name of his love and his companions, and himself then drank as many ladlefuls of *negus* as there were letters in the lady's name.

But, after all, it must be allowed that there is some justice in Smollet's extraordinarily humorous caricature—so much in the style of Gilray—of a dinner after the manner of the ancients. The Romans were in some respects barbaric in their tastes. They craved for unnatural things rather than real dainties. We certainly should prefer salmon à la Béchamel to thunny seasoned with (ugh!) *asafetida* and cheese. They perfumed their wines, which must

have destroyed all refinement of bouquet; they mingled their courses in a savage manner, and without respect to the *convenances* or to common-sense; they were fond of vulgar tricks and theatrical surprises, which must have irritated the temper and vexed the digestion; they neglected soups. They fretted that poor weak vessel the stomach with rasping music and pompous trumpetings, and interrupted the serious attention requisite for the pure enjoyment of an exquisite dish, by the unwise introduction of ballet girls and acrobats. And above all—and here we hold them guilty of the highest treason—they, as a rule, excluded ladies from their banquets.

#### DR. CASTLETON'S PATIENT.

FOUR months the blue and gold sign of Dr. Frank Castleton had ornamented the pleasant street of a quiet country town—too quiet to promise much business, save that dreamy stillness can not bar out disease and death. Four months since the office—front room upstairs—had been carefully arranged, with no little amount of placing and replacing, and standing off to mark effects, by the young Doctor and his wife. Books, papers, and instruments had been strewn about with painstaking carelessness to give the apartment a “professional look;” yet, when all was complete, the Doctor had said, half laughingly, half doubtfully, “They have a suspiciously new and bright appearance, after all.”

Laura answered cheerfully, “Never mind, dear, that will wear off fast enough when you get into practice.”

But four months had gone by, and the first gloss and newness still rested on every thing, except, indeed, the young Doctor's bright hopes. Every day Laura had made a pretense of arranging the room which had known no disarranging, and replacing articles that, alas, there had come no occasion for displacing, and then seated herself, sewing in hand, by one of the front windows, that she might have the satisfaction of catching the first glimpse of the patients who, someway, did not come. In truth, the apartment was not only the Doctor's office, but Laura's parlor—though she might have blushed a little to own that—and by far the nicest room in their possession, since they had rented but two—the office and one just back of it. The latter, being tolerably respectable in size, had been divided by a partition put up by Frank's own ready hand, and neatly papered by Laura's skillful fingers. Thus were secured a sleeping room

and a—well, it would be hardly fair to tell all the uses the other little corner was put to; but since a tiny table was set there tri-daily, we may safely christen it, as Laura did, the “dining-room.”

Laura having ensconced herself at one window with her sewing, it was but natural that the Doctor, having nothing better to do, should seat himself at the other with a book; and there followed long hours of reading, interspersed with many a merry comment and grave discussion, with now and then a sudden pause to watch some carriage that seemed to roll more slowly as it neared the Doctor's office, or some pale-faced person walking up the street, who certainly looked as if he or she ought to be in search of Dr. Castleton.

Pleasant days those were; yet the young physician's face grew more anxious and thoughtful as each one rolled by, and Laura's bright brow began to wear an answering shadow. In fact, with the most economical management their little capital was slipping away. The practice was not coming, and the money was certainly going. A small sum, barely enough to carry them away respectably in case they should be compelled to go, the husband and wife had laid away as not to be touched for any other purpose, and there was so little left besides that neither of them cared to think about it; so it happened at the end of the four months that the Doctor's face wore a sadly troubled look, and Laura's heart felt painfully the weight that was steadily pressing there. She seated herself in her old nook, and gazed wistfully up and down the street. The place had grown dear to her in those months, but it must be given up; that fact was growing clearer every day now, and still nothing better offered to hasten their departure, or show them whither to bend their steps.

“It is of no use, Laura,” said the Doctor, following his wife's eyes, “there is not a single fractured limb, or case of fever, any where within sight.”

“I was just thinking,” said Laura slowly, “that if that old gentleman who drives by here so often should ever have an attack of gout he would know just where to send, for he always looks up at your sign when he is passing.”

“Or if,” said the Doctor, imitating her tone, “that young lady across the street, who always insists upon running down stairs at such break-neck speed when the postman knocks, should some day miss her footing, fall down to the landing and lie there quite unconscious from fright”—

“And suddenly recollect that she had seen

the sign, ‘Dr. Frank Castleton,’ just opposite,” interrupted Laura, “and should say, ‘O, do somebody run across the street for a doctor!’”

“My dear! when she was insensible? Even allowing her all possible desire to serve me, is not that expecting a trifle too much from a young lady who has fainted?”

“O, nonsense! Well, let her mother say it then—and a servant should run over, and while he was ringing the bell and inquiring for you, a number of persons would be sure to see him, and they would think Dr. Castleton must have considerable practice.”

“Owing to his alacrity in answering the door bell.”

“Stop interrupting me! Then you would be able to help the young lady, you know, and the mother would be very grateful, and introduce you to her large circle of friends.”

“Who would be enjoying very poor health themselves, and have large and lovely families all down with the measles and hooping-cough, I suppose?”

“Exactly; and then your fortune would be made. That is the way such things always end in the story books.”

“I think,” said the Doctor mischievously, “that such stories usually end with the young physician marrying the aforementioned interesting young lady.”

Laura pouted.

“You will have to take your book with the last leaf torn out then,” she said.

“I saw the first strawberries and green peas of the season down street to-day; do you think, in view of our brilliant prospects, that I had better order some?”

“Not unless the grocer will accept pills and potions in payment,” Laura answered, laughingly. Then, after a moment, in which her face grew thoughtful again, and looking up at him half questioningly:

“Jesting aside, Frank, we ought to be thankful that the place is as healthful as it is, and I am glad.”

“Dear, tender little heart, don't I know it? I hope we shall never be hungry enough to wish to dine off human misery, if that is what you are fearing. No, no, darling, I would drop my profession to-morrow, and gladly turn my hand to something else, if thereby pain and suffering could be lessened in the world; but there is, alas, enough of it to call forth the efforts of every earnest, intelligent, conscientious physician. Even here, where you think it so healthful, Laura, Dr. North, on Main-street, and Dr. Teachem down town, have more than they know how to attend to.”

"And my young doctor, who knows as much as either of them," said the wife, looking up with fond, proud eyes, "must stand by with idle hands. It does seem hard."

"We must have patience," said the Doctor smiling, though rather sadly.

"If we could only get them," replied Laura, playfully misinterpreting his words.

"I have arrived at the conclusion that we shall have to try somewhere else than here, though," pursued the young man thoughtfully. "Four months and not a single call will not do, Laura; we shall have to be looking elsewhere. There are places enough in the world where I am needed, if we only knew where to find them."

A light tap at the door, and the owner of the premises, old Mrs. Ellis, came in. She had grown fond of running up, now and then, to sit for an hour with "little Mrs. Doctor," as she playfully designated Laura. Quite an intimacy had sprung up between the two ladies—the one so timid and girlish, so anxious to appear like a sober, staid wife of years standing, and yet so brimful of the "doctor" that her remarks were sure either to begin or end with him; cautiously hiding all traces of their disappointment and straitened means, that her friend might not suspect the mortifying truth that her Doctor, instead of being the successful physician they had reason to expect, was really not appreciated; the other so motherly and kind, her dearest treasures beyond all reach of earthly misunderstanding, and she herself living for others now that the life for herself was ended. She would have been far from keen sighted if she had not guessed how matters stood with her young tenants, since not a single patient had she ever seen pass in or out. "Use of front hall and stairs free of charge" had seemed to the young couple a marvelously generous item when they first came to their present quarters, but the old lady had shrewdly suspected that her carpets and oil cloth would not suffer greatly from the feet of professional callers during the first year. She liked her sunny-faced little neighbor, however, and was obligingly oblivious to many things that were quite visible through her golden spectacles.

"I think you must have a natural talent for housekeeping, Mrs. Castleton," she said pleasantly, settling herself comfortably in the chair Frank drew forward for her, "your room always looks so bright and cheerful."

"Do you think so?" said Laura, blushing, but delighted.

"And that reminds me," continued the old lady, "of something that I intended mention-

ing when I was up the other day, but we were talking so busily that I quite forgot it. The paper on these walls is stained a little, and when you have every thing in the room looking so nicely, it seems a pity not to have the room itself in the best repair; so if you like, and can put up with the inconvenience of having the workmen here, I will have it repapered this Summer."

Laura's eyes, after the manner of her sex, sparkled at the suggestion of any thing new and pretty; but a second thought checked her pleasure.

"You are very kind; I should like it very much, only"—she hesitated and looked at Frank. It would not be right to let their friend go to any such expense in ignorance of their intended removal, her glance said.

"It is scarcely probable we shall remain here during the Summer; we thank you for your intended kindness just the same, however," said the Doctor, taking up the sentence, and speaking carelessly, as if neither going nor staying were matter to occasion much concern.

"Ah, indeed?" said the old lady, more saddened than surprised, "I was really wishing you might settle down here. You can hardly find a prettier place."

"Yes, it is a pleasant place, very," the Doctor admitted with a smile; "but then there are a great many other things that have to be taken into consideration by us business men, you know, Mrs. Ellis."

A faint smile flitted over the old lady's lips. "Us men out of business," would have been a clearer way of stating the case, she thought, but she respected his inclination to keep his own secrets, and hinted nothing of her knowledge.

"Are you going out, Frank?" Laura asked as the gentleman took up his hat.

"Only down town."

"You will be back in time for tea?"

"Certainly, unless I am unexpectedly detained," flashing a laughing glance toward her as he spoke. They both knew there was little prospect of any business to detain him, as, indeed, there was none to call him from home, except that he might take a quiet walk, and meditate upon some plan for the future.

He nodded a gay good-by, and passed down the stairs, and through the hall, whistling a merry tune, that Laura might not be saddened by thinking him greatly troubled and disheartened; and the two ladies were left to themselves.

"You have only lately decided to go away, have you, dear?" asked Mrs. Ellis, taking up her stitching again.

"Yes—no," Laura hesitated, "we have been talking of it for sometime, but have only really decided upon the matter lately. The fact is, Mrs. Ellis," said the young wife, growing confidential, and speaking as if she were communicating a great secret, "the business prospects here do not satisfy the Doctor. All young men are ambitious, I suppose, and anxious to succeed at once."

"Ah, but professional men must not expect that," interposed the old lady, glad of a chance to introduce a little of her experience that she thought might prove beneficial. "I know a little about it, my dear, and I never yet saw any body get to the top of a hill without climbing up first, and it is long waiting for even a chance to start sometimes. I had an uncle who was a physician, and I've often heard him say that he kept his office for a whole year before he had a single patient."

There was something for Frank! Laura mentally noted it down. "But did he succeed at last?" she asked.

"Yes, indeed, and had a larger practice than he knew how to attend to for years before he died. He said he was often laughed at for keeping up his office so long when he had nothing to do, but he always answered that what was worth trying at all was worth trying thoroughly, and he wanted to be satisfied before he gave up."

Laura's heart grew lighter during that long afternoon chat.

"It is a sort of consolation to know that others have been in the same situation," she said, as she served up for Frank's edification that evening the bits of comfort she had gathered.

"Humph! and the moral is that they got out of it, and we must do the same, I suppose. Hopeful but not definite."

"You are not civil," said Laura, laughing and flushing. "Better take another biscuit, and stop criticising my remarks. The moral is that any experiment that is worth trying at all is worth trying thoroughly. Really, Frank, had n't we better wait a little longer?"

"Good time coming, boys, wait a little longer," quoted the Doctor. "It appears, then, that trying a thing thoroughly means trying it as long as you can, does it? Now, from accurate calculation, and scientific research in the region of my pockets, I am convinced that we might carry on this experiment for another month."

"Let us stay then."

"Agreed."

"If it comes to the worst we can sell our plate," said Laura, laughingly gathering up the

half dozen silver spoons and two napkin rings; "and meanwhile the inhabitants of this quiet, little town will have four weeks longer in which to secure the services of Frank Castleton, M. D."

To which Frank responded—

"Would you suggest the posting of some handbills, my dear? 'Last Chance! Great Bargains!'"

The bright June days slipped by one by one, and the broad, pleasant street, which Laura's window overlooked, grew into richer beauty as the Summer deepened. Tiny yards, farther up town, blossomed fair with flowers, and the old trees, their long branches decked with fresh green leaves, smiled in the sunlight, and trembled and rustled in the soft breeze. But of all the feet that passed to and fro under their shadow none paused at Dr. Castleton's door, and the young wife watched in vain, while the little home nook, that had grown so dear, seemed daily slipping away from her.

"This is a hard life for you, Laura," said her husband despondently, "I wish I were rich for your sake."

"I wish you were rich for your own sake. Do you know I was just wondering why you were not? Was not the uncle who left his fortune to your cousin Phil, your uncle also?"

"Yes. He used to keep a kind of bachelor's hall up at Oakfield. I can remember being there often when I was only a school-boy, and that he used to say Phil and I were to be his heirs, and have all his property some day. But he had some quarrel with father, and would hold no communication with any of our family for two or three years before he died, and it proved afterward that he had carried his resentment so far as to make a will leaving every thing to Phil. His wealth has done him but little good though, poor fellow! He was an orphan, you know, and alone in the world. He had been somewhat dissipated before uncle died, and he became more so afterward, spending all his property, that consisted of ready money, in the most reckless manner possible, till in some drunken quarrel one night, he stabbed a companion, dangerously wounding him, and that sent him to the penitentiary."

"Is he there still?" Laura asked.

"I think not; his sentence expired nearly a year ago, but we have never heard from him since, and it is probable he does not intend that any of his old friends ever shall. Poor Phil! I used to love him when we were school-boys together. He was a kind-hearted fellow, notwithstanding his wildness."

"Ah, well! so many other things are better



than money," said Laura, with a fond upward look at the face above her.

"True; but we can not live on them, and that brings us back to our starting-point again."

"Literally a *starting* point, I am afraid," sighed the young wife, with a regretful glance about the pleasant room.

"It must be so, indeed; our month is nearly up. Never mind, Laura; we will go home, and I will leave you there to make the visit you have longed for, while I look about for a place to pitch our tent. I know there is room for us somewhere in the world, if we can only find it."

"It might be a good plan to have the aforementioned tent on wheels, with a horse attachment," suggested Laura, a gleam of fun breaking through her gravity, "so that when one place proves not to be our particular niche, we can just drive on."

"Fold our tent like the Arabs, and as silently steal away," quoted the Doctor. "My dear, I am afraid the very geese by the roadside would call after us—quack! quack!"

"Which would only prove that they were geese," retorted Laura, indignantly; "not being stationary is no proof of humbug."

"And being *stationary* no proof of not being humbug—witness this wasted foolscap," and the Doctor tore up the mock prescriptions he had been scribbling, playfully tossed the pieces into his wife's lap, and went out for his morning stroll.

One week more and the month they had determined to wait would be ended. So far as human probability reached, there was no prospect then but that of removal, and Dr. Castleton's brain was busy, as it had been for weeks, in making and maturing his plans. He was no slave of fate or chance; he firmly believed that there was work in the world for him to do, and that he should be guided to it, and that faith aided to battle down disappointment and discouragement, and gave him calmness and strength.

"But not here—it is not here," he said to himself as he passed along the quiet street into which he had turned. "We might as well have gone a month earlier; it was useless for us to wait."

The loveliness of the bright June day, and his own busy thoughts tempted him into a long ramble. He wandered on till the town was left behind him, and the street had merged into a quiet country road, "winding away as old roads will," till it led him in among cool, shadowy trees, and almost before he was aware, he was away from all human companionship, with only the sweet, unbroken stillness of the woods

about him. Tired with his long walk, he seated himself upon the soft grass to rest and enjoy the delicious coolness, leaning his head back against an old tree. The soft rustle of the leaves lulled him into a dreamy reverie, and presently he was soundly sleeping. There came no sound of voices or passing feet to disturb him, and when at last he awakened it was to find that the time had slipped by unheeded, and it was already quite late in the afternoon.

His appetite and watch both admonished him that the dinner hour was past. How Laura would wonder what had become of him, and perhaps be alarmed at his delay! he must go home at once, and a remembrance of the distance he had come quickened his steps. When he emerged from the woods into the road again, a new thought suggested itself. A short distance to the right ran the railroad leading to the city; it would soon be time for a train to go up, and he could not be far from a station. He determined to find it if possible, and save himself a long walk back through the warm afternoon sun, and leaving the road, he made his way down to the iron track, and followed its straight, narrow path.

It was, as he had supposed, not far to a station—a quiet, country place, with but little of life or bustle about it ordinarily, the passing trains being all that disturbed its quiet. When Dr. Castleton reached it, however, it wore another aspect. Quite a crowd had collected—some hurrying hither and thither, and others gathered in little groups talking earnestly. There had been an accident, they said—a car thrown from the track and down the bank, a short distance above the station, and a number of persons had been injured—one man very seriously. The Doctor left his informant and hastened at once to the scene of the disaster, and it was but a moment till his profession was made known, and he was warmly welcomed. There was work enough for him to do, and time and home were forgotten in his efforts to relieve the sufferers.

"Doctor," said a rough but kindly workman coming up to him, "that man that was hurt the worst seems to be comin' to a little. He is lying over there where they carried him—if you can do any thing for him—though I doubt he is pretty much past any body's help."

The Doctor walked to the spot indicated. Two or three persons who had been busied in washing away the blood, and doing what they could to relieve the sufferer, moved back to give him place, and he drew near pityingly. Something in the prostrate form struck him as strangely familiar. He bent lower and scrutin-

ized the white face more closely, and a sudden exclamation sprang to his lips, "Philip!"

The heavy eyes unclosed at his voice, a gleam of recognition came to them, and a quiver passed over the pale lips.

"Frank? Frank Castleton, O take me away from here!" he murmured.

The down train seemed late in coming that night to those who so anxiously waited for it; but when it arrived at last it brought an extra car for the wounded, and two or three surgeons.

"Is it best to remove him?" asked one of the medical gentlemen, pausing by Philip Castleton's side; "he can not live."

"I know it," Frank answered quietly, "but I must take him back with me."

The unconscious man was lifted tenderly into the car, and Frank seated himself beside him, filling up the homeward trip with wonder and question, doubt and anxiety that chased each other through his brain.

Laura, who had grown sadly troubled and anxious at the long absence which she could in no wise account for, was listening too eagerly not to catch the first sound of the well-known step, and Frank had scarcely reached his own door before she opened it to admit him.

"It is all right; I am quite safe and well, dear," he said quickly, seeing her white face. "But I must not stop to tell you any thing now, Laura. I have brought a patient back with me—cousin Philip. He is badly hurt—dying, I fear—and I have had him brought here. Can Mrs. Ellis give us a room, do you think?"

"To be sure I can, child," responded the old lady, to whom Laura returned with the request. "I would do it for any poor sufferer, and certainly for a friend of yours. Take that room just across from yours, and we will have it ready in a minute or two."

Still unconscious, Philip was borne to the quiet, pleasant room, and the Doctor and his wife stood silently beside him. After a time the dark eyes unclosed again, and a wondering glance swept the apartment, resting last on the Doctor.

"Is it you, Frank—Frank Castleton? I never thought to see any of the old home faces again," he said faintly, "but it is almost over now." Then his thoughts wandered again. "I did it—yes, I did it, Frank! It was a mercy the blow did not kill him; but I did not know—I was mad. O, those dark, dreary prison walls!"

Mrs. Ellis heard the words, and looked at the Doctor with questioning eyes. He turned to his wife.

"She has a right to know; go down with her,

Laura, and tell her all," he said softly, and the two went out together.

All through the night Frank watched beside his patient, waiting in vain for another gleam of recognition; the sufferer only lay with closed eyes, silent and motionless. They listened to his breathing, scarcely thinking it would last through the night; but when morning came life still lingered, and consciousness returned. Little by little he confided to Frank the bitter story of the years since they had parted, and arranged the disposition of his property.

"It is all yours now, Frank. I am glad that I have had strength for this," he said faintly, as the lawyer, whom his cousin at his request had summoned, took his departure. "All that I had left was in safe hands; it came back to me after—you know. I could not go back to the old place; I meant to go away where I was not known and begin a new life. I hoped to do some good in the world yet—that the future might in some measure atone for the past. But it is all over now, and better as it is. The wealth I leave will be more useful in your hands than it ever could have been in mine. O, Frank, let it do some of the good I hoped to do and can not!"

His strength ebbed hour by hour, and when the evening shadows gathered in the room again a darker shadow fell with them—even the shadow of death.

Only the Doctor, his wife, and Mrs. Ellis lingered in the little up-town church-yard where the stranger was laid to sleep.

"You were very kind to him," Laura said, turning to her friend with grateful eyes.

The old lady looked back lingeringly at the narrow mound of fresh earth.

"Ah, well, why should n't I have been?" she said softly. "In this slippery world, where we are none of us sure from falling, it takes both my hands to cling fast to Jesus, and I have none to spare to point scornfully at those that are down."

From that day of disaster work came to the young physician, and if his practice gained slowly, it gained steadily and surely, and he could afford to wait.

A score of years, with their Summer suns and Winter storms, have faded and stained the once bright sign, but it hangs still in its olden place. The street has grown more crowded and business-like, though scarcely as pleasant as of old; but only the office is there. The other room, long since converted into a back office, would scarcely contain Dr. Castleton's household treasures now, and his beautiful home is on a wider, quieter street. He has found his

place in the world, and has no lack of work to do; while countless visits that minister to both body and soul, and countless comforts that find their way to otherwise comfortless homes, tell how faithfully he is keeping his promise to the dead.

### THOUGHTS FROM A CITY OBSERVATORY.

HERE have I sat and watched the scenes below,  
The streets with life and bustle all aglow;  
And as I scan the busy, hurrying throng  
That through the noisy city crowd along,  
I see a little world beneath me lie,  
All spread within the range of human eye;  
Each on a different mission seems intent,  
And hurries on as if on errand bent  
Of life and death. The eager, jostling mass,  
Like scenes before the wizard's magic glass,  
Is ever changing, yet is ever seen  
The same continual rush, and jar, and din.  
And looking on this motley, changeful crowd  
Of beings, with like faculties endowed,  
Yet some pursuing virtue, others vice,  
Where conscience calls or pleasure's smiles entice;  
This human river surging through the street,  
Where Jew and Gentile, priest and devil meet;  
Imagination soars to heights sublime,  
And sees the world beneath the sweep of time.  
'T is much the same, although a grander sight,  
As lies before me in the noonday light.  
The centuries glide by like ocean's waves,  
Shifting the sands their restless water laves;  
And as they pass in swift transition by,  
How shift the scenes I view with fancy's eye!  
Man ventures forth in life with buoyant hope,  
Giving ambitious fancies freest scope,  
Expects the world to help him up the height,  
And gloats upon the future with delight.  
Poor fool! this cold, cold world is not the thing  
He took it for; the years fly on to bring  
Sorrow and care, the lot of all on earth.  
He looks for plenty and he finds a dearth.  
Generations rise upon the world,  
Run their short race, and back to dust are hurled;  
Living, far different are the paths they tread;  
Dying, all find the grave a common bed.  
Races of men have lived and past away,  
But clay they were and they returned to clay.  
Cities they built, and towers and battled walls,  
Reared gorgeous temples, mosques, and stately halls,  
Lived all the pomp and panoply of life,  
And all its turmoil, avarice, and strife;  
Each toiling, struggling, panting, racing on,  
To catch a phantom which, when touched, was gone;  
None satisfied with life—man never was—  
The world seemed made without a final cause.  
They died—their minds with apprehensions rife,  
Their bodies went to feed a newer life;  
Their souls—God knows and man can never know

Until he leaves this wilderness below,  
And follows them to that eternal source  
Of spirit knowledge. This is but the course  
Of human life; it ever has been thus  
With those before us, and will be with us.  
Life is at best a disappointed dream,  
Where selfishness has ruled and reigned supreme.  
All is a failure, and must ever be,  
Till blind humanity is made to see  
The higher life. That which alone can give  
The solid happiness for which men live;  
Pleasure which satisfied is pleasure still,  
Joy which the cravings of the soul will fill,  
The spirit-life which spurning grosser things,  
Mounts to a higher world on angel wings,  
And seeing happiness through unvalued eyes,  
Makes the dead earth a living paradise.

### OUR MOTHER.

OLD? O no! she can never be old,  
Though a score or more Summers be hers,  
And her life's purple garners now hold  
The rich fruitage of seventy warm years.  
There are lives that grow wrinkled with time,  
And hearts that get calloused with gold,  
And young heads that are gray-haired with crime,  
But a *mother* can never grow old.

She is faded and care-bent, I know,  
Like a sheaf that is laden with ears;  
Her footsteps are halting and slow,  
And her cheeks bear the traces of tears.  
But her heart is all mellow and ripe  
With the ever-sweet juices of love,  
Her speech is a fair-coined type  
Of the free-spoken language above.  
It is strange that we mark time by years,  
And a name to each passing day give,  
And say that life's ending appears  
When we're only beginning to live.  
Time may change, may cut down and renew;  
Each season new scenes may unfold;  
Things may please us, then fade from our view,  
But a mother can never grow old.

Old? old? No, indeed! she is young  
As ever she was in her life;  
The fairest and dearest among  
All women, with loveliness rife.  
Her soul looks abroad through its veil  
With a smile like the light of the morn;  
And the dews of true feeling exhale  
From the depths where her graces are born.

And some day the angels will come  
For this beautiful mother of ours;  
Will lead her away to their home  
That lies close by the amaranth bowers.  
And there, in her radiant youth,  
Where the ransomed aye flourish and bloom  
In the regions of sunlight and truth,  
She will watch for her children to come.

## TRUTH.

THOSE who have been tempted and overcome, and led to depart from truth, and lived to repent in sorrow and bitter tears, will recollect how the first downward step caused them to shudder and promise solemnly within themselves that the act should never be repeated. After the first offense circumstances arose which seemed to demand and palliate the second, and so the enemy began to steal imperceptibly upon his victim and weave his meshes around him till the high-soaring wings were fettered with sin and remorse, and the discouraged soul yielded for a time to its cruel thralldom.

The sin of falsehood gains gradually, and assumes its hideous proportions slowly, step by step, till the mind becomes accustomed and views without dismay a course, whose dark reality, thrown suddenly upon the understanding, would have rebounded and remained farther off than ever before. The cautious, slow-stealing enemy possesses that cunning which never alarms his victim by a too sudden attack, because he knows that terror will only lend speed to the feet that might escape him forever; so that which is to prove a dagger in the end is covered with flowers, its point is hidden for a time, its blade concealed, but O how cruel and pitiless when, too far for retracing steps, the victim sees the unsheathed glare of that which is his ruin!

We are appealing to those who have hearts and consciences; those who first opened their eyes upon the world in an atmosphere of pure, social life—such we believe, whatever may have been, or may be, their circumstances, never lose altogether that property which once rendered them tender, and good, and true. They may have passed through scenes that almost blotted out their past, and led them to question whether they were the same beings or not as before, but the germ of spirituality is tenacious, and it lives long after the supposition that it has been crushed out of existence, in the breast upon which, for too long a time, no pure and healing dews had fallen. To these, sooner or later, remorse inevitably follows. Let the conscience slumber and sleep as it may, perhaps for a long period, yet there comes an hour of awakening, when the crash of ruin is heard, and the fiend of falsehood, mayhap with no more work to do, now gladly makes his escape from the wreck and disaster. Then the victim begins to look around him. If it is a man, whom overburdening anxiety concerning his finances has led to the commission of theft or forgery, how keenly and bitterly he now feels the loss of integrity

and honor! What a firm foundation they would have proved in lieu of wealth and affluence! Now he is a beggar twofold, and that which the world demands of him to retrieve, is that which will be the most difficult to regain—his lost truth. If it is a woman, who has forfeited the noble title and seal of womanhood, yet more dire are the consequences, after a false and fatal course have compelled her, as it were, to wear on her brow the sign of error and falsehood. Unjust though it may seem, yet it is none the less true, that woman once prostrated, like a crushed flower, seldom regains her former glory and beauty. The reason may be, that though the whole world may recognize her fall, yet if she seeks a return to truth she must do so in a modest and unassuming manner—for this is the only way she ever can secure the confidence of any; while a man may dash out boldly into the world's ranks and be respected and admired for his boldness in the right as before he had achieved notoriety in the wrong. This, then, is the difference in the position of man and woman: the former may publicly fall and publicly rise; the latter publicly fall but rise in fear and trembling. So if there were any possible palliation, or excuse, or redemption for an untruthful man—if it could be rendered plausible that the offense in him could be overlooked—he alone carries the parole; and woman can not afford to partake in a like venture, for one error that leads to a living falsehood pinions her down, too often forever.

But setting aside the sin of falsehood, ignoring the anguish of remorse, admitting even that it is justifiable at times, what is there to be gained? The deceitful person is never at ease. He is always fearful that in some unguarded moment his deeds will find him out. He betrays himself daily by a flushed or a blanched cheek, as an unsuspecting comrade innocently subjects him to fear or embarrassment by a trivial question or casual remark. To carry about in one's heart the consciousness of words or deeds that must remain hidden for fear of consequences, is more pitiless and painful than was the reptile which the Egyptian queen took to her bosom that it might dart its venom speedily to her vitals, and rid her sharply and quickly of life, which had become so distasteful, and why? Because she was an untrue and deceitful woman, a most unworthy sovereign, and the dark and passionate age in which she reigned had not been instructed under the mild beams of the Sun of Righteousness. So, when her punishment *here* began to lower about her head, she knew no better relief from its horrors than to escape from the world and go out to a



mysterious future. The world now moves in clearer light, and hope, for this world and the future, gilds the horizon of many a beleaguered soul, and strengthens it to exertion in the darkest hours.

Hitherto our picture has been the dreary path of those who banished the pure, spotless image of Truth and took to their bosoms her unholy counterpart. Let us now turn to the serener embodiment of all that is lovely and desirable in life. Look at yonder gray-haired sire, who has preserved his integrity through much tribulation, and stands before his fellow-men a monument of rectitude and the feal subject of Right. What an admirable thing that all who know him can rely upon his every word, feeling that it is truth, and especially those who are united to him by the tenderest ties, his wife and children. When a wife can rest assured that her husband never intentionally deceived her, she should be able to overlook many faults he may possess. Deliberate and premeditated deception leaves a sting in the bosom of the deceived which seldom expires except in death alone. It may be afterward glossed over and its serpent head be hidden among leaves, but the victim will still be conscious, though perchance forever silent, that the poison which has worked so much woe is still alive to wound and mortify. Therefore, wives of erring but *truthful* men, try to believe and realize that you are in possession of *much* that makes pleasant life's dusty and toilsome thoroughfare; that the outgrowths from truth, deep-rooted in the heart's soil, are those which we fondly liken to the rippling song of rivers, the warbling of birds, the bloom of flowers, and the thousand music sounds of Summer. They atone for lesser imperfections; they are the foundation of all that is desirable in this life, and a guarantee for high estates in the life to come.

There are many very good wives who esteem it quite commendable and a proof of ingenuity when they are able to practice a little harmless (?) deception upon their husbands; and sometimes there will be a little gathering of these, playfully discussing how "nicely they blinded him." O beware, well-meaning but thoughtless wives! It is "the little foxes which spoil the tender grapes." Cast a look forward to the possible day when the forbearing husband shall awake to a truth upon which he will never again be able to close his eyes—the fact that you who have been long deceiving him in little things, when you think there is need, will not hesitate to practice the same in greater things. It is truth alone which constitutes the ground-work of that perfect faith in each other which renders the marriage tie the holiest, happiest, and most

complete of all. It will alleviate the bitterness of loss and misfortune, and soothe the spirit to calmness, that under a consciousness of having been made the victim of duplicity would have broken forth in acrimony and upbraiding.

Unalloyed truth at all times is the wisest, safest, and most expedient. Falsehood is a miserable subterfuge when a fault has been committed which we are unwilling should come to the knowledge of others. St. Paul says, "Confess your faults one to another," and he displays a sagacious acquaintance with human nature, for there is little that will more readily soften the heart than a candid and truthful acknowledgment of error; by this the judgment is inclined to lean kindly and charitably toward the offender, whereas if he had striven to conceal his misdemeanor, when at length discovered, he would obtain but little sympathy and be adjudged as a willing if not intentional delinquent.

When an individual is beset with adversity, and his numerous Summer friends forsake him as Autumn leaves forsake the branches that supported them, if his course has been truthful, and upright, and conscientious, amid all the pains that his foes can inflict, there will still be a few faithful ones, who, able to read and comprehend his nature and its impulses, will adhere firmly and devotedly to his interests, and by the force of their example compel his enemies to surrender their prejudices and yield to him his due. Then, standing upon the foundation-rock of honest purposes, with TRUTH as his high priestess officiating at the altar-fires of temporary affliction, no fear but that the sequel for him will show an open way of escape without fear and without remorse.

## TURKEY.

### PROTESTANTISM IN TURKEY.

THE introduction of Protestantism into Turkey is of very recent date. Paradoxical as at least half the statement may sound, the movement owes its origin to the Bible Societies of England and Russia. The St. Petersburg Society published, in 1813, the old Armenian version of the Bible, made in the fourth century, from the Septuagint, and of which only a few portions had as yet been printed in the Polyglot. Another edition of this same version was printed at Calcutta two years later, by the Calcutta Auxiliary to the British and Foreign Bible Society. The latter purchased, in 1818, a large number of copies of the old Armenian version of the New Testament, from the

Armeno-Catholic College of Venice, which it circulated at a cheap rate, and in 1823 published, at Constantinople itself, editions of the New Testament and the Gospels, of which many thousands were sold or distributed. All these editions were in the old Armenian, which is no longer understood by the mass of the people, and a version in modern Armenian was demanded by the teachers of the schools of that nation themselves. Here again the Russians led the way: their Bible Society issued, in 1822, an edition of the New Testament in Armeno-Turkish, the British Society, as before, following close at hand, and publishing, in 1823, an edition in the vulgar Armenian. So little opposition had hitherto been offered to the circulation of these Scriptures either from the clergy or the people, that the agents of the British Society, in the last-mentioned year, endeavored to attain a formal approval of their publication from the Armenian Patriarch. They received, however, a serious and unexpected rebuff, the Patriarch not only refusing his sanction, but threatening to punish those who should be found to have the volume in their possession; and in this proceeding he was supported by the main body of his clergy.

About the same time, more decided efforts were made to introduce, not only the Bible, but the direct teaching of Protestant doctrines among the Armenians. In this latter movement—which was the first direct attempt to found a Protestant Church in the Ottoman Empire—the initiative is due to the Americans. The American Board of Missions, in 1819, dispatched some agents to Palestine, where they met, at Jerusalem, with some Armenian pilgrims. In their mutual communications, the pilgrims intimated that a mission to Constantinople itself would be regarded with satisfaction by a large portion of the “nation.” About the same time some Armenian ecclesiastics, at Beyrout, adopted the Protestant doctrines, likewise, in consequence of interviews with the American missionaries. Thus encouraged, the Committee of the Boston Board, in 1829, established a definite mission among the Armenians of the Empire.

The way had in some measure been already cleared by a reforming school which had been established at Constantinople by the Armenians themselves. Several ecclesiastical councils had been held under the influence of a religious excitement which sprung up in the Armenian community in 1825, at which it was universally agreed that the Church needed reformation. Upon this movement was founded the well-known school of Peshtimaljian. This man, an

Armenian, a profound Biblical scholar, and possessed both of the tact and the opportunities necessary for the introduction of religious changes, attacked the ceremonies prevalent in the Armenian Church with great success, and without formally allying himself to Protestantism, created a sect which was in fact Protestant in every thing but the name. The large circulation of the Bible, through the influence of the school of Peshtimaljian, greatly facilitated the future proceedings of the American Board. Its missionaries commenced their labors by an exploring tour through Armenia proper, undertaken in 1830, the results of which were published shortly afterward.

A fixed American mission, with special reference to the Armenians, was established in Constantinople. Other missionary stations were opened at Smyrna and Trebizond, at each of which places schools were established for the purpose of educating Armenian youth in Protestant doctrines as well as in general education, and of expounding the doctrines of Protestantism to all comers. The missionaries met with success among the laity, which exceeded their expectations, and were able to enlist as native teachers many young men of talent and respectable position. The clergy were hostile, often quietly, but the missionaries were effectually aided by the Greek ecclesiastics. Through the united influence of the two bodies, the converts were subjected to annoyance in many ways, and both they and the foreign Protestants had frequently great difficulty in obtaining houses or apartments, the people being expressly forbidden to furnish them with either. In spite of this opposition, the movement progressed till, in 1836, regular sermons in Armenian were preached, and the schools, hitherto confined to males, were extended to both sexes.

Throughout this period the high Armenian clergy took no overt steps whatever to check the evident advance of Protestantism. The first active opposition came from the laity, in the hands of whose leaders the real power of the Church practically resides. The great Armenian bankers are, in fact, the lords of the community in matters spiritual as well as temporal, and a committee of these resolved, in 1836, to break up the schools at Constantinople. One of the most influential of their own body, however, took part with the missionaries, and the consequence was the erection of a new school at Haskeni, of greater importance, and numbering a much larger number of pupils than any which had preceded it; and which was carried on under the special superintendence of the banker in question. Supported only by

a single individual, it lasted but a few months, but it greatly aided, during its existence, the progress of Protestantism among the great body of the Armenians.

In 1839 the influence of some leading Armenians, employed in public works, which gave them access to the Sultan, brought upon the rising sects the frown of the Imperial power itself. Sultan Mahmoud was persuaded that one of the chief native Protestant teachers was a sorcerer, who turned paper into gold, and gave a piece to every Armenian on his becoming Protestant; that such pieces renewed themselves on being spent; and that the missionaries took a likeness of every convert, hung it in the missionary room, and fired a pistol through it if the convert apostatized, which led to his death. The Patriarch having thus secured the Imperial support to any hostile movement against the Protestants, commenced a direct persecution; the native teachers were imprisoned or banished, the leading native patron of the movement was heavily fined, and the people were warned, under penalties civil and ecclesiastical, against holding intercourse with the missionaries. The persecution did not last long. Mahmoud died next year, leaving the empire in the utter confusion consequent on the Egyptian war, and at the mercy of the great Powers. The successive representatives of England were friends of missionary enterprise, their immense influence was used with the Porte in its behalf, and from henceforth the advance of Protestantism was rather aided than retarded by the interference of the secular power.

The position of the Protestant advocates was further improved by the appointment as Vicar to the Patriarch of one of their avowed friends, who had not long before solicited a humble appointment in their service. The fierce quarrel which shortly after arose in the Armenian body itself, facilitated the operations of the missionaries. The serious changes in the financial arrangements of the Government, made after the accession of Abdul-Medjid, deprived the great bankers of much of their influence, which, however, they did not resign without a struggle. The bankers were aided by the higher clergy, and managed, for a time, to get the Porte on their side; the struggle was continued for many months, and ended in a fresh organization of Armenian internal administration on popular principles. Under the new system, many of the obstacles hitherto in the way of the missionaries were removed. Persecutions still occurred from time to time, but they were confined to the provinces; thus at Brussa, and yet more at

Erzeroum, the more bigoted of the clergy, who had in those places much of the temporal power in their hands, caused many of the converts to be banished and otherwise severely ill treated. The persecutors were called to account by the central government, and could only excuse themselves by alleging that their victims were guilty of secular crimes.

From 1843 to 1846 Protestantism steadily increased, making way especially among the female part of the population, many of whom adopted the principle of family worship at home instead of repairing to church for private devotion. In 1846, however, the number of converts in the Capital had so largely increased that the ecclesiastical body became seriously alarmed. The organization of the tradesmen placed, in many respects, the interests of the trading portion of the community in the hands of the priesthood, and Matteos, the Patriarch, a violent and bigoted prelate, first solemnly anathematized a priest who had shown himself especially earnest in the Protestant cause, and then, with his principal clergy, proceeded to excommunicate the laymen who had adopted Protestantism, and warned all Armenians against commercial dealings with them. The converts, up to this period, had not made any temporal separation from the main body of the community, and were, therefore, necessarily subject to the same civil and social authority as heretofore. This measure, therefore, on the part of the Patriarch, threw them into great confusion; many Protestants were compelled to shut their shops, partnerships were dissolved, and all those evils incurred to which a commercial people are peculiarly liable. The dealers in provisions were further warned not to furnish the new sectaries, as they were called, with ordinary food. These proceedings roused the indignation of many who had hitherto looked but carelessly upon the movement, and were finally checked by the interference with the Porte of Sir Stratford Canning, then British Ambassador, and of the American Minister, Mr. Carr. At their instance the Grand Vizier, Reschid Pasha, summoned the Patriarch, and commanded him to desist. The Patriarchal violence further enlisted, on the Protestant side, the sympathies of Europe, and caused many Armenians, who otherwise would have abstained from mixing themselves up with the quarrel on either side, to come forward for the protection of their injured compatriots. Subscriptions on behalf of the Protestants were set on foot in various parts of Europe, and those whom the clergy had driven from their homes were sheltered and provided for on all sides with abundant hospitality.

The next events in the history of this movement placed it ultimately beyond the reach of official persecution, or the chance of untoward accident. All the various societies professing Eastern creeds hitherto, had their own special organization for the arrangement of their domestic affairs, a system advantageous to themselves, and equally convenient to the Porte. The latter, in fact, obtains the double benefit of ridding its own offices of a multitude of vexatious and troublesome questions, pertaining to a diverse creed, and likewise in case of any complaint it may have against any of the Christian communities, it has at hand a responsible body from whom it can exact punishment or reform. Without some such organization, no religious sect or community of Turkish subjects can exist in the Ottoman dominions with comfort or even safety. The Protestant Church had found refuge under the wings of the British embassy, during the time when Lord Ponsonby and Sir Stratford Canning were ambassadors, but neither of them had hitherto afforded it more than the temporary protection of the time.

In 1847 Sir Stratford Canning, after having held the office of ambassador for several years, retired for a time to England, and his place was occupied by Lord Cowley. The new envoy took up the case with an active zeal, which went far beyond the simple fulfillment of the duties of protection, and from his first arrival set on foot negotiations for the purpose of securing for the Protestant Americans a distinct organization, which should place them on the same footing with the other Christian communities of the empire. It happened fortunately that the Ottoman ministry then in power belonged to the Liberal party, and the British ambassador was able, without any special difficulty, to procure a Vizierial letter, which established a constitution for the Protestant body, and recognized it as a separate and independent community in Turkey. In this document, which bore date November 15, 1847, it was expressly declared that "no interference should be permitted in the temporal or spiritual concerns of the Protestants, on the part of the Patriarchs, monks, or priests of other sects;" and an individual selected by the community was formally acknowledged by the Government at the Porte. This decree was forwarded to all the Pashas in the provinces, for the purpose of securing for the members of the sect in remote parts a protection which a distant ambassador at Constantinople could not always have afforded in time. A further and more important step was made by Sir Stratford Canning on his return to his post in 1850. The Vizierial letter established a merely temporary

arrangement, which any change of administration might modify or altogether destroy. There were, besides, deficiencies in the Vizierial letter which required to be amended. Sir Stratford Canning was entreated to take the matter in hand immediately on his arrival, and accordingly, with his usual energy, he obtained, in November, 1850, the Imperial firman, under which the community now holds its political existence. In this firman it is distinctly provided that the Protestants shall have the same privileges of erecting places of worship, obtaining burial grounds, and making the arrangements for all religious worship which had been granted to the other rajahs. Their affairs were placed under the supervision of the chief of the metropolitan police, for the purpose of protection as well as of regulation, and the provision of the Vizierial letter was permanently sanctioned, whereby the community was empowered to appoint an agent from their own number, through whom their business with the central Government should be transacted.

Sir Stratford Canning received the public thanks of the missionaries for this firman in a scene which is described by those present as having been singularly impressive. In the capital it gave the Protestant body a dignity and station to which they had not previously aspired. In the provinces it did much more. The Armenian clergy, who could not venture upon overt steps of hostility themselves, had managed to do so indirectly through the Turkish local authorities in all places where the movement seemed to be gaining ground. The long connection between the chiefs of the old Christian communities in the provincial districts and the Mohammedan magnates, had given the former an influence with the latter which they found easy to exercise against any new movement, and the Turks thus lent themselves to violence in a dispute wherein they had no interest, and which they did not themselves understand. All this ceased on the reception of the firman, and since then Protestantism has developed itself much more largely in the provinces than in the capital itself. Necessarily, so long as efficient protection was only to be found at Constantinople, the Protestant establishments were almost confined to that city; or if they flourished elsewhere, any accidental change of government or circumstances might destroy them. Now they were free to extend themselves in security and permanence, according to those opportunities, in their more congenial soil.

The Protestant Church in Turkey, thus for the first time united into a fixed and stable institution, was now able to look round and



estimate its position. Native Protestant communities had then been organized in more than forty places within the boundaries of the Armenian mission, and also in no less than eighty towns and villages under Ottoman dominion. Protestants were found in greater or less numbers, and small religious services were held on the Sunday. Several schools had been established—mostly Sabbath schools—and the grand principle of free discussion was introduced among the Armenian people generally, one of the most important and beneficial results of the movement.

The intercourse between Protestants and Armenians had removed many prejudices on both sides, and the misapprehension as to the habits and tendencies of Protestantism, so universally prevalent throughout the East, were wholly or in part removed. About the year 1850 the English Common Prayer-Book was translated into Armenian under the superintendence of the American Bishop Southgate, partly with a view of suggesting to the Armenians the reform of their own ritual; although nothing has as yet been done in this way, yet the publication of the Prayer-Book has not been without some influence in giving a Protestant tendency to the views of many educated in the rival creed.

From that time to the present Protestantism has been steadily making its way in the towns belonging to, or in the neighborhood of, Armenia proper, and some of the districts of Syria. In both it has a better chance where the population is stationary than when, as in most trading cities, it is migratory; thus Marash, Aintab, Arabkein, Diarbekir, and Harpoot contain its most flourishing communities, Erzeroum fewer in proportion, and Trebizond fewer still. The movement is not altogether confined to Armenians; some Greeks have joined the communion, and even the Turks are watching the movement with something more than mere general interest. They are attracted by the absence of images and parade in the Church formalities; and one of the leading provincial Pashas has been heard to declare that if he ever changed his religion he would turn Protestant. There is little doubt that many of his co-religionists share his opinion.

At the present moment the American mission, which may in a measure still be regarded as the superintending body of the Armeno-Protestant community, has under its charge four theological seminaries, in which the higher branches of secular education are included; one high school for boys, not theological, and four high schools for girls. There are 125 common

schools. These establishments number about 7,000 pupils, as many as the space at the disposal of the mission will permit. The number of churches is 55, besides which 75 minor places of worship have been established in places where the Protestant communities are small. The average total of the congregations is estimated at about 9,000. The annual sale of Bibles and religious books amounts to 50,000; none are distributed gratuitously. No hindrance is offered to these proceedings. The ancient enmity between Protestantism and the old Armenian Churches is fast declining. The Armenians themselves have given up many of their old prejudices, and in many instances a direct friendship and sympathy exists between the two sections of Christianity. In the capital itself the movement makes but small progress; but the printing of Protestant books and tracts, and parts of the Bible, is carried on with much activity, and greatly promotes the interests of Protestantism elsewhere. The Armenian community has hitherto been subjected to few or none of those interruptions to their internal tranquillity so common in the other Christian sects in the East. The first chief and representative at the Porte, Stephen Effendi, who was appointed under the Vizierial letter, and continued under the firman, died last year of cholera; he was a man of negative character, easily swayed by the last person with whom he came in contact, and without the energy necessary to give due impulse to the movement in the capital. His successor, Gazerouz Effendi, is a man of much more decided character, and the chances of Protestant progress at Constantinople are undoubtedly improved by his appointment. Still the most congenial ground is to be found in the north-west of Asia Minor, the original birthplace of the Armenian religion.

In European Turkey Protestantism is making progress among the Bulgarians. A Protestant newspaper in Bulgarian is published at Constantinople, as well as one in Armenian, and a third in Armeno-Turkish.

Of the efforts of the English missionary societies to commend Protestantism to the Mussulmans of the country, it may, we believe, be affirmed that little success has as yet crowned the endeavors of their agents, whose zeal in the Summer and Autumn of 1864 led to an imbroglio with the Porte.

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If we had not within ourselves the principle of bliss, we could not become blessed. The grain of heaven lies in the breast, as the germ of the blossom lies in the shut seed.

## PRIVATE LIVES.

THE lives of men may be considered in two classes—public and private, or historical and obscure, or known and read of all men, though differently interpreted and but slightly known. The mass of human life is private. History frequently does injustice to the world in that it obscures the reality of private life—leaves vast interstices of living, moving, thinking humanity between the actions of great men, and leaves unbridged yawning chasms in the story of humanity.

Private lives are *real* as distinguished from the many false appearances of history. Thousands are great only in that history has told us that they are, and history has lied. They were caught up by the resistless stream of blind events. Time, place, and necessity of circumstances found them, and history, to *be true*, was compelled to give them a false appearance of greatness. History presents us false appearances in that it must eliminate from the mass lives, the story of which can only be partially told; it can tell us only of a part of a man's contemporaries; if it tell us even of a few great things it must omit many little things, which are, nevertheless, essential parts of the great things. History is to the real man like the photograph to the man it even faithfully copies. History may be true while lacking in reality—true, as far as it goes; unreal in its necessary omissions and unavoidable combinations. We are constantly looking around us upon real, private life for confirmation of history; the false appearances of history bewilder us; and yet the careful study of private life reassures us of the general truth of history—it is a paradox. The pen of a ready writer, if he had all the facts in the case, if he could gaze on the soul laid bare, could give you a *history* of any man that would startle you by its features; and the appearance you would be inclined to pronounce false. Why? Because you see so much more of reality than history usually tells.

Private life is real as distinguished from the *generalities* of history. No pen can touch all the particulars that make the life-impression of a single individual. There never was a historian that did not jump to some conclusions. To write a life would require more than a lifetime. A man's life is told only at the points where it has a bearing conspicuously on the lives of others. If the humblest peasant had inadvertently said or done any thing which deflected the destiny of Bonaparte, it might be historically told, though the peasant and his name bore no comparison with the name and

fame of Bonaparte; history requires all such things that it can get; but it does not get them all. Besides, the generalities of history are by induction of the facts of private lives—lives whose story it suffers to go into oblivion. Yet those lives are particularly real, while history is general. While the generalities of history may be true, they are distinguishable from the realities of private life which make up the history of humanity. While it is a real landscape that we see in the distance, we behold but little more than an outline; as we approach the little streams, trees, living creatures, motion, and sound invest it with a reality it had not before.

Private lives are real in that they are invested with all the characteristics of reality that public great men have. It requires no fewer qualities to constitute a good or bad humble man than to constitute a good or bad great one; their combinations are not less intricate; their contradictions not less startling; their blending in the composition of character not less wonderful. The one has *necessarily* no fewer hopes and fears than the other; his plans are not laid with less skill in the circumstances; his private wants are not less; his brain is not farther removed from the limit of its strength; his heart is not any more or less confined in its impulses. The similarity of the humble and the great is wonderful; the difference lies, for the most part, in degrees, and the relative places of men are constantly changing. The passions are manifested with various pomp of circumstances; the thoughts of different men are frequently equally intense toward different objects. Life is real whether great or humble; and in this life is not the time to decide conclusively who are greatest; for many common characteristics deceive, and not all reality is historical.

The study of the history of private lives is intensely interesting. There is *philosophy* in it. What knowledge of men is more worthy of eager pursuit than that which leads us to the fullest and most comprehensive idea of humanity? What human life, if thoroughly known, would not help us to our final judgment of men? The great thinker will be humbled to consider how strikingly similar to his own are some of the thoughts of the humbler. His speech, his logic, his rhetoric are but gems, if gems they are, polished from the rough. The cry of the humblest Rachel is not inferior in expression to his most exquisite pathos. The love of knowing the wants, fears, hopes, joys, sorrows, defeats, and triumphs of those whom mighty pens do not introduce to the world is a philosophy not unworthy the greatest. The wants of the poor, the humble, the obscure, while they do not

fill volumes, yet they fill souls. The fears of the humblest are as important as the fears of kings; their joys and sorrows are as eloquent; their triumphs and defeats would thrill our souls if a Shakspeare would only tell them. The ambition of princes has been selfish, and their greatness has been a cheat; and the philosophy of their history frequently misleads us. The "philosophy of history" is a high-sounding term in some mouths. It very frequently indicates a dishonest attempt to draw out wisdom, glory, and progress from the folly, dishonor, and retrogressions of the past. The philosophy—call it *science*, if you will—of life is best studied in those lives that are not distorted by ambition; who are given to reflection, contemplation, and faith in a higher, truer, perfect life in another world. For such are not abusing life; nor are their souls absorbed by the pleasures, honors, and knowledge that pass away. There is more of life in their lives than in lives which have more of this world.

Providence is around private lives as well as public lives. Providence gives them a history, though it may not tell it all to earth; but Heaven hears the story. How difficult it is for many to believe that the same Divine providence is about a private life as about a great event that shapes the destiny of the world! How difficult it would have been at one time for many to believe that Providence was preparing a poor Augustinian monk to reform the world! Some are too proud to think that greatness ever has a beginning; that a youth, full of failures, can, by experience, become a manhood full of triumphs. Is the man born great a child of Providence, and he who becomes great a child of Chance? God, in his providence, appears to love the special and particular. The devout believer never thinks of his position in the world as determining the providential care of his God: he perceives as perfect a series of providences in his life as if he were born a king. His religious instinct is true. On the other hand he sees no fewer mysteries of Providence than they see, whose lives are inwoven with the great events of earth.

There is an interesting variety in the history of private lives. There is no one that has not to learn various lessons in life; and each lesson is taught by a variety of illustrations and a separate class of facts. According to his possession of this or that natural virtue, a man may not have to con this or that lesson of life; he may have learned it easily; still he has this lesson to learn. What are difficulties to him, are easy lessons to others; and his easy lessons are tasks to others. And he may learn, if he

will, that there is a Providential balance of our lives that makes up the varied history of this world. Take away a single life, however humble, obscure, or mean, and there is a blank page in the history of humanity; a fact suppressed that interrupts the study, on high, of some student of humanity. The principles of Divine government, the application of Divine grace to this world, presuppose a general condition of the world to which, in some degree, every life contributes. It may be difficult to think so; but who can endure to think that the suppression of his own life-history can indifferently make that blank page! Is there nothing in your history that can add an illustration for those who study in heaven? You think there is something in your history different from that of any one else; so every one thinks; the privacy of his life may only confirm him in such a thought. In many things he may be mistaken; but his mistake is built on a basis of universal truth. So varied is life, and yet in many respects so similar are lives, that every one may be surprised hereafter to learn that where he thought himself alone, he was not alone; and that where he looked for human sympathy—the fellow-feeling of one in the same circumstance—if he could have known it then, he was all alone, specified by his God to be the sole maker of a page in the complete history of the world. Jesus, "treading the wine-press alone," a solitary actor in the history of redemption, we can imagine as typifying some solitary phase of every man's history; and every man has a part in the history of humanity.

Do you study the lives of those whose history is in the possession of the world because they are strange? There are lives as strange constantly crossing and recrossing your path of life. You do not notice them; you are not prepared to study what is common; your prophets are all at a great distance; your heroes are either fictitious or conspicuously great. If any thing very strange in your neighbor's life occurs, you are totally unprepared for it; it is a phenomenon without antecedents. To your eye it stands out, alone, from your neighbor's life, while, in fact, it is in perfect keeping with the tenor of his life. Every life is a phenomenon inviting your attention; it will present you stranger things than you usually "dream of in your philosophy;" its study will help you to a better philosophy of human life.

Many a life that has scarcely seemed to have a present in this world, has a future that will startle many a one who thinks that elevation in this world is certainly, and without deviation, on the same plane with the next. Consider

how many rise to great heights in this world, who for many years were on the level of the mass of men. How fame gives us names that were almost unknown in their generation! By analogy we may expect some such phenomena in the world beyond. Just as there have been some who have seemed almost useless in that the man and the age did not coincide; in that certain latent powers were not aroused; in that certain circumstances did not set their lives in rapid motion; in that the great work they would have performed was done by others before them, or nearest the scene of action, so some great works of eternity may be reserved, by Providence, for those who have not seemed great in this life. The work and the agent will surprise us then as now. By all this we do not ignore the rich promise of lives that God has made conspicuously great on earth. The great on earth frequently find unexpected coadjutors; they will be surprised in the same way hereafter; but they will still be too great to despise. We see men whose present lives are mysterious; they seem to be waiting—yes, their time is in eternity. They are not idle now; they work in private, because it is not now convenient for them to be conspicuous.

A common error of society is to fail to recognize the possible greatness of a humble, private life. It is not necessary, for instance, to the greatness of thought, that it be uttered before vast audiences with wealth of language and powers of oratory, or that it should be embalmed in books for the ages. Great thought may have its most triumphant development, its most glorious relations, its most perfect adaptations, in the future world. There may be great thought without ambition, without great activity on this world's stage, without great ability to impress other minds, without running in the ordinary channels of expression that now carry men along, and on the subjects for which the mass of men now care the least. How easy it is to think, if we will only make the effort, how great thought may go far in the regions of thought without meeting many men! Still it is true, as one has well said—an obscure thinker, perhaps—that “there is more room in the mind than most people think.”

Great sympathies may not now have their full honor. They link a man to superhuman beings—angels, who in heaven rejoice over one sinner that repents. Sympathies that ennoble the man do not depend on exalted position in life; all they require is a soul. Homely sympathies are not to be despised. Little sympathies are the ground of a greatness of soul in heaven. A man destitute of noble sympathies

may have notoriety; a man ennobled by his sympathies may be destitute of notoriety.

Society has constructed a kind of “Jacob’s ladder” on which influences, like angels, are descending alone from the great, forgetting that they also ascend from the humble. The lightning that comes direct from the clouds is not the only blast that is effectual; nor is it the artillery alone in battle that gets the victory. A power behind the throne is frequently the most effectual in giving destiny to a nation, and that power is frequently in possession of one who does not wish a crown; whose greatness consists in the unselfishness of his private life, and his influence which is the result of his lack of worldly ambition, his clearness of vision, and moral inability to take wrong advantage of others.

We are greatly mistaken if we think there are no great conquests in private life. We have too long associated victory with battles and diplomacy; we have too long thought of battle-fields as strips of land; we have associated conquests with masses of men; we have been loth to think of heroes struggling and conquering in private, going to battle-fields of their own souls, carrying on with wonderful patience and faith a warfare against the powers of darkness within themselves, conquering their own hearts, and amid the acclamations of heaven becoming kings over themselves. And their work has been more arduous and greater than the work of those who have taken cities and subdued kingdoms of earth.

The great men of this world who have secured renown, have become great by the mighty exercise of one or more powers of the soul. Their genius, learning, skill, eloquence, bravery, or their cunning, has given them great names in history. And now we refer to a power of the soul that in real importance transcends all that we have mentioned: it is *faith in things Divine*; it is a power of venturing where victory can not fail—of venturing where earth and heaven meet; it is the Divine power of the privately great, which renders them the kindred of the publicly great and good; it is a power of the soul greater than all the powers that bind men to earth; it is the proximate link of the human and the Divine; it has been thought to be mean, irrational, unmanly, but it is more than coördinate with the powers that afford temporal greatness; it is the light and fire of reason; it is, indeed, (not unmanly, but) more than human, for it is the exaltation of those beings who, as yet, are a little lower than the angels, but who are in a transition state to a life nearer God. Behold in Jesus the unavailing of a Divine power; the



blending of the natural and the supernatural; the union of God and man. He who would be greatest in heaven must be as a little child that innocently looks up to the clear sky, and though it sees not, yet doubts not that God is there. You may say, "I can not." Ah! there are humble ones whom you call weak that can; and though they live in obscurity, their private lives are great by reason of faith in the Son of God.

The use we may make of the study of private lives is, to check a restless, unholy ambition; to learn to properly estimate the verdict of the world; to consider more attentively the possibilities of the distant future; to realize that Providence has a mighty purpose in the slow development of some lives that will not be fully unfolded in this world; to enlarge and sanctify our sympathies with the multitude of lives around us, without which noble sympathy no man, however great in other respects, has a just title to public greatness.

#### THE SPANISH GIPSY.

THE author of *Adam Bede* has too many friends on this side of the water to have the announcement of a poem by her create no stir in reading circles. All lovers of *Dinah*, of *Maggie Tulliver*, of *Romola*, of *Mesdames Glegg* and *Poyser*, must look with favor on these pages. One expects to find here the cool sense, the dry humor, the dramatic form, and clear conception of character which make her novels so powerful. And, if the London critics are to be believed, this poem is, indeed, a wonder. It surpasses, according to some, *Aurora Leigh*; and all lovers of *Mrs. Browning*, all admirers of her greatest work—in many respects the most perfect poem of the century—must feel that to be said to surpass it is high praise.

It is but a few years since *George Eliot's* first book, "*Scenes in Clerical Life*," appeared. Though well written, with glimpses of the power shown in later works, it is far inferior to most of them. One might predict "*Silas Marner*" from it, though that in conception and development of character is superior. *Adam Bede* is a long step in advance: well written, interesting, but defective in plot, and closing somewhat unsatisfactorily. But *Mrs. Poyser*, the undying one, is enough to relieve the dulllest book from the charge of insipidity. Her keen good sense, her dry wit, her touch of narrowness and housewifely care, go to the making of one of the best characters in all the author's books. It is this character painting that redeems all she has written, making us forget defects of plot and

incident that, otherwise, would render harsh judgment against her.

"*The Mill on the Floss*" is, except her last novel, the best of her works; fatally defective in plot, ending abruptly, yet very powerful and interesting. It abounds in humor. To read the chapters wherein *Mesdames Glegg* and *Pullet* appear, is enough to convince the most obdurate critic that a woman can be humorous. In it, passion and duty are strongly opposed, the old, old battle being fought by *Maggie*. It would seem that, unable to settle it to her own satisfaction, unwilling that *Maggie* should do wrong, equally unwilling to condemn her to suffering, the writer took the flood as a refuge from her indecision. The reader is carried along without thinking of the end. When it comes, when the last word is read, the feeling that is uppermost as we put the book down is, "*Poor Maggie!*"

As a story of Italian life, a picture of Florence in the time of Savonarola, "*Romola*" is very good. It has separate scenes of power, and the heroine's character is well conceived and carried out. But *Tessa* is almost too childish. It is impossible to feel much pity for her in her wrong. *Tito* is a more perfect development of the character to which *Godfrey*, in *Silas Marner*, is a study. The two are different, as from race, education, and position one would expect them to be. In both there is an idle waiting for circumstances; in both a secret that must be hidden because it stands in the way of future happiness. In the one, events help *Godfrey* to conceal. In the other, the hero has to conquer opposing circumstances, and keep his secret by crime. The development of *Tito's* character, his slow lapse into evil after his first wrong step, is well given. There is no need of a moral. It is pointed by every turn of the story. The picture of Savonarola, though less flattering than that of another author, is probably more truthful. The author says well that it is better to confess that the sacrifice was not spotless, than to try to hide the dark stains by garlands of praise.

*George Eliot's* novels are all of the past. The life of the middle class in England forty years ago, has been repeatedly painted by her: no where more perfectly than in her last novel. "*Felix Holt*" is her finest work; a good story well told, abounding in humor, the characters those that impress themselves on us as real and living. It is much better, we think, than this poem. Not that the *Spanish Gipsy* is by any means an ordinary book. It has power and originality. It is essentially dramatic, all its action compressed into very short time. It has some humor, some lovely bits of description.

But the writer's powers are cramped by the necessities of rhythm, and the diction is often painfully stiff. The story may be told as briefly as possible, and the reader may draw his own conclusions as to its moral meaning. The place is Spain, the time,

"The fifteenth century since the man Divine  
Taught and was hated in Capernaum  
Is near its end—is falling as a husk,  
Away from all the fruit its years have ripened.  
The Moslem faith, now flickering like a torch  
In a night struggle on this shore of Spain,  
Glazes a broad column of advancing flame  
Along the Danube and Illyrian shores,  
Far into Italy, where eager monks  
Who watch in dreams, and dream the while they watch,  
See Christ grow paler in the baleful light,  
Crying again the cry of the forsaken."

Silva, Duke of Bedmar, offspring of the stock whose highest shoot is Medina Cœli, a Spanish knight of untarnished honor, is the hero. He holds the fortress of Bedmar for the king, against the Moors, who, under El Zagal, guard the neighboring fort of Gandix. As for his character—

"Haughty and generous, grave and passionate,  
With tidal moments of devoutest awe,  
Sinking anon to furthest ebb of doubt;  
Deliberating ever till the sting  
Of a recurrent ardor made him rush  
Right against reasons that himself had drilled  
And marshaled painfully. A spirit framed  
Too proudly special for obedience,  
Too subtly pondering for mastery."

At the opening of the story he is just betrothed to Fedalma, a foundling, adopted years before, by his mother. It is expected that he will make a sally from the fort against the Moors; but he decides against it and returns to Bedmar, resolved in the interval to wed Fedalma. His uncle, the prior, bitterly opposed to his marriage with one whom he believes an alien and an infidel, has decided to prevent it by placing Fedalma in the hands of the Inquisition, to be tried for her faith. A proud, ambitious man, determined to rule his nephew as he does all other men, he justifies his resolution as being, after all, true mercy, for

"Mercy has eyes that pierce the ages—sees  
From heights divine of the eternal purpose,  
Far scattered consequence in its vast scene;  
Chooses to save, but with illumined vision  
Sees that to save is greatly to destroy."

We are introduced, in the opening book, to a group of Spaniards, who discuss the Duke's choice and the events of the day—the host, a Jew turned Christian by necessity, who would have all men's lives made easy, but thinks loving all men is to be deferred till all men love each other; a silversmith whose talk is all of plate and altar ornaments; Juan, a minstrel,

"Guest at the board, companion in the camp—  
Flashing the comment keen of simple fact,  
Defined in words; lending brief lyric voice  
To grief or sadness."

Roldan, a trickster, and his lame boy, complete the circle, in the description of whose character and conversation the author has shown no little skill and humor.

Then the scene changes to the Placa, where Roldan performs, and where Fedalma, wandering through the streets in search of amusement, moved by the music dances. In the midst of it, a file of gipsies, chained prisoners, pass, and one transfixes Fedalma with eyes, "that seem the sadness of the world rebuking her." On her return she finds Silva waiting impatiently for her, having in the mean time had a stormy interview with the prior. It is decided that they wed immediately, and Silva departs to meet, with suitable escort, the priest who comes from Jaen to marry them. Fedalma, left alone, examines the jewel casket the Duke has just given her, and finds in it a chain of gold wrought in mystic characters, that seem to her a reminder of some forgotten past. While she wonders, Larca, the gipsy chief, enters, announces himself as her father—claiming the chain as his—and proves to her that she is his child: by right of succession, queen of the tribe. This Larca has been described before.

"It seemed as if the soul within him made his limbs,  
And made them grand."

He has allied himself with the Moors, and in return is to be furnished by them with ships, in which his tribe are to be carried to Africa, there to found a great empire. Taken prisoner in Bedmar, he has learned the secret of Fedalma's adoption, and having made preparations to escape, comes to urge his daughter to go with him. He has high ambitions, great plans for the future, and these he opens to Fedalma, stirring her with his own resolve, commanding her to forsake her life of silken ease, and take up her destiny as deliverer of her race. This scene is very powerful, and no slight quotations will do justice to it.

When Silva returns he finds them gone. He goes in search of her, and secrecy being necessary to circumvent the prior's plans, leaves no trace behind. The garrison he had sworn to defend is thus left without a leader. He finds her in the gipsy camp, but all endeavors to win her from her father fail. Then ensues another scene where Silva, despairing, flings down his knightly cross, and vows to be himself a Zin-calo rather than lose her.

The lovers are given brief time to rejoice. Larca goes to join his band near Bedmar, leaving Silva in charge of the little post where he was. Left alone, separated from Fedalma, the Duke feels the stirring of regret and remorse. In proportion as his trust was higher than

other men's his betrayal was worse. He is imaginative, but his memory clings to "banners and trophies, and rays of shame or honor in the eyes of men."

"He could not grasp night's black, blank mystery  
And wear it for a spiritual garb,  
Creed, proof. He shuddered at its passionless touch. . .  
He yearned toward images that had breath in them,  
That sprang warm, palpitant with memories  
From streets, from altars and ancestral homes."

The gipsies chant their wild hymns, and one, telling the cost of treachery, is very effective.

"Curs'd by burning hands,  
Curs'd by aching brow,  
When on seawide sands  
Fever lays you low. . . .  
Lonely may you languish  
Through the day and through the night,  
Hate the darkness, hate the light,  
Pray and find no ear,  
Feel no brother near,  
Till on death you cry,  
Death, who passes by. . . .  
If you hate not all our foes,  
Turn a false Zincalo!"

In his misery comes the order to march to Bedmar, where Larca and Fedalma already are.

The chief, aided by the Moors, and most of all by Silva's desertion of his post, has taken Bedmar, all the Duke's relatives being killed in the fight. The prior alone has been reserved for a more public death on the gibbet. Silva enters, sees the butchery of his friends, and maddened by remorse, rushes to the plaza, where he finds Larca, overseeing the guards who led the prior to execution. Unable to obtain satisfaction, to win even the boon of his enemy's life, he rushes on the chief and kills him.

"Around him closed  
His people all holding their wails suppressed,  
Lest death, believed in, should be over bold. . . .  
The young, bright morning cast athwart white walls  
Her shadows blue, and with their clear-cut line . . . .  
Measured the shrinking future of an hour,  
Which held a shrinking hope. And all the while,  
The silent beat of time in each man's soul  
Made aching pulses.

But the cry, 'She comes,'  
Parted the crowd like waters."

The chief's last charge to Fedalma is to cling to her people, and carry out his plans for their deliverance. She promises, and is owned by the tribe as queen. Then—

"Let loose the Spaniard! give him back his sword;  
He can not move to any vengeance more—  
His soul is locked 'twixt two opposing crimes,  
I charge you let him go unharmed and free. . . .  
His voice went into silence, but his breast  
Heaved long and moaned. . . .

And she bent above  
In sacramental watch to see great Death,  
Companion of her future. . . .

So she knelt,  
Clinging with piety and awed resolve,  
Beside this altar of her father's life,

Seeing long travel under solemn suns  
Stretching beyond it; never turned her eyes,  
Yet felt that Silva passed; beheld his face,  
Pale, vivid, all alone, imploring her,  
Across black waters fathomless."

There is but one end after this. With the fragment of the band who cling to her, Fedalma goes to Africa. They meet but to say farewell. Their ships sail apart, one to Rome, one to Africa; and so the Spanish gipsy concludes.

It would seem that having formed her characters, the writer was mastered by them, or rather allowed them to be mastered by fatal circumstance. It is a drama of failure, and there is scarcely room for pity for the ones who so suffer.

There are hints in the book, of characters rich in that humor for which Eliot is so noted; but they are only hints. She clings to the action and lets it tell character, sometimes feebly, sometimes powerfully. Brief as is the story, it is slowly told. There is a long episode in the beginning showing the author's familiarity with Spanish life and character; another, longer, in Silva's hall among his knights. Through much of our book Silva talks fate and will with an astrologer. Sometimes, in this talk, one comes on a line pregnant with meaning, but the most of it is not superlatively fine. There are glimpses of description, too, that are very lovely, and scattered through the book are beautiful lyrics. The author seems strongest in scenes of great passion. As for characters, Fedalma is good, and the change from careless girlhood to a womanhood, made stern by her birth, is well given. Silva, despite the powerful scenes in which he takes part, despite his own strong speech, is more unreal. Larca is well painted.

Much labor has, we should say, been spent on it. It is very carefully written, and will well repay perusal. Yet, as a whole, we think it inferior in power and purpose to her words; and while giving her high place in the poetic roll, it is by no means her best work. But she has shown her power to write fine poetry, and may yet far surpass this first flower of song.

PEACE is an attribute of the highest power. Silence reigns throughout those enormous spaces where worlds travel on their way. Silence wraps that electric life which animates nature, and which is thus more powerful than when it is disclosed in thunder. A sea of silence lies around the throne of God, and the Almighty speaks not, and utters no sound. So in the peace of a religious soul, there is evidence of a hidden power greater than any outward force.

## THE MYSTERIOUS CITY.

IT was a city widely known for its rare union of natural beauty and architectural elegance. As we entered its broad thoroughfare the Summer breezes came to us laden with the richest odors, while the heavens above tenderly spread out their canopy of blue.

Passing through wide streets and avenues, whose superb structures vied with each other in richness and splendor, I was impressed with the absence of that business air which generally marks a prosperous city. New edifices were continually going up, and the population was every day increasing. Yet the whole region wore a peculiar aspect of seclusion and repose.

Never had I been in a place more elaborately ornamented, or where mere utility had so little sway. Beauty was the presiding genius, and beauty more and more filled our eyes as we passed leisurely on. Here were handsome squares and soft, green slopes. Here, also, were enchanting groves enlivened by gushing fountains, or silver-footed rills dancing to the music of the birds.

Even the poorer tenements, with their verdant hedges, were not wanting in taste, while the princely mansions were surrounded with costly iron balustrades, shade trees of rarest species, and flowers of Oriental fragrance and beauty. Scattered among the trees rose chaste statues, graceful obelisks, and elegant monuments, with classic inscriptions and carvings of quaint and curious device. Some of the names upon the burnished door-plates were widely known for affluence, social position, of literary eminence, while occupants of the dwellings beside them were from among the illiterate and obscure.

What could have brought together this great multitude, so unlike in condition and character? Evidently there was some strange law of attraction, for which accessions to the population were constantly being made—a removal thence was almost unprecedented.

It was also a noticeable fact that the dwellers here were provided with only the barest necessities of clothing and furniture. However eager might have been their pursuit of pleasure, however ample their accumulation of the luxuries of life, no superfluities could gain admission within the gates of this city. Every abode, costly and magnificent as it might be, was furnished, according to the prevailing law of the place, with extreme simplicity. Indeed, the dismal interior presented an air of dreary barrenness in most striking contrast with the external aspect, as well as with the sumptuous apartments for which it had been exchanged.

Here were no public markets, no warehouses, no bazars, not even the smallest shop for the sale of the simplest commodities. Yet it was a place of great resort. Carriages were constantly arriving and departing; wayfarers were ever passing and repassing. Almost every visitor had his favorite quarter, his chosen circle of friends. Yet the inhabitants were evidently an unsocial class, and a strange spell of silence seemed cast upon every visitor.

There was an utter absence of all hilarity, rudeness, and mirth. No voice of scandal was borne on the quiet air; no breath of envy mingled its poison with the sweet perfumes; no rage of fashion, no strife of excited parties, no martial arrays, disturbed the unwonted quiet. The passer-by spoke in subdued tones, and walked as if he were treading the consecrated aisles of some ancient cathedral. The breezes and birds, the trees and the waters, made sweetest harmony like the music of Paradise.

More and more did I wonder at the mighty, though secret influence that reigned here—an influence by which I, too, began to be affected. As yet we had seen none of the dwellers in this far-famed city; and I soon learned that, were we to pass entire days in the place, we might not encounter a single one of them.

As I paused to scrutinize the groups of visitors who were ever coming and going, I observed that the cloud of sorrow, that overshadowed the faces of some when entering, was strangely illumined as they retired, while others went away with tears streaming down their cheeks, and their hands clasped as in prayer. The enigma was solved. I WAS IN THE CITY OF THE DEAD.

Here were gathered together the rich and the poor, the mighty ones of earth and her lowliest outcasts. Those who had been long at enmity, at last dwell, side by side, in perpetual peace. All envyings and animosities, all jealousies and strifes are over. Ended is the mad race for riches, honors, and pleasures. The quick beatings of joyous hearts are stilled—stilled, too, the wild throbbings of the broken-hearted.

Within hearing of the tide of busy life, as it ebbs and flows through the heart of the great metropolis, rests this multitude in unbroken silence. What a commentary on that rushing life is their voiceless eloquence! It is naught to them that ever and anon its surging waves are swept over into this domain of death, and hushed in its profound stillness. Little regard they the tears of agony that water the unpitied earth. The sobbings of surviving love, the pleadings for pardon, the wailings of remorse for unkindness to the dead, are alike unheeded.



The grave! the inexorable grave! it hath reared round them a high, impenetrable wall, beyond which the grief or the neglect, the penitence or the despair of the living can never pass. In loosing the silver cord the Tyrant-King has sundered every tie to this mortal life. The brilliant light of earthly hopes has faded; the sweet dream of earthly love is past.

"What matters it, then," I asked myself, "that my dream has prematurely ended? In a few days I too shall lie down in the grave, silent as are they."

Ah, how did my own private griefs sink into insignificance as I thought of the multitudes who had loved and hated, who had joyed and sorrowed, and whose bodies, so lately instinct with life, now lay here but senseless clods!

Alas! for those who, becoming tenants of these dreary mansions, have no enduring hope, no love higher and holier than that of earth! For on the farther shore of time these slumbering waves of life shall again awake. Beyond the mystic veil the thought, the words, and the deeds of the present will once more look us in the face.

"Dream not with life to shuffle off the coil;  
It takes fresh life, starts fresh for further toil;  
And on it goes, forever, ever, on,  
Changing, all down its course, each thing to one  
With its immortal nature. All must be  
Like thy dread self, one dread eternity."

As I stood within the hallowed chapel of this vast necropolis, and thought of the many around me lying in their last sleep, I was oppressed with indescribable emotions. Had I been a Roman Catholic, I could not have helped offering up prayers for the dead. Being what I was, my heart rose in earnest supplications for the living. O, that they would listen to the eloquent voices of these silent sleepers—that, turning away from the noisy, hurried stream of time, they would catch the mighty swell of the infinite ocean forever breaking upon the shores of eternity!

From my visit to this sacred spot I gained courage and strength. For a long time after I caught the faint but solemn echoes of the distant waves slowly surging on the immortal shores. And when some sudden memory of the rich boon I had lost sent a sharp pang through my spirit, or the thought of a desolate future pressed upon me with a benumbing pain, I would say to myself:

"This suffering will soon be over. But a little while, and my dust shall mingle with its kindred dust. Then, if among the faithful found, I shall enter through the gates of pearl into the celestial city,

"Heaven-satisfied, if earth-undone."

# QUIET WOMEN.

NERVOUS, enthusiastic, and talkative women are the foam and sparkle, quiet women the *wine* of life. The senses ache and grow weary of the perpetual glare and brilliancy of the former, but turn with a sense of security and repose to the mild, mellow glow irradiating the sphere of the latter.

We associate all ideas of rest with quiet women. They are soul-divinities reverently guarding their sacred trusts in the Court of Silence. The quiet woman moves in an atmosphere of benignant grace. Appealing, strong, compelling, her pure life is a petition or a prayer. When she speaks, her words are aptly chosen, and fitly spoken. She is wise and thoughtful, but loving and meek. "Still waters run deep," but not in the world-applied sense; babbling rills do not wear their channels deep, but streams of calmest flow have hidden depths undreamed of, unsuspected.

The touch of a quiet woman's hand is charmed indeed. It recalls, by its magic, all the precious memories which Time has blotted from life's calendar of years, and restores the beautiful lost visions of childhood, when the rainbow of a mother's smiles spanned the rosy horizon, and the young heart thrilled to the music of her lullaby as she rocked us in dreams upon her pure bosom.

We confide in quiet women. Truth encircles them as with a halo, and they give us constancy in return for our faith. In sorrow, adversity, or illness, the quiet woman is nurse, counselor, and friend. She soothes, comforts, and caresses, and is the unfaltering guide of the weak and erring, through her own noble and unerring instincts. Into her steady and skillful hands the physician trusts the flickering spark of life, well knowing that the faithful sentinel will not tire in her watch, nor sleep upon her post. She moves silently and orderly; even her light garments falling in soft, harmonious flow. She does not irritate with questions, but surprises and pleases by her unobtrusive anticipations. She rarely speaks, but when she does her tones are firm, and sweet, and low, and linger upon the sick and drowsy ear like the musical vibrations of murmuring waves. No other hand can so comfortably adjust the heated pillows, or so tenderly lave the feverish brow. No other step approaches so breezy and live-giving. Such a glory of repose surrounds her, and her kisses—rarely bestowed—are like benedictions.

The love of quiet women is imperishable! It has no butterfly birth like the creations of fancy, retaining its gorgeous hues only while

the skies are sunny, and the flowers blossom, leaving in the eager grasp, when storm-clouds darken, a faded dead moth, with all the brilliant dust brushed from its broken wings; but it is an amaranthine flower, fadeless and fragrant forever; whose germ is immortality, whose native soil is heaven—a love of all sacrifice and devotion. Too often this exquisite blossom wastes its sweetness upon unworthy shrines; but, like ivy, it grows richer and greener around ruins where no sunlight falls. Too often these calm-eyed women build in their quiet hearts sepulchers in which to bury all the bloom and brightness of their lives, wreathing the senseless marble with withered hopes, where the world's cold breath may not reach them; but we know it not. They grow holy through their unrevealed mysteries, saintly through their silence. We mark patient, yearning eyes droop lower under their fringes; the cheek thinner, the brow more thoughtful, and a firmer fold about the uncomplaining lips, but that is all. The tear of sympathy falls as readily from the eye, the hopeful, cheering word from the lips, and the soft, strong hand, fallen away from love's clasp and kisses—as warmly extended with a universal tenderness for the whole wide world. In that hour when our own life approaches its dissolution, though all the world forsake us, may our dying head be pillowed upon the pure, calm bosom of one of these gentle earth-angels, while her loving cheek nestles against our own, and our fleeting breath is borne away in the balm of her saintly kisses!

“CONSIDER THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.”

O WEARY child of toil and care,  
Trembling at every cloud that lowers,  
Come and behold how passing fair  
Thy God hath made the flowers.  
From every hill-side's sunny slope,  
From every forest's leafy shade  
The flowers, sweet messengers of hope,  
Bid thee “be not afraid.”  
The wild-flower blooms in yonder bower,  
All heedless of to-morrow's storm;  
Nor trembles for the coming shower,  
The lily's stately form.  
No busy shuttle plied to deck  
With sunset tints the blushing rose;  
And little does the harebell reck  
Of toil and all its woes.  
The water-lily, pure and white,  
Floats idle on the Summer stream—  
Seeming almost too fair and bright  
For aught but poet's dream.

The gorgeous tulip, though arrayed  
In gold and gems, knows naught of care;  
The violet in the mossy glade,  
Of labor hath no share.  
They toil not—yet the lily's dyes  
Phœnician fabrics far surpass;  
Nor India's rarest gem outvies  
The little blue-eyed grass.  
For God's own hand has clothed the flowers  
With fairy form and radiant hue,  
Hath nurtured them with Summer showers,  
And watered them with dew.  
To-day a thousand blossoms fair  
From sunny slope or sheltered glade,  
With grateful incense fill the air—  
To-morrow they shall fade.  
But thou shalt live when sinks in night  
Yon glorious sun; and shall not He  
Who hath the flowers so richly dight,  
Much rather care for thee?  
O faithless murmur! thou mayest read  
A lesson in the lowly sod;  
Heaven will supply thine every need:  
Fear not, but trust in God.

ONE BY ONE.

ONE by one the sands are flowing,  
One by one the moments fall;  
Some are coming, some are going,  
Do not strive to grasp them all.  
One by one thy duties wait thee,  
Let thy whole strength go to each,  
Let no future dream elate thee,  
Learn each hour what these can teach.  
One by one—bright gifts from Heaven—  
Joys are sent thee here below;  
Take them readily when given,  
Ready too to let them go.  
One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,  
Do not fear an armed band;  
One will fade when others greet thee,  
Shadows passing through the land.  
Do not look at life's long sorrow,  
See how small each moment's pain;  
God will help thee for to-morrow,  
So each day begin again.  
Every hour that fleets so slowly  
Has its task to do or bear,  
Luminous the crown, and holy  
When each gem is set with care.  
Do not linger with regretting,  
Or for passing hours despond,  
Nor the daily toil forgetting,  
Look too eagerly beyond.  
Hours are golden links, God's token,  
Reaching heaven but one by one;  
Take heed, lest the chain be broken,  
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

## THE CHILDREN'S REPOSITORY.

## BABBETTE'S THANKSGIVING-DAY.

IT was a keen, biting Thanksgiving-day. The north wind tore up the dry, withered leaves, that had changed from green to red, then from red to brown, and were now, after being pitilessly knocked off the branches by the same tormentor that hurled them along, shriveled, dry, hard, and rustling, making them dance in a kind of hollow mockery of the joy and beauty of their fresh Spring days, till it swept the ground clear, and drove them in all sorts of unexpected places, in dark corners, under clefts of rocks, and about the trunks of the same trees, where they had once been crowns of glory. The wind was master of the day; he came and went at his own will, hurrying the dull, thick clouds in the sky above, so that the sun could scarcely peep through the heavy curtains, or give the earth one stray gleam of sunshine. The birds were nearly all gone; there were no leaves nor flowers left to hear their songs; the ragged stalks, bent almost as low, and some lay dragged on the ground, with the fallen leaves, dying, neglected, together—flies, ants, butterflies, and bees, all had disappeared, except an occasional one, who, overtaken by the cold enemy, was found stiff and dead on the frozen earth.

Babbette, who was gathering sticks near a group of trees, felt the searching north wind as it blew in her face, forcing tears from her sharp eyes, and making her nose very red, and she thought the day was very dismal and dreary as she stooped down to pick up the bits of old broken boughs to add to her bundle. She wore a stuff petticoat, and a small shawl was pinned across her bosom, but her head was covered with a cap of coarse white muslin, her arms were bare to her elbows, and though she had on stout shoes she wore no stockings, and the penetrating chill of the air made her fingers so stiff and unmanageable, she could scarcely manage to tie her bundle of sticks together, as she turned homeward, the wind still beating in her face, and taking and running away with her breath.

She stopped before the barn-gate of a comfortable-looking farm-house, and stood looking in with her bundle of sticks on her head. The place suggested all kinds of comforts to Babbette. There were sheds for cows, stables for horses, pens for pigs, hen roosts, and poultry-

yards, a large barn and granary, but the gate was open, not a servant nor human creature was to be seen, and over the whole place was an air of negligence. Babbette looked about anxiously; a large wood-pile was near the gate and small pieces of pine-wood were scattered about it. "It will do me more good than it will do them harm," thought Babbette, "and little Therese will be more comfortable for it." Her quick, dark eye peered suspiciously around; there was no one in sight, and she entered the yard rapidly, seized a few pieces of the wood nearest to her, and, turning swiftly, would have left with her spoil, when a heavy hand was laid on her shoulder, and a rough voice exclaimed, as she hastily dropped the wood she had just taken:

"I've caught you at last, my woman; so this is the thief that has robbed our nests and wrung our fowls necks for us for a month past! Come along with me into the house."

Babbette shrunk back, protesting in broken English and an unknown tongue. Thomas could only understand the words, "No thief."

"No thief," said he. "Did n't my own eyes see you in the very act?"

Babbette protested in vain, for Thomas paid no heed to her exclamations and protestations, and catching her by the arm dragged her to the house, where, after depositing her safe in the kitchen and setting Hannah as sentinel over her, he hastened to his master, the Squire, humming over with impatience and the importance of his news.

"I've found her at last," he exclaimed with sparkling eyes. "I've found the thief, Squire; a regular foreigner sent over to our country to steal and plunder us all, I'm sure."

The family were seated around the dinner-table eating their Thanksgiving dinner, a New England dinner, for there was turkey and chicken, goose and duck; there was beef, and pork, and beans, to say nothing of the vegetables, sauces, sweet and sour pickles, that helped to fill the bountiful repast, and the long array of puddings and pies, apples and nuts on the sideboard, was an inviting host besides. There was the Squire at the foot in his best clothes, and the Squire's wife, in her black silk dress, at the head, on one side their daughter Fanny in a new crimson dress, worn for the first time, and on the other their son, who was twelve years old, and two

years older than Fanny, and besides some friends of the Squire, among them a Mr. Brown, from the city, who was spending his Thanksgiving-day in the country.

They all looked up at Thomas's unexpected announcement. "Is it a woman?" asked the Squire.

"A woman," answered Thomas. "A regular licensed foreign thief, in short blue petticoats, and without a sign of a bonnet on her head."

"Perhaps it's a gipsy," said Fanny; "they always steal, they say."

"Pshaw, Fan," said her brother contemptuously, "there are no gipsies here."

"Are you sure it's a foreigner, Thomas?" asked the Squire.

"No doubt of it; for she only threw her arms wildly over her head when I caught her in the very act of stealing wood from the wood-pile, and said, 'No thief, no thief!' It's easy enough now to see where the hens and eggs have been going—easy as daylight."

"Perhaps it's some poor woman," suggested the Squire's wife.

"It will be hard work finding out what she is," said Thomas, "for she can't speak much English."

"And I can't speak much else, but my friend, Mr. Brown, here, can talk as many tongues as he can count," answered the Squire, turning to the gentleman.

"Bring her in and I will try," returned Mr. Brown.

"Yes, bring her in, bring her in, Thomas," repeated the Squire.

In the mean time Babbette, when she had been first carried into the kitchen, sullenly fixed her eyes on the clean boards of the floor; very excellent flavors were coming out of various pots and pans, and gradually her eyes raised themselves up to the great, shining, black stove; and then perhaps feeling the influence of the warmth, and snuffing the pleasant odors, she looked awhile at the rows of shining, bright tins over the dresser; then becoming still bolder she regarded Hannah steadily, who had been looking at her with much curious indignation; and if Babbette could not understand her words, it was easy to comprehend the scorn and indignation expressed on Hannah's face as she exclaimed,

"A pretty one you are, a pretty one to be going about the country, killing and stealing for miles around."

Babbette made no answer, but stared at her harder than before, and Hannah continued raising her voice still higher.

"A pretty one I say you are—do you hear

me? We'll see if you'll stare at an honest body like that when you are in the county jail," for Hannah began to feel uncomfortable under the prolonged gaze of the sharp, black eyes of the thief, when Thomas interrupted her, with his message from the 'Squire.

"Come," he said, shouting as if Babbette was as deaf as a mill post, "Come, come," he gesticulated and pointed at the same time to the door he intended she should go through.

Babbette threw her arms wildly over her head, repeating rapidly as she shook it,

"No tief! no tief!" and was walking toward the kitchen door, but Hannah saw this, and planting her substantial back against it, prevented her escape, while Thomas, perceiving her intention, seized her more firmly, and dragged her on into the dining-room, she still gesticulating, and speaking her language rapidly till fairly in the room, when she became quiet, her hands dropped down by her side, and she fixed her eyes upon the floor.

"Let go of the woman, Thomas," said the 'Squire, for he still held her, fearing she might yet escape him. "Let go, Thomas. Woman, what is your name, and where did you come from?" Babbette made no answer, she did not raise her eyes from the floor, and her attitude was that of deep dejection.

He changed his tone, and added more gently, "What is your name, my woman?" and Thomas interrupted, grinning, "She can only say, 'No tief! no tief!'"

"She looks German," said the 'Squire; "come, Mr. Brown, perhaps you can make her speak."

Mr. Brown spoke; Babbette raised her head at the sound of his voice, but shook it sadly, as if she was sorry she could not comprehend; but when he spoke to her again in French, a look of joyful relief spread over her features, and, waiting till he had finished his questions, she answered in French.

"She's French, then," said the 'Squire. "Well, Mr. Brown, please ask her what her name is, where she came from, what she is doing here, how many of my turkeys and chickens she has eaten, how many of their eggs she has boiled these last four weeks, how many pillows are stuffed with my goose-feathers, and how many more she intends making?"

"Too many questions at a time," said Mr. Brown, laughing; "I will commence with the first," and asking it, he interpreted her answer for his listeners.

"She says her name is Babbette, that she came to this place looking for a cousin, that she has been here three months, and lives in a room



in the village with a lame granddaughter, named Therese."

"Perhaps this is all a made-up story," said the 'Squire.

"O, father," interrupted Fanny, "I know it is so, we have seen the little girl standing in her door, leaning on a crutch—she had black eyes, a pale face, and dark, curly hair; please ask her, Mr. Brown, how the little girl became lame."

"She says," said Mr. Brown, "that she has never stolen a hen or egg, and does not own a feather in the world."

"How do I know if this is true?" said the 'Squire.

"They do n't look as if they lived on poultry, and slept on feathers, either of them, I am sure," said Henry, the son.

"Ask her, please, how the little girl became lame," pleaded Fanny.

Babbette commenced her short history, and all listened, and thought they almost understood what she was saying, particularly after Mr. Brown told them about it; she was so excited and animated while speaking, but when she finished, her arms dropped listlessly at her sides, and Mr. Brown repeated her story to the others.

"She says her name is Babbette—and that she is sixty years old; she has had one son who was a soldier; he must have been a brave, good-hearted man, for he always took good care of his widowed mother, and sent her money while he lived, but he died in a hospital, leaving her the entire care of little Therese, who lost her mother when very young, and has always lived with Babbette. When her son died they came to this country, hoping a cousin here could assist them; they have not found him, however, and Babbette says she is too old to do any thing but knit and pick up sticks, but no one can understand what she says, or cares for her beautiful knitting, and this country is much colder than France."

"How did Therese become lame?" asked Fannie again.

"She fell from the door on a stone door-step, when she was two years old, and has never walked without a crutch."

"She says she has been picking up wood this morning, and Therese is waiting for her now."

"Ask her," said the 'Squire, "if she carried away any body's wood she pleased in her own country."

"She says there, on holidays, the noblemen give always something to the poor."

"Tell her," said the 'Squire, "when I wish to be generous with my wood, I prefer giving it away myself, if you please."

VOL. XXVIII.—30\*

Mr. Brown talked a little to Babbette, and then said: "She said that it was wrong, a sin that she would have confessed to the priest, and she meant you no harm."

"Tell the priest, indeed!" exclaimed the 'Squire, "there 's Popery for you now!"

"She wants to know if she can go now, for Therese is anxiously waiting for her," asked Mr. Brown. "She says she will never steal a stick again from this good, kind gentleman."

"Good, kind gentleman," repeated the 'Squire, with a red face. "Tell her to hurry home, and we 'll soon see to her."

"She will be frightened if you tell her that," said his wife.

The 'Squire walked to the sideboard, and filled a basket with apples, cakes, and nuts; "I suppose this won't frighten her," he said, handing it to Babbette, saying: "Be off now, hurry home to your granddaughter." He was unprepared for the change in Babbette's face, as she fell down at his feet, sobbing and crying, and striving to embrace his legs; he felt very foolish as he twitched away the tail of his coat when she was kissing it.

"Get her out, Thomas," said the 'Squire, abruptly, "get her out; you got her in very well, why do n't you get her out?" and Thomas, rather disappointed, but, upon the whole, sorry for Babbette, pulled her out almost as unceremoniously as he had pushed her in, fastened the bundle of sticks, in some fashion, on her head, and pointed to the gate, hurrying to tell Hannah the result of Babbette's interview with the 'Squire, while she hastened home, scarcely heeding the north wind that was keener and colder than before, and the dismal day, for the joy of her heart.

"These foreigners have queer ways, Mr. Brown," said the 'Squire.

"I think her story was true," said Mr. Brown.

"Of course it was, of course it was," returned the 'Squire, "and, if my life is spared a few hours longer, I 'll let this French woman and her granddaughter know what Thanksgiving-Day means in this free and glorious United States of ours."

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A VERY little girl said to her mother one day, "Mamma, I love you!" The mother did not reply, and so she repeated her words. Still the mother made but slight answer, and Ella said again very earnestly—"Mamma, I do love you!" "But why do you think so, my child?" said the mother. "Because I love to do all I can to please you."

### QUEEN CHRISTINA AND THE GARDENER'S CHILD.

ONE fine Summer-day, as Queen Christina, of Prussia, was pacing up and down the beautiful walks in her palace-garden, enjoying the perfumed air, and from time to time pausing to look at the lovely flowers, or listen to the singing birds, she saw upon the grass a little child, playing with the long stalks and the clover-heads. This was the daughter of one of the gardeners, a little girl about five years old.

The Queen approached the child, silently watched her play for a few moments, and finally spoke to her. The child replied modestly, but fearlessly, to all the questions asked her. She was, indeed, a very lovely little girl. The Queen was so much pleased with her, that the very next day she sent one of her ladies to bring her to the palace.

The parents were quite astonished; but they dressed the child in her Sunday-clothes, and gave her into the charge of the Queen's waiting-maid.

When the little girl reached the palace, the Queen was just about sitting down to dinner. She, however, gave orders that the child should at once be brought to her. Stroking her fresh rosy cheeks, she had her placed upon a chair by her side, whence she could overlook the whole of the glittering and abundantly-laden table.

The kind, good-hearted Queen wanted to hear what the child would say when she saw the costly gold and silver vessels, and all the other pretty things adorning the royal table. She enjoyed, in anticipation, the delight of the innocent girl, which she presumed would be displayed, in ordinary childish fashion, by clapping of hands, and joyful, wondering exclamations.

But things turned out very differently from what she had expected.

The little one sat a moment quite still and solemn. Then she cast her eyes over the glittering scene before her. But no cry of astonishment followed this survey. On the contrary, the child looked quietly down upon the table, folded her tiny hands, and, in tones, sweet and childish, but loud enough to be heard throughout the whole dining-hall, repeated the following little prayer:

"Christ's dear blood and righteousness  
Be to me as jewels given,  
Crowning me when I shall press  
Onward through the gates of heaven."

Surely the good old custom of asking a blessing at table must still have been practiced in the pious gardener's house; or this verse must have been part of the daily prayer of the little

girl. As the food was already placed upon the royal table, and eyes were turned upon her, the child naturally thought they wished her to say the blessing.

When she had finished, no one spoke for some time. All present were greatly surprised. It really seemed as if God himself, through her sweet lips, had spoken to this brilliant assemblage of high-born lords and ladies.

### AN UGLY COMPANION.

NOBODY could say that Impatience makes little show, or keeps himself in the background—nobody ever accused him of speaking softly. Did n't he know how to slam the doors? and could any body fling things about with more success than Impatience, when he had a mind? And as to seeing the best side—he hardly left a best side to see. Impatience could bring a cloud over every thing, and generally got hold of the thorns instead of the roses. Indeed, his bushes rarely had roses at all, for he picked the green buds rather than wait for them to open, and ate all his fruit half ripe. Impatience had two tempers: in the one he was angry with every thing to-day, in the other he wanted every thing that belonged to to-morrow, and could n't wait.

He had a strange way, too, of misnaming things. It was "cruel" to make Grace learn her lesson, instead of playing all day—it was "cross" not to give her cake between breakfast and dinner; and a rainy Saturday was always "provoking." He told her "to-morrow" was "an age" off; he made her think to-day not worth the having. He made the time to get up in the morning come too early, and the time to go to bed come too soon. It was a "bore" to go to school, and it was "wearisome" to stay at home. He sent in playmates at the wrong time, or left her alone too long to grow tired of her own company.

Impatience always gave selfish counsel. How could Grace finish her doll's dress, if she had to play with the baby, or run up-stairs to get her sister's thimble? And when she had sharpened her pencil for herself, of course she did not want to lend it—just to have the point worn off again. And then the dinner bell must ring just when she was in the midst of an interesting book—and it was so tiresome to run all the way up-stairs to brush her hair before she went to the table! And if dinner were delayed a little too long, no interesting book could keep Impatience quiet then. What he liked was any thing but what he had—what he wanted was any thing but what he could get.

# THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

## THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

THE CHARM OF MANNER.—No one can be insensible to the claims of graceful posture, movement, and costume. But the charm of manner lies deeper than these. It is no outside varnish. It springs from real goodness of heart, from a life hid with Christ in God. It is Christian charity clothing itself spontaneously in fitting external expression. It gives beauty to the plainest face, it teaches winning words and ways to the most ignorant. There lives at this moment, in the town of New Hartford, Connecticut, in a small unpainted house by the roadside, some two miles from the village, a poor woman by the name of Chloe Lankton, bedridden with an incurable disease. For more than thirty years she has lain in that humble apartment, unable to rise to be removed, the subject of continual bodily pain, at times of such excruciating pain as to make her continued life almost a continued miracle. Her father, her mother, and her four sisters have successively died before her eyes, and been carried out to their long home. She has been for many years left alone in the world, with no means of support but that which unsolicited charity has sent her, and with no stated companionship but that of a common hired domestic. Yet the grace of God has so wrought in the heart of that lone woman that her face is said to beam with angelic sweetness, and all who go to see her come away charmed, as if they had been to visit the abode of a princess. Young people for miles around visit her, not in the spirit of compassion, but for the pleasure they find in her companionship. The very children troop to her abode to show her all their latest treasures; and no new dress, or doll, or knife, or kite is thought quite complete till it has had the approval of their dearest confident and friend. What has given this lone invalid such power to captivate and charm both old and young? Nothing but the Spirit of the living God, working in her heavenly sweetness of character, that finds a natural expression in all lovely and beautiful ways.

If, then, you would have truly good manners, in their very highest type, seek first of all goodness and purity of heart. Be filled with a kind and loving spirit. Drink largely of that charity which doth not behave itself unseemly, and which seeketh not her own, which suffereth long and is kind. Good manners are only the natural expression of unselfish benevolence. If these be wanting they are a cheat and a sham. But having this, you will not count the

slightest article of dress, the most inconsiderable movement of the limbs or the person, the most trifling word on the most ordinary occasion, as beneath your care and study, if thereby you can add in any degree to the happiness of any human being.—*Prof. Hart.*

HOW SHE DID IT.—A young mother, surrounded by a group of restless, impatient spirits, was once the theme of admiring remark in the circle of her acquaintance, on account of her wonderful calmness and patience. "How Mrs. Gale can get along with her five noisy boys, and her husband always absent, and yet never seem put out or worried, passes my comprehension," said one of her nearest neighbors.

"Does she govern them?" was the reply.

"Govern them? No! she has n't the slightest faculty for that, and besides, they are all uncommonly strong-minded, while she is naturally timid and yielding. Her authority would have little weight with them, I fancy."

"How does she manage them?"

"That I can not tell you. She does n't seem to try to rule them much. But they all love her, and appear sorry to grieve her; and though they are full of spirit and naturally turbulent, she keeps them from any serious outbreaks. I confess I do n't understand it."

Possibly had Mrs. Gale's neighbors put the same queries to her children, the mystery had been solved.

"Mamma," said little Edwin one morning—the youngest and the brightest of the busy group—"mamma, I aint asleep always when you come to bed, though I keep my eyes shut and lie still. What do you whisper so long in your dressing-room for? And who is there with you? I got up last night and peeped through the door, but I could n't see any body."

His mother told her boy of the nightly errand to the mercy-seat, and he repeated the story to his brothers.

"I could have told you myself," was the reply of Jamie, the oldest of the boys. "Mother prays just so every morning before we are up; I found her doing it. And sometimes, when we get very wild and out of sorts, you know she slips away for a few minutes and prays again. I followed her softly once or twice to see what she went up stairs for; that's how I came to know about it."

"She's a dear, good mother, and I do n't mean to

trouble her any more," sobbed out the second son—usually more willful and passionate than the rest. And to this statement and purpose they all gave a tearful and ready assent. It is not pretended that their promise of amendment was strictly kept; but their mother had gained a new hold upon their hearts, and they learned to watch for the sweet and peaceful countenance which she brought from the place of prayer.

**IMPROVE THE EVENINGS.**—With the return of the lengthened, and pleasant, and cool evenings, comes the query to all, how shall we best improve them? There are a thousand pleasant ways of spending a Fall or Winter evening within the reach of those who have command of their own time; and prominent among these is indulgence in literary pursuits. How few, comparatively, of the young people of the present day appreciate, as they should, the inestimable privileges they enjoy? Surrounded, as are the young of large cities, with all the opportunities necessary for the cultivation of a literary taste, not one in a thousand appears to improve these golden chances. Occasionally, it is true, we meet with a young man or a young woman who firmly grasps the idea that "knowledge is power," but these, unfortunately, are the exceptions, not the rule.

Thousands of young men, who have comfortable homes—whose parents are willing to supply them with books and papers—instead of availing themselves of these advantages, spend their long Fall and Winter evenings either in idle lounging around corners, or in company with frivolous associates, male or female. Thus, Winter after Winter passes away, each one bringing them nearer to the age of manhood, but not fitting them for the proper discharge of the duties that a full manhood requires. They enter upon the busy stage of life with none of those safeguards which a cultivated intellect throws around its possessor. They start out laboring under a thousand disadvantages and confronted by innumerable obstacles, which disappear like shadows before a well-informed mind. The fact that they do not contemplate adopting a professional career does not in any degree relieve them from the charge of being untrue to themselves, their friends, and their country, while thus frittering away the precious hours of their lives in idle indifference, and too frequently in company of those whose association is contamination. How many of them will resolve to "turn over a new leaf" and improve the long evenings of the Fall and Winter?

**DINNER AS AN EDUCATOR.**—You will find that a great deal of character is imparted and received at the table. Parents often forget this; and, therefore, instead of swallowing your food in sullen silence, instead of brooding over your business, instead of severely talking about others, let the conversation be genial, kind, social, and cheering. Do n't bring disagreeable things to the table in your conversation any more than you would in your dishes. For this reason, too, the more good company you have at your table the better for your children. Every conversa-

tion with company at your table is an educator of the family. Hence the intelligence and refinement, and the appropriate behavior of the family which is given to hospitality. Never feel that intelligent visitors can be any thing but a blessing to you and yours. How few have fully gotten hold of the fact that company and conversation at the table are no small part of education!—*Dr. Todd.*

**ILL-MANNERED CHILDREN.**—Home-training in our country must be deficient in some important particulars, if we can rely on the uniform opinions of travelers from the Old World. Our public schools and Sunday schools do not supply the deficiency, and it is possible that the greatness of the evils experienced may lead to efficient measures for their correction. An English lady speaks in a very disparaging style of the manners and training of American children:

"Sadness fills the mind to see how early infantile playfulness and grace are frost-bitten, and wither even before budding. The passion for jewelry is instilled in the cradle. It is distressing to see nurslings with rings and bracelets, and so on upward through all the gradations of age. It is especially American, and we must suppose this fashion is borrowed from the Indians. Then, again, before they can spell or read fluently, they 'polk,' and are put boldly through the deforming manipulation of the dancing-master, as if the dancing-master could give them that genuine graceful deportment which the French call *tenué*. Their little embryo minds and hearts are already poisoned with coquetry and love of show. They have *beaux*, and receive calls, banquets, make appointments; rivalry and envy in their ugliest shape early take possession of their souls.

"For years I have observed this disease all over the country, in cities where I have seen society. Above all, it is painful to one's feelings at the hotels and watering-places. When I see here, in the evenings, in the parlors, rolls of these little dolls and fops, dressed, ribboned, jeweled, fanning themselves monkey-like, in imitation of the elder part of society, I feel an almost irresistible itching in the fingers to pinch their mammas. Nurseries seem not to exist in America. In this respect the manner of bringing up children is far superior all over the continent of Europe. There children are kept children as long as possible, and all care of parents and families is bestowed to watch over the tender blossoms, and preserve them from the heating, unwholesome influence of parties and motley company. It was so once likewise in England, and the bad example given by the reigning Queen, who, in over fondness for her numerous progeny, originated, or at least made fashionable, these juvenile parties, in which children, fully equipped in all the freaks and oddities of grown-up persons, represented withered dwarfs. One thing is certain, that no such bejeweled, affected, distorted creatures as are to be met in America, in streets, public and private parlors, at juvenile and grown-up parties, are the 'little children' called to Himself by the Immortal Teacher of simplicity, love, and sincerity."



## STRAY THOUGHTS.

A MOTIVE TO PIETY.—How can we, who have sainted friends, continue to live in an unregenerate and sinful state? We have heard of one who declared that nothing troubled him more, in his sinful state, than the thought of his mother in heaven. He feared that she knew of it; and he also dreaded an eternal separation from her. Do we believe that our separation from our friends will be an eternal one, unless we repent and become pious? Can we be content one moment longer in sin, when we firmly believe that, should we die in our present condition, the look which we cast upon the face of our dear friend before the coffin-lid was closed, was the last look forever? that those eyes, that countenance, shall beam on us no more? that where he is we can never come? Who can endure this searching thought, and continue to sin on earth, while his bosom friend is singing in heaven? Alas! that such infatuation should be found on earth. Yet there are many who have parents, brothers, sisters, husbands, wives, and children in heaven whom they will never see! But is it not strange that this should be so, in spite of this touching motive to piety? Is it not strange madness?

"Who would not strive to win a heaven  
Where all we love shall live again?"

God graciously designs that the death of our friends, and our desire to meet them again, should lead us to piety. "No one dieth to himself." Their death, as well as their life, is in this way to be of real service to us.

There are none on earth so near to us as our children. Yet there are no bereavements that occur more frequently than these. Half the human race die in infancy—all graveyards have more small graves than large ones. There are few parents, therefore, that have not wept at little graves—few that have not infants in heaven. How tenderly they plead, that since they can not return, we should prepare to come to them! Reader, have you a little white-robed warbler in the celestial choir? Are you content to see his face no more forever? If you die in your present state, where your child is you can never come.

"These holy gates forever bar  
Pollution, sin, and shame;  
And none will ever enter there  
But followers of the Lamb."

The stroke of death which has separated you, has separated you forever, except you become a Christian.

Decide at once for Christ and heaven, and for an eternal reunion with your sainted child. What you do, do quickly. Eternity is drawing nigh.

TROUBLE.—"Trouble" becomes a marvelous mortifier of pride, and an effectual restrainer of self-will. The temper is mellowed and the feelings refined. It

needs repeated strokes of the hammer to break the rock in pieces; and so it sometimes requires repeated strokes of anguish to break our hearts in pieces, and make us humbler and wiser men. And as the longer you keep the canary bird in a darkened cage the sweeter it will sing, so the more severe the discipline of the good man's experience, the sweeter the songs of his spiritual life. The gold that is refined in the hottest furnace comes out the brightest, and the character molded by intense heat will exhibit the most wondrous excellencies.

God's children are like stars, that shine brightest in the darkest night; like torches, that are the better for beating; like grapes, that come not to the proof till they come to the press; like trees, that drive down their roots farther, and grasp the earth tighter, by reason of the storm; like vines, that grow the better for bleeding; like gold, that looks the brighter for scouring; like glow-worms, that shine best in the dark; like juniper, that smells sweetest in the fire; like the pomander, which becomes more fragrant for chafing; like the palm-tree, which proves the better for preserving; like the camomile, which spreads the more as you tread upon it.

"There is a flower, when trampled on,  
Doth still more richly bloom,  
And even to its bitterest foe  
Gives forth its sweet perfume.  
The rose that's crushed and shattered,  
Doth on the breeze bestow  
A fairer scent, that further goes,  
Even for the cruel blow."

CHRISTIAN CHEERFULNESS.—Alluding to the impression that many get that religion is nothing if not long faces, the *United Presbyterian* remarks:

Let men be taught to know that there is as much religion in the good, robust, rejoicing, enthusiastic singing of God's praise, as in the sedate and doleful style that is usually styled the most devotional. Let them know that the earnest prayer need not be a drawling jeremiad. Let them feel that good Gospel preaching may be in a sprightly delivery of pleasant truths, more than in a whining recitation of inanities. Let them believe that Christianity is a live thing—that it is in sympathy with the active, rejoicing spirit of our humanity—and it will be better commended to their acceptance.

Seriousness ought always to characterize the Christian. But seriousness does not consist in sullenness, moroseness, or even in the sobriety that drives away smiles, and the taste for rational pleasures. He is most serious who best brings an earnest, healthy, rejoicing nature to the performance of his duty. Men are most beautifully serious when truthful smiles are playing on their lips, and when their whole countenances are lighted up with a benignant joy.

It ought, therefore, to be the effort of professing Christians to pass through the world so happily as to light it up and fill it with joy. They ought to sing in the midst of judgments, and to sing loudly, and cheerily, and constantly amid their marvelous benefits. We pass to a kingdom out of sadness and sorrow, where there will be no sadness or sighing. Passing to that place, let us cultivate the spirit that is to distinguish us when we arrive there, and show that we do really begin our heaven on the earth.

**THE MERCY-SEAT.**—The throne of grace and the mercy-seat are terms in very frequent use among prayerful Christians. Their signification is nearly synonymous. They both refer to the cover of the ark of the covenant before which the Jewish high-priest, with solemn ceremonial, appeared on the great day of atonement. Bearing in his hand the golden bowl in which had been caught the streaming blood of the slain lamb, the high-priest entered the holy of holies and sprinkled the blood before and upon the ark, and made supplication for the mercy and forgiving grace of God.

Under the Mosaic dispensation the high-priest alone could enter the sacred place and approach the mercy-seat; but now, since Jesus, the great high-priest of our profession, has entered the heavens and removed the veil, the trembling soul may venture into the presence of God. Whatever complaints the humble though unworthy suppliant has to make may with confidence be poured forth into the ear of the divine Savior; whatever desires burden the heart may be all made known to him whose pity for all his children is as boundless as his love. At the blessed mercy-seat relief may be found when the worn spirit is perplexed by the constant recurrence of life's petty annoyances, overwhelmed with floods of sorrow.

When there is no human ear willing to listen to our experience of trials and temptations, when sympathy fails, when no friendly hand grasps ours in cheering fellowship, when disappointments, weakness, and pain are our portion, then what a precious refuge is the throne of heavenly grace.

"It is the place where Jesus sheds  
The oil of gladness on our heads;  
A place than all besides more sweet,  
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat."

**A STAR HIDDEN BY A THREAD.**—David Rittenhouse, of Pennsylvania, was a great astronomer. He was skillful in measuring the sizes of planets, and determining the position of the stars. But he found that such was the distance of the stars, a silk thread stretched across the glass of his telescope would entirely cover a star; and, moreover, that a silk fiber, however small, placed upon the same glass, would cover so much of the heavens that the star, if a small one and near the pole, would remain obscured behind that silk fiber several seconds. Thus a silk fiber appeared to be larger in diameter than a star.

You know that every star is a heavenly world, a world of light, a sun shining upon other worlds as our sun shines upon this world.

Our sun is 886,000 miles in diameter, and yet, seen

from a distant star, our sun could be covered, obscured, hidden behind the thread that was near the eye, although in a telescope.

Just so we have seen some who never could behold the heavenly world. They always complained of dimness of vision, dullness of comprehension, when they looked in the heavenly direction. You might strive to comfort them in affliction, or poverty, or distress; but no, they could not see Jesus as the Sun of Righteousness. You might direct their eyes to the star of Bethlehem through the telescope of faith and holy confidence, but alas! there is a secret thread, a filament, a silken fiber which, holding them in suberviency to the world, in some way obscures the light, and Jesus, the star of hope, is eclipsed, and their hope darkened. There are times when a very small self-gratification, a very little love of pleasure, a very small thread, may hide the light. To some sinners Jesus, as Savior, appears very far off; but far off as he may appear, he certainly can be, and shall be seen where the heart lets nothing, *nothing* intervene.

**INWARD LIGHT.**—Our Heavenly Father is graciously pleased to communicate his will to man by a voice that speaks within, and which will ever direct us in the way of holiness. As long as his reconciled children obey that voice, and lead a life of righteousness, so long are they the children of light, and enjoy a free communion with him in whom there is no darkness. But no sooner do they disobey the divine monitor and follow the devices of their own hearts, than their communion with God is interrupted. Even an angry feeling or a polluting thought will hinder the breathing of the soul toward the eternal source of peace and purity. The spiritual man is gifted with a knowledge of the mind of Christ—1 Cor. ii, 16—and just in the degree in which he is conformed to it in his own disposition and conduct is he capable of communing with God in that pure love which sin alone can separate.

**THE LOVED FACES.**—Happy thoughts come stealing upon us as we look upon the faces of those we loved in other days, those we have been separated from for years, and who return again with all the changes of time and thought upon their brows. The joyous feelings that arise on meeting with old and familiar faces, cordial shaking of hands, and the hearty congratulations that follow—who does not remember them? But when those we love and cherish leave us forever, when their spirits pass away from earth to heaven, who would not give all on earth for a picture, even a faint resemblance, of their features, ever so animated and beautiful! How many bright eyes grow dim, how many cheeks grow pale, how many lovely forms fade away into the tomb, leaving not a shadow of their loveliness behind!

**LIGHT AND SHADE.**—The goldsmith, in setting a diamond, places in the capsule a dark leaf, and this gives beauty and brilliancy to the jewel; so the dark leaves placed by the hand of God in the book of our earthly history give glory, brightness, and preciousness to the higher life above.

## CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

THE LIFE OF GEORGE STEPHENSON AND OF HIS SON ROBERT STEPHENSON. *By Samuel Smiles. Author of "Self-Help," "The Huguenots," etc. 8vo. Pp. 501. \$3. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.*

This is a revised edition of the Life of George Stephenson and his son Robert, issued some ten years ago, to which is prefixed a history of the Railway and the Locomotive in its earlier stages. A memoir of Richard Trevithick is also included, which will probably be found more complete than any notice which has yet appeared of that distinguished mechanical engineer. The work is abundantly illustrated with portraits and specimens of different kinds of locomotives and scenes of great Railway enterprises, bridges, deep-cuts, etc. The volume is a most interesting *resume* of the origin and progress of the railway system, exhibiting by what moral and material agencies its founders were enabled to carry their ideas into effect, and to work out results which even then were of a remarkable character, though they have since become so much more extraordinary. The successive editions of the book have been received with great favor, and the present edition has been prefaced with careful amendment and revision to make it of permanent interest. It is as readable as a romance.

THE INVASION OF THE CRIMEA; *Its Origin, and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan. By Alexander William Kinglake. Vol. II. 12mo. Pp. 632. \$2. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.*

Nothing can exceed the minute thoroughness of Mr. Kinglake's narrative. He seems absolutely to exhaust the subject, so far as he goes. Not that he states every thing pertaining to it. That, in the nature of things, would be impossible. But he seems to have examined every thing pertaining to it, so that what he does state rests upon solid rock. The narrative is accompanied with numerous plans and maps, which render the military movements easily intelligible. The author does not propose to narrate the whole cause of the war, but only to give the story down to the death of Lord Raglan. He is in fact the literary executor of that distinguished commander. Volume 1, after an introduction, giving an account of the origin of the war, is taken up with a minute description of the battle of the Alma. Volume 2 is in like manner occupied with the battle of Balaklava. More than half the volume is given to the two famous cavalry charges, that by Scarlett's "Three Hundred," which lasted only eight minutes, and that of the "Six Hundred," under Lord Cardigan, which has been rendered immortal by Tennyson's poem, "The Charge of the Light Brigade." Each of these

charges occupies about one hundred and fifty pages of closely printed matter, and one feels after reading them, that the actions deserved the minute attention that Mr. Kinglake has given them. The actions themselves, and Mr. Kinglake's account of them, are equally deserving of study. Nothing more complete in their kind can well be conceived.

LIFE-SCENES FROM THE OLD TESTAMENT. *With Maps and Illustrations. By Rev. George Jones, M. A., Chaplain U. S. N. 12mo. Pp. 496. \$2. Philadelphia: J. C. Garrigues & Co. Cincinnati: Geo. S. Blanchard & Co.*

Some months ago we commended a volume from the pen of Mr. Jones, entitled *Life-Scenes from the Four Gospels*, and we heartily recommend to all our readers who procured that book, to purchase this one to place beside it. Mr. Jones, familiar from personal observation and long study with the country and the people of the Holy Land, both of which are almost equally unchangeable, is able to reflect a great amount of light on the events of the Old and New Testament, by filling up their outlines with the scenery of the country, and the peculiar habits of the people, as they even now exist. The events of the Old Testament times are dimmed by the mists of so many centuries, and connected with events so strange and so different from the customs of life now, that they are apt to assume a myth-like appearance, and to be looked upon as wanting in reality. The object of the present work is to assist the reader in making them real, by offering such exhibitions of present Eastern tent-life as may help to make him understand the peculiar habits, modes of thinking, and rules of conduct among those ancient dwellers in tents. The author's method makes the Scripture scenes full, by means of the knowledge which libraries and travelers place within our reach, and thus they become vivid and present to the reader's imagination. It is a most interesting and instructive volume, and we commend it to every student of the Bible and every Sunday school teacher.

THE EARTHLY PARADISE. *A Poem. By William Morris. Author of "The Life and Death of Jason." From the Third London Edition. 16mo. Pp. 430. \$2.25. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.*

Mr. Morris all at once burst into full bloom as a poet by his *Life and Death of Jason*. The critics without exception bowed before his genius, and placed the crown upon his head. The present volume will bring new and costly gems to the crown already won. He is a genuine poet, gifted with qualities rare in themselves, and especially rare in these days. He writes evidently with great ease, and his

poems exhibit that smoothness and liquidness which prove that they are not forced up from some unknown and uncertain depth, but flow naturally and exhaustlessly from a fountain that is full and unfailing. His language is pure, simple, idiomatic English; his style is full of freshness, full of life, vivid in landscape, vivid in human action. The *Earthly Paradise* is in his best style, consisting of a number of stories, chiefly of the olden time, linked together by the old conceit of a search for a Paradise on earth. Among these charmingly told stories are, *Atalanta's Race*, *The Doom of King Acrisius*, *The Proud King*, *The Story of Cupid and Psyche*, *The Love of Alcegis*, etc. "The whole volume is worth reading at the cost of many leisure hours even to a busy man."

**WHAT ANSWER?** By Anna E. Dickinson. 12mo. Pp. 301. \$1.50. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

This, we believe, is the first attempt of Anna Dickinson to publish a story in book form. As a story it is not a success; indeed, judged in this character, it is a failure. The plot is nothing, or rather there is no plot; the characters are poorly conceived, and very incompletely drawn. There is no distinctness about either of them, nor does she awaken love or interest for them. The dialogue is meager, unnatural, forced. With all her genius, Miss Dickinson can not write a story. But the book is not to be judged as a romance, or novel. Mrs. Stowe well says of it that "to judge of it merely as a story is for us Americans, in this hour of our trial, as out of place as for King David to have criticised the literary merits of the little work of fiction addressed to him by Nathan the prophet in the matter of Uriah the Hittite." The book is an appeal, the outcry of an earnest, sensitive, and eloquent soul in behalf of an oppressed race. The merit of the book lies in the fervid earnestness and impassioned eloquence with which the appeals are made. These appeals for the oppressed race are as solemn, thrilling, and enthusiastic as if breaking from the depths of a heart that itself was feeling all the bitterness and the wrong. After these appeals the author presses upon the American people the question, **WHAT ANSWER?** What? We must wait and see. However philanthropists may differ in opinion, Miss Dickinson is decided in her convictions that there is but one proper solution of the problem, namely, the complete annihilation of all prejudice and caste on account of color, and the elevation of the colored race to an absolute, complete, and unquestioned equality with the white race in all legal, political, and social relations.

**PLAIN THOUGHTS ON THE ART OF LIVING; Designed for Young Men and Women.** By Washington Gladden. 16mo. Pp. 236. \$1.50. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Most of these essays were originally delivered as lectures to young men and women, and in their printed form are all the better for their colloquial style and didactic tone. With the exception of the chapter on Amusements, some points in which we

would debate with the author, we can commend the volume to those to whom it is addressed as an excellent book, full of most valuable lessons and suggestions. It inculcates right moral principles, and lays down excellent rules for the government of conduct. The titles of the chapters are, *The Messenger without a Message*; *Dress*; *Manners*; *Conversation*; *Habits*; *Health and Physical Culture*; *Mind Culture*; *Success*; *Stealing as a Fine Art*; *Companionship and Society*; *Amusement*; *Respectability and Self-Respect*; *Marriage*; *The Conclusion of the Whole Matter*.

**A DEFENSE OF JESUS CHRIST.** By Menard Saint-Martin. Translated from the French by Paul Cobden. 16mo. Pp. 182. \$1. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden. New York: Carlton & Lanahan.

This is a precious little volume, full of substance from the first page to the last. It contains five sermons so-called, but really five essays delivered at Nîmes, in France, to an audience composed wholly of men. So powerful was their effect, impressed on the mind as they were by the Divine Spirit, that many unbelievers were converted by them. Their author was one of the most zealous and devoted of the evangelical ministers of France, and was called in the flower of his age to meet the Savior God whose claims he had so nobly vindicated before men. The subjects of these sermon-essays are, *The Testimony of Prophecy with regard to Jesus Christ*, *The Testimony that Christ himself has given in his words*, *The Testimony that Christ has given of himself in his Life among men*, *The Testimony that Christ has given of his Inner Life*, and *the Testimony that the Church has given of Christ*. The style is beautiful, and the perusal will benefit both the head and the heart.

**LITTLE WOMEN, or Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy.** By Louisa M. Alcott. Illustrated by May Alcott. 16mo. Pp. 341. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.

This is a very readable juvenile book. It is beautifully printed and bound, and well illustrated. The story of four lively girls is vivaciously told. But it is not a Christian book. It is religion without spirituality, and salvation without Christ. It is not a good book for the Sunday school library.

**CHAPEL MELODIES.** A Collection of Choice Hymns and Tunes, Designed for Prayer and Social Meetings, and Family Devotion. S. J. Vail and Rev. Robert Lowrey, Editors. Square 24mo. Pp. 188. New York: Biglow & Main, successors to Wm. B. Bradbury.

The title indicates the nature and design of this little volume, and the names of its editors are sufficient guarantee of the excellence of the selections and compositions.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*Sunday School Journal for Teachers and Young People.* Edited by Rev. J. H. Vincent. Two numbers of this Journal are now on our table. It appears in



a neat magazine form, large octavo, sixteen pages in each number, issued monthly. It is a companion and instructor for all Sunday school teachers. It gives Sunday school information, suggestions, illustrations; answers questions; reports the proceedings of Sunday school institutes and conventions, and is, we think, an indispensable assistant to the conscientious Sabbath School Officer and Teacher. In the hands of its present able editor, who is a giant in Sunday school matters, we predict for it a great success, and know it will deserve it.

*Common-Sense Book on the New Treatment of Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, and all Diseases of the Nose, Throat, and Lungs by Medicated Inhalation. By N. B. Wolfe, M. D. Cincinnati: By the Author.*—Dr. Wolfe makes a speciality of treating diseases of the respiratory organs by medicated inhalation. We can not exactly see what he means by calling it a new treatment, since he informs us that its origin does not even belong to modern times, but Hippocrates himself employed it in treating all diseases of the throat and lungs. The "newness," therefore, must apply to the methods and medicines used. The methods of application or inhalation are given, and they are simple and practicable; the medicines are not given, and therefore we can not judge of them. The author claims great efficiency and success, and supports his claims by an abundance of testimonials. The book does not give us the necessary data to enable us to pronounce an opinion on the practice, and the reader must decide on the value of the treatment, from the general principles of inhalation as given by the author, and his faith in the experience and skill of the Doctor.

*Catalogue and Circular of the Oneida Conference Seminary, Cazenovia, New York. Rev. Albert S.*

*Graves, M. A., Principal. Students, 489.* This is one of the oldest and ablest of our Conference Seminaries, having a history of nearly half a century, and during all this time maintaining an intellectual and moral influence second to none of its grade in the United States. It is strongly manned at present, maintains a high standard of scholarship, and furnishes ample facilities for a thorough and practical education.

*Catalogue of the Pennington Seminary and Female Collegiate Institute, Pennington, New Jersey. Rev. Thomas Haulon, M. A., Principal. Students, 263.* We are glad to see the picture of this well-known institution, around which so many of our own memories cluster, and rejoice to see by the picture that the contemplated enlargement, so much needed, has been accomplished. The institution has long had and well deserves prosperity.

*The Charter, Constitution, and Catalogue of The Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, New Jersey. Rev. John M'Clintock, D. D., President.* We have not space here to speak of this institution as we would, and reserve our "speech" for the future.

*Christ and Him Crucified. A Sermon. By Rev. T. C. Gardner, A. M.* An able discourse inaugurating the author's ministry at Ypsilanti, Michigan.

**MUSIC.** *The Lost Child. Song and Chorus.* Words by Maria Straub, Music by S. W. Straub. *Hail, Beautiful Banner! Song and Chorus.* Words by Miss Maria Straub, Music by S. W. Straub. Both pieces are published at Dowagiac, Michigan, by the author. *Then and Now, A Heart's History.* Words by Rev. Wm. Baxter, Music by A. D. Fillmore. Published by John Church, jr., Cincinnati. Good words and good music.

## MONTHLY RECORD.

**ROMANISM IN CHINA.**—It has long been evident to careful observers in the East, that Roman Catholicism is putting forth every effort in her power to secure spiritual supremacy in China, and with no slight degree of at least nominal success. Important data bearing upon this subject, and said to be communicated by good authority, have recently been made public.

The whole of the empire has been divided into twenty-four Catholic missions, governed by nineteen bishops and five prefects apostolic, of Italian, French, Spanish, and Belgian nationalities. Each bishop has under him not less than four European missionaries, and some of them have upward of twenty. Each mission is subdivided into districts, according to the number of European missionaries. The number of native Christians varied from 2,000 up to 10,000 in each mission. Twenty-four colleges are maintained, in which natives are taught Latin, philosophy, and

theology. Numerous schools and orphanages are also established. The most important college is kept by Germans and Italians, near Shanghai, and has 300 pupils, who are taught trades, painting, drawing, and Chinese literature, and some are sent to Peking to take the degree. Several printing establishments are in operation, under the direction of missionaries, and works on mathematics and theology are published. Several parts of the Bible have been translated into Chinese and printed, but always with explanatory notes, and with a dictionary in Latin and Mandarin. The Sisters of Charity have eight establishments, situated at or near to various important centers. In Canton a cathedral is rapidly approaching completion, which, for architectural finish and magnificent proportions, will be unrivaled in the empire, and compare favorably with almost any similar structure in the West.

Such facts command our attention. We have no

wish to blink them. We must look them in the face; let us derive from their consideration what benefit we may. If a corrupted form of Christianity, which does not give the people the Word of God, puts forth such efforts, and obtains such results, what have we a right to expect from a pure Christianity, with an open Bible in the hands of every man who is willing to read? What have we a right to expect from Christians at home in their efforts to convert China, and from the results of missionary labor in China itself?

**IDOLATRY IN THE UNITED STATES.**—It is startling to read of idol temples erected and consecrated, and idolatry formally established in the United States. Of one of these temples just erected at Portland, Oregon, this account is given: "The Chinese Joss house on Alder-street has just been completed, and the business of furnishing it is in active progress. The vestibule is furnished with two large oil globes, inside of which burn lights, which show to great advantage the cabalistic and heathenish figures painted on the outside. One of the transparencies exhibits the shadows of a procession of Chinamen, some on foot, and some on horseback, representing celestial warriors or celestial saints. Whatever they are, they go round and round, propelled in some manner by a current of heated air."

**RELIGIONS OF MANKIND.**—A recent work, giving a history of all the missions of the Presbyterian Church, has just been published, in which some highly interesting statistics of a general character are found. Assuming that the estimate which assigns to China a population of 360,000,000, is correct, it is supposed that 1,000,000,000 human beings are now occupying unevangelical lands. The number of adherents to different religions is estimated as follows: Pagans, 600,000,000; Mohammedans, 120,000,000; Jews, 5,000,000; Christians, 275,000,000. Of the

latter, it is estimated that considerably over 200,000,000 are embraced in the Roman Catholic, Greek, or other unevangelical Churches.

The same work gives the following summary of Protestant missions. It is probably as nearly reliable as any summary that can be obtained:

Ordained missionaries, foreign, 1,777; native, 674; total, 2,451. Assistant missionaries, foreign, 1,894; native, 3,770; total, 5,664. Communicants, 249,528; scholars, 203,905, showing an increase since 1853, or in 15 years, of 1,082 ordained missionaries, over 1,000 native assistants, about 70,000 communicants, and over 20,000 scholars.

**CALICO PRINTING.**—The calico interest in the United States is an important one. The total product of the printed goods in 1826 was about 3,000,000 yards. In 1836 it reached 120,000,000. In 1855 there were twenty-seven print-works in the United States, which produced in the aggregate 350,000,000 yards per year. This amount, at an average of ten cents per yard, was worth \$35,000,000. There are 6,000,000 cotton spindles now in operation in the United States, of which over 2,000,000 are running on cloths for printing, and produce 450,000,000 yards.

**PAUPERISM IN NEW YORK.**—In thirty-four years, from 1831 to 1865, the population increased only 90 per cent., while pauperism increased 900 per cent., giving ten paupers now for one in 1831. In that year, one person out of 123 received relief; in 1856, one out of every 17; an increase of more than seven-fold in 25 years. Recently there were 60,000 persons out of employment in New York city alone, with flour at \$14 per barrel, and millions of fertile acres in the West calling for cultivation. Not less than \$5,000,000 are spent annually in New York city for charitable objects. About 40 per cent. of persons relieved are Americans, and the remainder, or 60 per cent., foreigners.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

**AMERICAN MISSIONARY IN PARIS.**—We were glad to welcome into our office a few days ago our esteemed friend Rev. William Schwarz, who, after laboring earnestly and successfully among his German countrymen in America, returned some twelve years since to the father-land to carry our earnest godliness to his countrymen at home. He was soon sent to labor in Switzerland, and then in France, and has been a heroic and successful evangelist, as we knew he would be when we parted with him twelve years ago in New York harbor. The following letter, from a Paris correspondent of the *New York Times*, thus appreciatively speaks of his labors:

"Some years ago the American Methodist Missionary Society sent abroad as an agent of propagandism, an able, hard-working, and most interesting man, Rev. William Schwarz. He first cast his lot at Berlin, and going among the street-sweepers, the rag-

pickers, and the offals generally of humanity, of that great class which is abandoned by the rest of society, and for which churches are never built, he reclaimed in a short time from the filth of mind and body enough human beings to build up two churches, which continue to worship in the Methodist faith and to grow in numbers and prosperity.

"He next pitched his tent at Basle, in Switzerland, and there gathered around him in a short time enough of souls reclaimed from sin and filth to establish and build another church.

"He then came to Paris, and here we have seen him in his quiet, modest, and earnest way, rapidly gather up three congregations from materials so utterly beyond the reach of church influences as to be fit only to be ranked with the heathen of the remotest corners of the earth. He commenced in the quarter called the Ternes, among the German street-sweepers, and in a miserably plain room, rented for a trifle, he soon got together a regular congregation, which he organized into a Church, and started on a firm basis. He then obtained another room not far from this, for an organization of domestics, and succeeded with the same rapidity as before. By this time the Catholic establishments

in this neighborhood began to take alarm, and to use means to suppress him and his congregations. But he went to the magnificent Governor of Paris, M. Haussmann, who is favorable to Protestantism, and he had to go but once. 'Go on with your good work, sir,' said M. Haussmann, 'and if any man dares to interfere with you, come to me.'

"So this quiet, good man went back strengthened to his work again, and in a short time he had still another congregation organized, this time in the Rue Roquepine, in the heart of the fashionable quarter; but composed, like the last, of German domestics, and the very poorest classes."

**A SCHOOL FOR BOYS IN GERMANY.**—It is becoming not infrequent for even American parents to send their boys abroad for education, especially when they desire them to become proficient in the use of the living European language, and our Americanized Germans often wish to send back their sons to the native land for education. Consequently we are often asked for information with regard to schools abroad. Mr. Schwarz, already alluded to, has laid on our table the circular of the school of Rev. Dr. Dammann, located at Hameln, near Hanover (Prussia.) Dr. Dammann is an eminent scholar and instructor, and the school has been under his direction during a period of upward of twenty-two years. Sound instruction is given in every branch of study necessary to prepare young gentlemen for the Universities, the Civil Service, or Commercial Life. The complete Course comprises Divinity, Classics, German, French, English, Composition, Geography, History, Mathematics, Arithmetic, Mercantile Calculation, Chemistry, Natural Philosophy, Drawing, Gymnastics, Swimming, etc. The desires of parents, the future career of the individual pupils, their age, capacity, and attainments are carefully considered in the selection of the subjects for study. Particular attention is paid to the cultivation of the living languages, and German or French is the medium of all communication.

Dr. Dammann, assisted by well-qualified German, English, and French masters, devotes the whole of his time to his pupils, and endeavors not only to forward them in the various branches of a polite education, but also to watch over health, disposition, and morals with that solicitude which they would experience if under the eyes of their own parents. He considers it his peculiar privilege to conduct the religious studies of his boarders, and expects them to attend family worship, and to be regular in their duties on Sundays. The school is highly recommended by German, English, and American patrons. The terms for board and instruction, with no extras whatever, are from \$250 to \$450 per annum for boys ranging from eight to eighteen years.

**THE GENERAL CONFERENCE AND THE DIVORCE QUESTION.**—The following letter from Dr. Jocelyn, one of the Assistant Secretaries of the General Conference, endeavors to explain more fully than we did the action and views of the Conference on the question of divorce:

In the article, "The Divine Law of Divorce," on page 289, October number Ladies' Repository, bottom of second column, I notice these statements: "This recommendation of the Committee, when presented to the Conference, was objected to on account of its phraseology, and was recommitted. When it

again came forward the Conference was on the eve of adjournment, and it was laid over. Undoubtedly, however, it expresses the doctrine of the Church on this subject, though defective and not sufficiently guarded in stating it."

I think the above misleads by not stating the whole truth. Many may have voted to recommit the report "on account of its phraseology," but some voted for other reasons, while many opposed its recommitment, believing that the question might be settled at the time. The Conference, so far as the vote shows, stood 111 for recommitting, and 109 against it, and this vote to recommit was taken when the amendment offered by myself to strike out the words "unless the former husband or wife shall have been guilty of adultery" was pending, thus forbidding remarriage under any circumstances by either party, while the other party was living. (See page 248 of General Conference Journal.) That I am right in stating the question at issue was not one wholly of phraseology, but of vital principle, I quote from page 94 of the Daily Advocate:

"G. B. Jocelyn moved to strike out all exceptions, so that the law shall be that any member of our Church, who shall remarry while a former husband or wife is living, shall be dealt with," etc. He did this in order that the whole matter might be placed on Scriptural ground.

"E. O. Haven wished the question divided, and that the question be taken upon the several items separately. The question then recurred upon the adoption of that portion relating to the remarriage of divorced persons who are members of the Church. G. B. Jocelyn read the Scriptures in support of his position, that divorced persons should not remarry, as follows: Luke xvi, 18—'Whosoever putteth away his wife and marieth another, committeth adultery; and whosoever marieth her that is put away from her husband, committeth adultery.' He insisted that we should abide by the Scriptural rule."

F. G. Hibbard moved to recommit, and after several motions made and lost, on the motion to recommit,

"Gilbert Haven said he was opposed to recommitting this report, as he believed it to be now before us in as simple a form as it will be presented if recommitment. It is a simple question whether this great representative body will adhere to and abide by the law of Jesus Christ."

Passing a few apparently personal remarks, I quote the words of G. W. Woodruff:

He said, "We shall never get this subject before us in better shape than it is now. If this General Conference, with the institution of marriage in such peril in this country, will take the Scriptural position of the brother from Detroit, which forbids the remarriage of divorced persons under any circumstances, we shall perform a plain duty. We should insert a declaration that, if any member of our Church shall remarry while the former husband or wife is living, such person so remarrying shall be dealt with as provided in cases of immorality. The announcement can not be improved upon, that there is no Scripture warrant for the remarriage of such persons, but that there is direct Scripture prohibition of such marriages."

With such remarks as these made on the question of recommitment, and a vote of 111 to 109—almost a tie, and a very full vote—I hardly think it is giving a correct view of the matter to state that it was recommitted on a question of phraseology. How true the statement that the doctrine of the Church is to permit the remarriage of divorced persons—divorced for the cause of adultery—I can not say. I trust the Church is not yet ready to indorse any such doctrine.

**DEATH OF A CONTRIBUTOR.**—Our readers will recall several beautiful poems from the pen of Amy A. Headly, especially one entitled "Our Father," and will read with deeper interest the poem in the present number—Our Mother—when informed of the death of their young and promising author. She died at her home near Laingsburg, Michigan, on the 16th of August, aged twenty-seven years. A friend writes thus:

The writer of the beautiful poem, "Our Father," and also "Our Mother," has ceased from her life of suffering—borne so patiently

for seven years—and gone home to enjoy communion and fellowship with the "Father," and with Christ, the "elder brother." No longer a "suppliant" at "heaven's gate," she enjoys the full fruition of all her hopes and joys. She enjoyed a foretaste of heaven on the night of the 3d of July. Christian friends gathered around her, and listened with rapture to the triumphant expressions which fell so rapidly from her lips. Fearing she would exhaust her feeble strength, they urged her to rest. "Rest!" she exclaimed. "Why, God has given me this opportunity in direct answer to prayer offered for six years, and shall I not use this strength to his glory? Why, I sent for you on purpose to visit with you once more, and tell you how good God has been to me."

But Amy was too anxious to go, and, although as morning dawned disappointment was visible in every feature, she only whispered, "I will wait God's time." Six weeks longer she lingered, dying daily, yet peacefully she folded her hands upon her breast, and with her beaming eye fixed upward she passed away. Farewell! May we, when perfected through suffering, be able also to gain admittance to those heavenly mansions! then, as Amy herself testified, "we shall be satisfied."

**MARRIAGE OF A CONTRIBUTOR.**—The same mail that brings us intelligence of the death of one of our contributors informs us of the marriage of another. As one of our poets is translated to the richer joys of the better world, another enters into a new earthly joy. Miss Felicia H. Ross we know has been a favorite with many of our readers, and has sung for us some of our best songs. We wish her great joy and enduring happiness in her new estate, and hope we will still be permitted to write among the names of our contributors of poetry that of Mrs. Felicia Ross Johnson.

**THE REPOSITORY FOR 1869.**—We write the concluding lines of another volume, and with them close another year's labor. Like so many of its predecessors, it has been a successful year. Our friends have never yet failed to come up to the measure of our faith in them. A year ago we were anxiously considering what policy to pursue with regard to the Repository for 1868. There was a call for the reduction of the price of our periodicals, and the Agents desired if possible to comply with this demand. While they did reduce the price of the *Advocates* they found it impossible to do so with the Repository without suffering loss. So we went out before the people with the price as it had been, and believed that our friends would rather see the magazine enlarged and improved than reduced a few cents in cost and deteriorated in value. Our faith was realized, and instead of losing in our list, we had a handsome increase in subscribers. This fact is only one among many evidences that the first desire of our people is to have a good magazine, elegant and creditable to the Church in its mechanical finish, and high-toned and valuable in its literary character.

In the modifications of the present year we endeavored to adapt the Repository more generally to the wants of the whole family, departing somewhat from the character of a magazine exclusively for ladies, and making a home monthly that would be welcomed by all the members of the household. This was indorsed by the people and approved by the General Conference, which ordered us to advance farther in this direction, and while maintaining the character of an elevated and elegant ladies' magazine, to give

greater variety and wider adaptedness to its contents. We obey orders, and our January number will appear first of all in a new cover, a beautiful design executed by Henry L. Stephens, one of the finest artists of the country. As significant of our enlarged scope we have also made an addition to the name, and hereafter will appear as *THE LADIES' REPOSITORY AND HOME MAGAZINE*.

Our two steel engravings will be retained in each number. We can not spare either of them. We tried it, but, like poor Paddy with his children, we could not make up our mind which to let go, and so keep both. To leave out either of them looked as if a dear friend had suddenly become bald. But we intend to introduce into the body of the magazine a number of fine wood illustrations, the number and the quality of which must depend on the size of our subscription list. We have determined not to advance any on the subscription-price, and as at present our margin of profit is a very small one, how far we shall be able to go in this new feature will depend on what our friends will do for us. If, as all seem to think will be the result, this addition of wood-illustrations and this wider adaptation of the Repository to the wants of the family, will bring us a handsome increase of subscribers, say at least 5,000 more, then we will be able to make this an interesting and valuable feature of the Repository. It is an experiment with us and also with our friends; we must beg you to help us; give us a good increase of our subscription list, and bear with us while we are gradually "going on unto perfection." For the literary matter of our new volume we have made ample arrangements, and think we can promise our readers that we can beat ourselves next year. And now for one more effort for our *family magazine*.

**OUR ENGRAVINGS.**—Mr. Jones has furnished an excellent vignette of Mr. Punshon, and from various sources we have compiled a sketch of his life and an appreciative notice of his gifts and power as a pulpit orator. We think the artist has succeeded admirably in catching the facial figure and expression of the great preacher. "The Homestead" is one of those beautiful, peaceful landscapes, which must please every body, and in painting which Mr. Whittridge has gained great popularity. We are under great obligations to Mr. Butler, of New York, the owner of the original of this picture, for the use of it, and also for the use of several other elegant paintings which have adorned the Repository.

**ARTICLES ACCEPTED.**—Woman in War-Time; Some Under-Currents of Modern History; Schiller's Relation to Christianity; The British Museum; Madame de Lafayette; The Autumn Hills; Open-Air Preaching; Buried Treasures; Perfect through Suffering; Our Record; The Itinerant's Bride.

**ARTICLES DECLINED.**—The First Brothers; Milton's Ode on the Nativity; The Smile of God; Two Little Boys; The Midnight Guest; Musings; Little Children; The Old Man to his Wife; Autumn Reverie.



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THE LITTLE CORPORAL is the most entertaining publication for the young that we have ever examined. We can not see how it possibly can have a superior, or if it could have, how the young folks could possibly wish for any thing better.—*Pennsylvania Teacher.*

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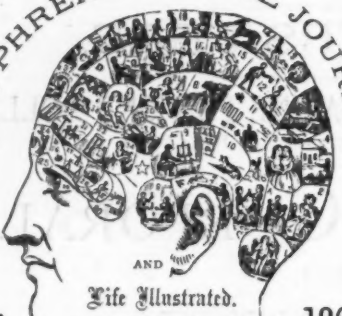
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## CONTENTS FOR DECEMBER.

### Engravings.

THE HOMESTEAD.  
PORTRAIT OF REV. W. MORLEY PUNSHON.

### Articles.

	PAGE		PAGE
Rev. W. Morley Punshon, M. A.....	401	Dining with an Ancient Roman—All the Year Round.....	439
English Boys in the Olden Time—Prof. D. H. Wheeler.....	407	Dr. Castleton's Patient—Kate W. Hamilton.....	441
The Favorite Poison of America—A. J. Downing.....	411	Thoughts from a City Observatory, J. D. Fassett.....	447
A Mother's Influence.....	415	Our Mother—Amy A. Heady.....	447
Rose Leaves—Mrs. Mary A. P. Humphrey.....	416	Truth—C. M. F.....	448
Endymion—C. M. F.....	416	Protestantism in Turkey—Rev. F. W. Flocken.....	449
The Child Angel.....	416	Private Lives—Rev. F. S. Davis.....	454
The Schoolmaster and his Son—From the German—Francis A. Shaw.....	417	The Spanish Gipsy.....	457
Simrock, the Rhine Poet—H. Graham.....	425	The Mysterious City—Meta Lander.....	460
Clara Doane's Journal—Number III—Mrs. J. E. M'Conaughy.....	428	Quiet Women.....	461
The Temptation—January Searle.....	432	"Consider the Lilies of the Field"—W. H. Ellis.....	462
Abiit ad Plures—Lyrics of Life.....	433	One by One—Adelaide Anna Procter.....	462
The Person of Jesus Christ—Number II—German—Rev. J. Linebarger, A. M.....	434		
Spiritual Effluence—Augusta M. Hubbard.....	437	CHILDREN'S REPOSITORY—	
		Babbette's Thanksgiving—Miss T. Taylor.....	463
		Queen Christina and the Gardener's Child.....	466
		An Ugly Companion.....	466

### Editorial Department.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.....	467	eases of the Nose, Throat, and Lungs by Medicated Inhalation—Catalogue and Circular of the Oneida Conference Seminary—Catalogue of the Pennington Seminary and Female Collegiate Institute—The Charter, Constitution, and Catalogue of the Drew Theological Seminary—Christ and Him Crucified: A Sermon—Music.
The Charm of Manner—How she Did It—Improve the Evenings—Dinner as an Educator—Ill-Mannered Children.		
STRAY THOUGHTS.....	469	MONTHLY RECORD.....
A Motive to Piety—Trouble—Christian Cheerfulness—The Mercy-Seat—A Star Hidden by a Thread—Inward Light—The Loved Faces—Light and Shade.		437
CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.....	471	Romanism in China—Idolatry in the United States—Religions of Mankind—Calico Printing—Pauperism in New York.
The Life of George Stephenson and of his Son Robert Stephenson—The Invasion of the Crimea—Life-Scenes from the Old Testament—The Earthly Paradise—What Answer?—Plain Thoughts on the Art of Living—A Defense of Jesus Christ—Little Women—Chapel Melodies— <i>Miscellaneous</i> : Sunday School Journal for Teachers and Young People—Common-Sense Book on the New Treatment of Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, and all Dis-		EDITOR'S TABLE.....
		474
		American Missionary in Paris—A School for Boys in Germany—The General Conference and the Divorce Question—Death of a Contributor—Marriage of a Contributor—The Repository for 1869—Our Engravings—Articles Accepted—Articles Declined.

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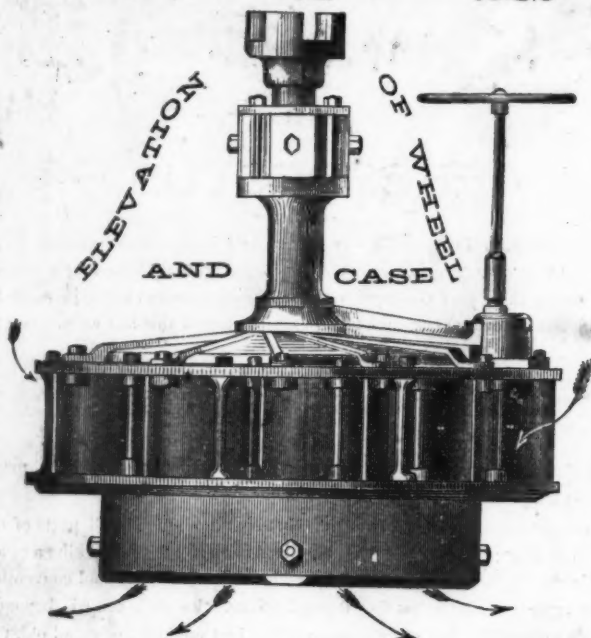
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